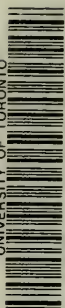


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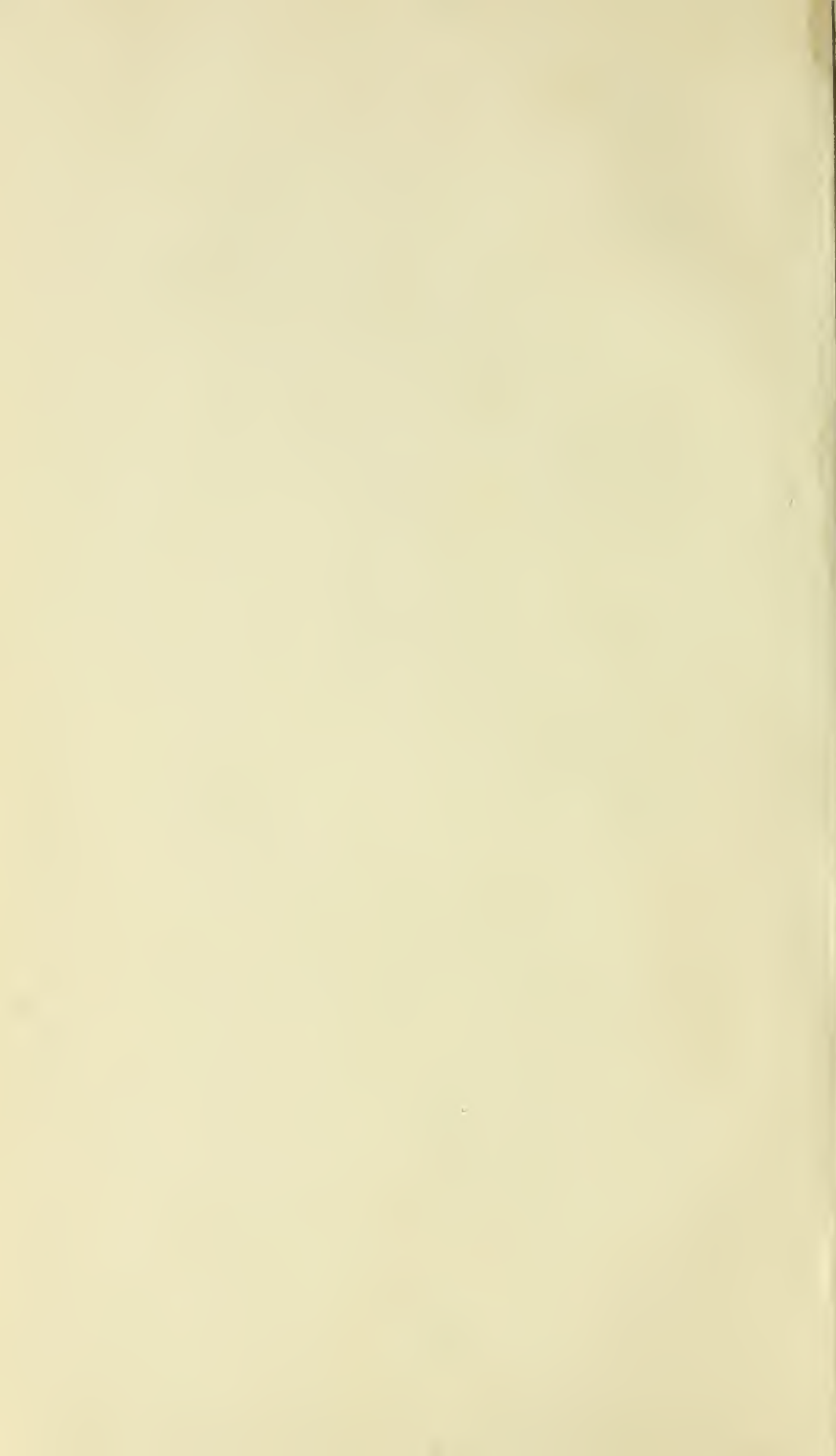


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[Harrison, E. 122]

THE

# INVISIBLE SPY.

BY EXPLORABILIS.

N TWO VOLUMES.



25-3649  
16. 4. 31

L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N<sup>o</sup> 18, Paternoster Row.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

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1788



THE  
INVISIBLE SPY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE PUBLICK.



Have observed that when a new book begins to make a noise in the world, every one is desirous of becoming acquainted with the author; and this impa-

tience increases, the more he endeavours to conceal himself. I expect to hear an hundred different names inscribed to the Invisible, some of which I should, perhaps, be proud of, others as much ashamed to own. Some will doubtless take me for a philosopher, others for a fool; with some I shall pass for a man of pleasure, with others for a stoick; some will look upon me as a courtier, others as a patriot: but whether I am any one of these, or whether I am even a man or a woman, they will find it, after all their conjectures, as difficult to discover as the longitude.

I think it therefore a duty incumbent on my good-nature to put an early stop to such fruitless inquiries; and also at the same time to satisfy, in some measure, the curiosity of the publick, by giving an account of the means by which I attained the gift of invisibility I possess.

Know then, gentle reader, that in the former part of my life it was my good fortune to do a signal service to a cer-

tain venerable person since dead: he was descended from the ancient Magi of the Chaldeans, inherited their wisdom, and was well versed in all the mystick secrets of their art. Besides his gratitude for the good offices I had done him, he seemed to have found something in my humour and manner of behaviour that extremely pleased him; he would often have me with him, and entertained me with discourses on things of which otherwise I should have had no idea.

But it was not long that I enjoyed this benefit. He sent for me one day, to let me know he was much indisposed, and desired I would come immediately to him: I went, and found him, not as I expected, in bed, but sitting in an easy chair. After the first salutations were over, and I had placed myself pretty near him—‘My good friend,’ said he, taking hold of my hand, ‘I feel that I must shortly quit this busy world; the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken, every thing within me hastens to a speedy dissolution; and I was willing to see you once more before I set out on my journey to that land of shades; as Hamlet truly says—

“That undiscover’d country, from whose  
“bourn

“No traveller returns.”

‘As the remembrance of you,’ continued he, ‘will certainly accompany me beyond the grave, I would wish, methinks, to hold some place in your

‘ while you remain on earth, to the end  
 ‘ that I may not be quite a stranger to  
 ‘ you when we meet in eternity. I have  
 ‘ no land, nor tenements, nor gold, nor  
 ‘ silver, to bequeath, yet am not destitute  
 ‘ of something which may be equally  
 ‘ worthy your acceptance.’

Then, after a little pause—‘ Take  
 ‘ this,’ added he, giving me a key; ‘ it  
 ‘ will admit you into a closet which no  
 ‘ one but myself has ever entered. I call  
 ‘ it my cabinet of curiosities, and I be-  
 ‘ lieve you will find such things there as  
 ‘ will deserve that name: chuse from  
 ‘ among them any one that most suits  
 ‘ your fancy, and accept it as a token  
 ‘ of my love.’

He said no more, but rung his bell for  
 a servant, who, by his orders, conducted  
 me by a narrow winding stair-case to the  
 top of the house, and left me at a little  
 door, which I opened with the key that  
 had been given me, and found myself  
 in a small square room, built after the  
 manner of a turret. All the furniture  
 was an old wicker chair, with a piece of  
 blanket thrown carelessly over it, I sup-  
 pose to defend the sage from the air when  
 he sat there to study: near it was placed  
 a table, not less antiquated, with two  
 globes, a standish with some paper, and  
 several books in manuscript, but wrote  
 in characters too unintelligible for me to  
 comprehend any part of what they con-  
 tained. Just in the middle of the ceiling  
 hung a pretty large chrystal ball, filled  
 with a shining yellowish powder, and this  
 inscription pasted on it—

#### THE ILLUSIVE POWDER.

A small quantity of this powder,  
 blown through the quill of a porcupine  
 when the Moon is in Aries, raises  
 splendid visions in the people’s eyes; and,  
 if applied when the same planet is in Can-  
 cer, spreads universal terror and dismay.

I easily perceived that this was one of  
 the curiosities my friend had mentioned,  
 and a great one indeed it was; but, as  
 I had neither interest nor inclination to  
 impose upon my fellow-creatures, I  
 judged it fitter for the possession of some  
 one or other of the mighty rulers of the  
 earth.

I then turned towards the walls, which  
 were all hung round with telescopes,  
 horoscopes, microscopes, talismans, mul-  
 tipliers, magnifiers of all degrees and

sizes, loadstones cut in various forms,  
 and great numbers of mathematical in-  
 struments; but these, as I was altogether  
 ignorant of their uses, I passed slightly  
 over, till I came to a hand-bell, which  
 having the appearance of no other than  
 such as I had ordinarily seen at a lady’s  
 tea-table, I should have taken no notice  
 of, but for a label prefixed to it, on  
 which I found these words—

#### THE SYMPATHETICK BELL,

The least tinkle of which not only  
 sets all the bells of the whole country,  
 be it of ever so large extent, in motion,  
 without the help of men to pluck the  
 ropes, but also makes them play what-  
 ever changes the party is pleased to no-  
 minate.

Though I thought art could produce  
 no greater wonder than this bell, yet I  
 felt no strong desire of becoming master  
 of it; but proceeded to examine what  
 farther rarities this extraordinary cabinet  
 would present. The next I took notice  
 of was a phial, not much unlike those  
 which are commonly sold in the shops  
 with French Hungary-water: it had this  
 inscription—

#### SALTS OF MEDITATION,

Which, held close to the nostrils for  
 the space of three seconds and a half, cor-  
 rects all vague and wandering thoughts,  
 fixes the mind, and enables it to ponder  
 justly on any subject that requires deli-  
 beration.

This beneficial secret I also rejected,  
 through a mere point of conscience, as  
 thinking it would be a much better ser-  
 vice to mankind if in the possession of the  
 divines, lawyers, politicians, or phy-  
 sicians; especially the two last mentioned,  
 as it might prevent the one from engag-  
 ing in any enterprize they have not abili-  
 ties or courage to go through with; and  
 the other from falling into those gross  
 mistakes they are frequently guilty of in  
 relation to the case of the diseased.

The next, and indeed the first thing  
 that raised in me any covetous emotions,  
 was the apparatus of a belt, but seemed  
 no more than a collection of atoms ga-  
 thered together in that form, and play-  
 ing in the sun-beams. I could not per-  
 suade myself it was a real substance, till  
 I took

I took it down, and then found it so light, that if I shut my eyes I knew not that I had any thing in my hand. The label annexed to it had these words—

#### THE BELT OF INVISIBILITY,

Which, fastened round the body, next the skin, no sooner becomes warm, than it renders the party invisible to all human eyes.

A little farther, on the same side of the wall, was placed a tablet, or pocket-book; which, on examining, I found was composed of a clear glassy substance, firm, yet thin as the bubbles which we sometimes see rise on the surface of the waters: it was malleable, and doubled in many foldings, so that, when shut, it seemed very small; but, when extended, was more long and broad than any sheet I ever saw of imperial paper. Its uses were decyphered in the following inscription—

#### THE WONDERFUL TABLET,

Which, in whatever place it is spread open, receives the impression of every word that is spoken, in as distinct a manner as if engraved; and can no way be expunged but by the breath of a virgin, of so pure an innocence as not to have even thought on the difference of sexes. After such a one, if such a one is to be found, has blown pretty hard upon it for the space of seven seconds and three quarters, she must wipe it gently with the first down under the left wing of an unfledged swan, plucked when the Moon is in three degrees of Virgo: this done, the Tablet will be entirely free from all former memorandums, and fit to take a new impression.

*Note,* That the virgin must exceed twelve years of age.

I was very much divided between these two: the Belt of Invisibility put a thousand rambles into my head, which promised discoveries highly flattering to the inquisitiveness of my humour; but then the Tablet, recording every thing I should hear spoken, which I confess my memory is too defective to retain, filled me with the most ardent desire of becoming master of so inestimable a treasure. In fine, I wanted both; so encroaching is

the temper of mankind, that the grant of one favour generally paves the way for soliciting a second.

While I was in this dilemma, a stratagem occurred, which I hesitated not to put in practice, and found it answer to my wishes. I took both the Belt and Tablet in my hand; and having carefully locked the door of the cabinet, returned to the adept: he saw the Belt, which being long, hung over my wrist; but not perceiving I had the Tablet—‘The choice you have made,’ said he with a smile, ‘confirms the truth of what I always believed, that curiosity is the most prevailing passion of the human mind.’

‘However just that position may be,’ replied I, ‘that propensity is not strong enough in me, to make me able to decide between the wonderful Tablet, and the no less wonderful Belt: they appear to me of such equal estimation, that whenever I would fix on the one, the benefits of the other rise up in opposition to my choice; and I know not which of the two I should receive with most pleasure, or leave with the least regret. I have therefore brought both down to you, and intreat you will determine for me.’

I soon perceived he understood my meaning perfectly well; for, after a little pause—‘When I made you the offer,’ said he, ‘of whatever you liked best among my collection of curiosities, I intended not that your acceptance of one thing should render you unhappy through the want of another: take, then, I beseech you, both the Belt and the Tablet; you shall leave neither of them behind you; nor do I wonder you should desire to unite them; they are, in a manner, concomitant; and the satisfaction that either of them would be able to procure, would be incomplete without the assistance of the other.’

Thus was I put in possession of a treasure, which I thought the more valuable, as I was pretty certain no other person, in this kingdom at least, enjoyed the like. After making proper acknowledgments to the obliging donor, I took my leave, and returned home with a heart overflowing with delight.

I was not long before I made trial of my Belt, and found the effects as the label had described. I also opened my Tablet, spoke, and saw my words immediately



mediately imprinted on it. I then procured some swans-down, according to direction, and entreated several young ladies to breathe upon it, one after another: but though I dare answer for their virtue, the favour they did me was in vain: the impression remained still indelible.

Indeed, when I began to consider maturely on the conditions prescribed in the label of the Tablet, I was sensible that it was not enough for a virgin to be perfectly innocent; she must also be equally ignorant, to be qualified for the performance of the task required: and not to have once thought on the difference of sexes, seemed a thing scarce possible, after six or seven years of age at most; and would have been as great a prodigy as either of those which had been bestowed upon me by the adept.

What would I not have given for such a one as *Dorinda* in *Shakespeare's* *Inchanted Island*! but such a hope being vain, I was extremely puzzled, and knew not what to do. At last, however, a lucky thought got me over the difficulty; it was this: I prevailed, for a small sum of money, with a very poor widow, who had several children, to let me have a girl of about three years old, to bring up and educate as I judged proper. I then committed my little purchase to the care of an elderly woman, whose discretion I had experienced. I communicated to her the whole of my design, and intrusted her how to proceed in order to render it effectual.

The little creature was kept in an upper room, which had no window in it but a sky-light in the roof of the house; so could be witness of nothing that passed below. Her diet was thin, and very sparing. She was not permitted to sleep above half the time generally allowed for repose; and so no living thing but the old woman, who lay with her, gave her food, and did all that was necessary about her.

I frequently visited them in my invisibility, and was highly pleased and diverted with the diligence of my good old woman. She not only obeyed my orders with the utmost punctuality, but did many things of her own accord, which, though very requisite, I had not thought of. To prevent her young charge from falling into any of those distempers which the want of exercise

sometimes occasions, she contrived to make a swing for her across the room; taught her to play at battledore and shuttlecock; to toss the ball, and catch it at the rebound; and such like childish gambols, which both delighted her mind, and kept her limbs in a continual motion.

This conduct, and this regimen, constantly observed, maintained my virgin's purity inviolate; as I did not fail to make an essay in a few days after she entered into her thirteenth year, and the success of my endeavours made me not regret the pains I had been at for such a length of time.

Now it runs in my head that some people will not credit one word of all this; for as there are many who believe too much, there are yet many more who will believe nothing at all but what their own shallow reason enables them to comprehend. Well, then, let them judge as they think fit; let them puzzle their wise noddles till they ache; I shall sit snug in my invisibility, while they lose half the pleasure, and, it may be, all the improvement, of my lubrications.

But those who resolve to pursue me through the following pages with an ingenuous candour, I flatter myself will lose nothing by the chase. They will find me in various places, though not in so many as perhaps they may expect. They would in vain seek me at court balls, city feasts, the halls of justice, or meetings for elections; nor do I much haunt the opera or play-houses. In fine, I avoid all crowds, all mixed assemblies, except the masquerade and Venetian balls. I am a member of the established church; but, as I am not ashamed of appearing at divine worship, never put on my Invisible Belt when I go there. I revere regal authority, but seldom visit the cabinets of princes; because they are generally so filled with a thick fog, that the crystalline texture of my Tablets could not receive what was said there so as to be read distinctly: nor do I much care to venture myself among their ministers of state, or any of their under working tools; the floors of their rooms, in which their cabals are held, are composed of such slippery materials, that the least *faux pas* might endanger my invisibility, if not my neck. I should be more frequently with the military gentlemen,



flemen, but that they are so apt to draw their swords without occasion, that while they think they are fencing in the air, they might chance to cut my belt asunder. And what a figure I should make, when one half of me was discovered, and the other was concealed ! I will not mention the consequence such a fight might produce in some of them.

But it would be of little importance to the publick to be told where I am not, unless they also know where I am. Have patience, then, good people, and you shall be satisfied.

Sometimes I step in at one or other of those gaming-houses which are above law, by being under the protection of the great ; but I seldom stay long in any of them, as I can see nothing there but what I have seen an hundred times before in those lesser assemblies of the same kind that have been so justly put down by authority.

Sometimes I peep into the closet of an antiquarian, where I find matter enough to excite both my pity and contempt. What greater instance can we have of the depravity of human nature, than in a rich curmudgeon, who, while he grumbles to allow his family necessary food, cheerfully unties his bags, and pours out fifty, or, it may be, an hundred guineas, for the purchase of a bit of old copper ; only because a fellow of more wit than honesty tells him it was found under the ruins of an ancient wall, where it had been buried ever since the time of Julius Cæsar, or Severus ?

Sometimes, too, I amuse myself with turning over the collection of a virtuoso ; where I am always filled with the utmost astonishment, at finding sums sufficient to endow an hospital lavished in the purchase of wings of butterflies, the shells of fishes, dried reptiles, the paw of some exotick animal, and such like baubles, neither pleasing in their prospect nor useful in their natures.

Sometimes I make one at the levee of a rich heir, just arrived from his travels to the possession of an overgrown estate ; where I cannot help trembling for the future fate of the poor youth, on seeing him besieged with a crowd of marriage-brokers, pleasure-brokers, exchange-brokers, lawyers, gamesters, French tailors, Dresden milliners, petitioning harlots, congratulating poets ; in fine,

with sharpeners, flatterers, and sycophants, of every kind.

Sometimes I mingle in the route of a woman of quality ; see who wins, who loses, at play ; and in what manner ladies are frequently obliged to pay their debts of honour.

When I have nothing better to employ my time, I loiter away some hours in St. James's Park, Kensington Gardens ; or at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Mary-le-bon ; and am often witness of some scenes exciting present mirth and future reflection.

But my chief delight is in the drawing-room of some celebrated toasts, whence I often steal into their bed-chambers.—But don't be frightened, ladies ; I never carry my inspections farther than the *puelle*.

These are some few particulars of the tour I have made. To give the whole detail would be too tedious. I shall therefore only say that, wherever I am found, I shall always be found a lover of morality ; and no enemy to religion, or any of its worthy professors, of what sect or denomination soever.

And now, reader, having let thee into the secret of my history, as far as it is convenient for me to reveal, I shall leave thee to enjoy the advantage of those discoveries my invisibility enabled me to make.

## CHAP. II.

CONTAINS SOME PREMISES VERY NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED BY EVERY READER ; AND ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S FIRST INVISIBLE VISIT.

IT was in the beginning of that season of the year which affords most food for an enquiring mind, that I had got all things in order to fully forth on my invisible progressions. The august representatives of the whole body of the people were just ready to assemble ; the expounders of the Law were hurrying to Westminster Hall, and those of the Gospel to pay their compliments at St. James's. The ships of war were mostly moored ; and their gallant commanders had quitted the rough, athletick toil, for the soft charms of ease and luxury. The land-heroes, who, having no employment

ployment for their swords, had passed their days in rural sports, now hunted after a different sort of game, at the theatres and masquerades. Frequent consultations were held at the toilets of the ladies, on ways and means to outshine each other in the circle. Former amours were now revived, and even new ones every day commenced. Madam Intelligence, with her thousand and ten thousand emissaries, all loaded with reports, some true, some false, flew swiftly through each quarter of this great metropolis; and had every pore of every human body been an ear, they all might have been fully gratified.

Besides the gratification of a darling passion, I had another, and much more justifiable reason, for the value I set upon the legacy of my departed friend; which is this: I have it in my power to pluck off the mask of hypocrisy from the seeming saint; to expose vice and folly in all their various modes and attitudes; to strip a bad action of all the specious pretences made to conceal or palliate it, and shew it in its native ugliness. At the same time, I have also the means to rescue injured innocence from the cruel attacks begun by envy and scandal, and propagated by prejudice and ill-nature. In fine, I am enabled, by this precious gift, to set both things and persons in their proper colours; and not in such as, either through malice or partial favour, they are frequently made to appear.

I should be sorry, however, if any thing I have said should give the reader occasion to imagine I am going to present him with a book of scandal: no; the secrets of families, and characters of persons, shall be always sacred with me. I shall give no man the opportunity of indulging a malicious pleasure of laughing at his neighbour's faults. My aim, in this work, is not to ridicule, but reform. I would touch the hearts, not call a blush upon the face. And, as few people have errors so peculiar to themselves, as there are not many guilty of the like, if the offender keeps his own counsel, he may very well pass undistinguished among the crowd of others equally culpable.

Verramond is justly accounted one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the present age. The gracefulness of his person, the engaging manner of his conversation, his fine address, and uncommon capacity, make his company de-

fired by all the young and gay part of the world; as his great learning, and perfect knowledge of men and things, render him the oracle of the more grave and serious. I had frequently the honour of meeting him at several places where I visited, and found nothing in him which could in the least contradict those high ideas fame had given me of him.

It was therefore natural for me to take the advantage of my gift of invisibility, in order to view this great person in his most retired moments; I mean, when he was alone, and divested of all those modes and ceremonies which often disguise the real man, and shew him to the publick far different from what he is.

Accordingly, the first visit I made in my Belt was at his house. I slipped in as soon as I saw the door opened, went up stairs, and passed through several rooms, till I came to that where he was sitting. I found him with a book in his hand, on which he seemed very intent. I doubted not but it was a treatise of philosophy, or some other piece of learning or wit, suitable to the capacity of so great a genius: but how much was I surprized, when, looking over his shoulder, I perceived it was Hoyle's Method of Playing the Game of Whist! He appeared more than ordinarily taken up with one page, for he read it over three or four times; then started up from his chair, and throwing the book from him in a rage—'Curse on this stuff!' cried he; 'it is good for nothing but to teach a man how to undo himself with more art.' After walking for some minutes backwards and forwards in the room with a disordered motion, he flung himself into his chair, and fell into a profound reverie; in which I know not how long he might have continued, if he had not been roused from it by the approach of a person who I presently found was his steward.

The business on which this man came into the room was no way pleasing to Verramond; but because I would avoid the troublesome repetitions of 'said he,' and 'replied he,' and 'refused the other,' and such-like introductions to every speech, I shall present all those dialogues which are proper to be communicated to the publick, in the same manner as in the printed copies of theatrical performances.

*Steward.* My lord, the several trades-

men whom your lordship ordered to come this morning are below, and wait your lordship's commands.

*Verramond.* I have no commands for them at all; so send them away.

*Steward.* Shall I bid them attend your lordship to-morrow?

*Verramond.* Aye, to-morrow six months, if you will; for I shall scarce have any business with them before.

*Steward.* My lord, I told them they should all be paid off this morning. What excuse can I make to them for such a disappointment?

*Verramond.* E'en what you will. If you can invent nothing better, you may tell them that you lyed when you made that promise in my name.

*Steward.* Your lordship knows it was by your own order I made that promise; and that you sent me into the city yesterday for money, which I doubted not but was to make good what I had told them. If your lordship pleases to consider, it is now a long time since they brought in their bills, and they have had a great deal of patience.

*Verramond.* Rot their patience! Do you think to make a merit to me of their patience? Go, I say; send them away, and let me hear no more of them.

The tone in which Verramond uttered these words was so austere, that the honest domestick had not courage to reply, but left the room immediately; probably to receive no softer treatment below, from those he was compelled to disappoint, than he had just met with above, for attempting to intercede in their behalf.

Lord Macro was presently after introduced. The late fullness of Verramond seemed now entirely dissipated. Whatever was in his heart, his countenance wore only smiles; and he ran to receive him with open arms, and all the testimonies of the most perfect satisfaction: and yet, as I soon found by the discourse they had together, this very Macro, the night before, had won of him at play fifteen hundred pounds, which was the sum he had set apart for the payment of his creditors. Their conversation turning wholly upon gaming, a subject neither entertaining nor improving, I shall give my readers no more than a bare specimen of it.

*Lord Macro.* My dear Verramond, I could not be easy till I saw you this morning: I thought you left the company somewhat abruptly last night, and was afraid your ill luck had given you some chagrin.

*Verramond.* Not in the least, my dear Macro. I never think any thing lost that a friend gains. But I remembered that I had some letters to write; otherwise should have staid and trusted Fortune with a brace or two of hundreds farther.

*Lord Macro.* As it is an honour to get the better of your lordship in any thing, so it will be no disgrace to be overcome by a person of such superior abilities; therefore, I am ready to give you your revenge when you think fit.

*Verramond.* Nay, as for that, Macro, it must be confessed you know the game better than I.

Here followed a long succession of mutual compliments on each other's skill in play; of which growing heartily tired, I was beginning to think of leaving the place; and should have done so, if the appearance of the steward a second time had not made me expect some change in the scene. His errand, and the success it met with, will not, perhaps, appear so extraordinary to those acquainted with the modish way of thinking, as it then did to me.

*Steward.* Farmer Hobson is below, my lord. The poor man has rode hard all night, on purpose to reach town this morning, and lay his miserable condition before your lordship.

*Verramond.* Pish! what have I to do with his condition?

*Steward.* He says, my lord, that his crop proved so bad last year, that he had scarce wherewith to stock the ground; that Mr. Hardmeat, your lordship's steward in the country, is very sensible of his misfortunes; yet, though there are but five quarters due, threatens to turn him out of the farm next week. He therefore humbly hopes your lordship will take compassion on him, as he has six small children, and his wife now lying in of the seventh.

*Verramond.* What business have such fellows to get children? Does he expect my rent shall go for the maintenance of his brats?

*Steward.* He begs your lordship to  
B consider



consider that, for these eleven years he has rented the farm, he has always paid your lordship honestly; and does not doubt, through Providence, but to do so still, if your lordship is pleased to have patience till next harvest is over, and not ruin him at once.

*Verramond.* Let me hear no more of this stuff! I leave all to Mr. Hardment: he knows what he has to do; and I shall give myself no trouble about it.

The steward, with whose good-nature I was infinitely charmed, had his mouth open to urge something farther in behalf of the distressed farmer, but was prevented by a servant that instant coming in, and presenting a letter to Verramond; who then bid him go down, and tell the unhappy suppliant he might return home, for there was no answer to be given to his complaint.

Verramond would not open the letter he had just received till he knew who sent it; but, on his footman's informing him it came from Mr. Gamble, he hastily broke the seal, and found the contents as follows—

‘ MY EVER-HONOURED LORD,

‘ I Happen'd to be engaged last night at a house where the constable, with his posse, made a forcible entrance, demolished our tables, put most of the company to flight, and seized the rest. I was unluckily one of the last class; and committed to durance vile, as Hudibras says, as your lordship will perceive by the date hereof.

‘ A person here has undertaken, for a fee of five guineas, to procure my immediate discharge; and I do not doubt, by the method he proposes, but he is able to do it. I am not, however, at present, master of as many shillings: nor can any way raise the money he demands; having been obliged, the day before this accident befel me, to leave my watch, linen, and best apparel, at Mr. Grub's, in trust for a small sum required of me by the parish-officers, on account of a bastard child, which a wench of the town has done me the honour to swear I am the father of.

‘ All my hopes, therefore, of getting out of limbo, are in your lordship's generosity; which if you vouchsafe to grant me this one more proof

‘ of, I shall, if possible, be more than ever, with the most profound duty, dear patron, your devoted vassal,

‘ RICHARD GAMBLE.

‘ BRIDEWELL.

‘ P. S. I had forgot to acquaint your lordship, that I shall have need of more than the above-mentioned sum, for discharging the fees of this cursed hole; without the payment of which I cannot be released.

Verramond hesitated not a moment to comply with this request, nor even whether he should exceed what was desired of him: he drew out his purse, put ten guineas into the footman's hands, and ordered him to run directly to Bridewell. ‘ Carry that money to Mr. Gamble, with his compliments; and let him know he should be glad to see him, as soon as he has recovered his liberty.’

Who will say now that Verramond is not liberal? But, alas! how ill-placed an act of benevolence was this? Was it not rather caprice than true charity, which induced him to bestow this money to save a common sharper from the punishment he justly merited; yet, at the same time, refuse to an honest, industrious tenant, a small respite of payment, though to preserve him and his poor family from destruction? But Gamble was a necessary person at a gaming-table; he was of importance to his pleasure that way: and the farmer being only regarded for the rent he paid, when deficient in that, must be thrown out like a piece of useless lumber, and his place occupied by some one who promised to be of greater utility.

Yet do I not think such a conduct is always to be ascribed to the fault of nature. Verramond has certainly the seeds of virtue and honour in his soul; but they are suffocated and choaked up by his immoderate love of play. Strange is it, that a man, capable of thinking so justly, will not be at the pains of thinking at all, but suffer himself to be swayed, by a darling propensity, to actions which, if he once reflected upon, he would be so far from perpetrating, that he would despise the very temptation of being guilty of!

## CHAP. III.

PRESENTS THE READER WITH SOME PASSAGES WHICH CANNOT FAIL OF ENTERTAINING THOSE NOT INTERESTED IN THEM, AND MAY BE OF SERVICE TO THOSE WHO ARE.

**A**MONG the numerous troops of British toasts, there are few who shine with more distinguished lustre, in all publick places, than the beautiful Marcella. Besides an exact symmetry of features, a most delicate complexion, and a fine-turned shape, there is something peculiarly enchanting in her air and mien. I never see her, without being reminded of the celebrated description Milton gives of Eve in her state of innocence—

‘ Grace was in all her steps, heav’n in her eye,  
‘ In ev’ry gesture dignity and love.’

She was married very young to Celadon; and though neither of their hearts had been consulted in the match, yet they had the reputation of living well together. They behaved to each other with the greatest complaisance in publick; and if any cause of discontent ever happened between them, both had the discretion to keep it extremely private.

I could not, therefore, expect to make any extraordinary discoveries in this family. The door, however, happening to be open one day as I passed by, I stepped in without any previous design; and, now I did so, was rather excited by curiosity of seeing some fine pictures, which I had been told were in the house, than of prying into the behaviour of the owners.

But it frequently falls out, that what we least seek we most easily find; and those things we imagine farthest from us, are in effect the nearest. In passing through the several rooms in this house, I saw Marcella writing in her closet; and never was I so much amazed as now, to find so fair a form harbour a mind capable of dictating these lines—

‘ TO FILLAMOUR.

‘ DEAREST OF YOUR SEX,

‘ **T**HANKS to the powers of love  
‘ and liberty, that hated bar to  
‘ all my happiness is removed for a

‘ short time! Celadon is gone upon a  
‘ party of pleasure, and this night is  
‘ entirely my own. If, therefore, no  
‘ more agreeable engagement detains  
‘ you, come here between the hours of  
‘ twelve and one. I shall take care to  
‘ send all the family to bed, except the  
‘ faithful Rachel; who shall attend to  
‘ admit you, on your giving a gentle  
‘ rap against the shutter of the parlour-  
‘ window next the door. Let me know  
‘ by the bearer whether I may expect  
‘ you; though it is a blessing I scarce  
‘ doubt of, if any of that affection be  
‘ sincere, as you have often vowed to  
‘ the believing and passionate

‘ MARCELLA.’

Having sealed this billet, she called her chambermaid, and ordered her to send it, as directed, by a trusty porter; then threw herself upon a couch, took the novel of Sylvia and Philander, read a little in it, sighed, and seemed all dissolved in the most tender languishment; when her emissary returned, and brought this answer to her summons—

‘ TO THE CHARMING MARCELLA.

‘ DEAR ANGEL,

‘ **I** Am at present surrounded with a  
‘ great deal of company, and have  
‘ no opportunity to thank as I would  
‘ the kindness of yours. I can only  
‘ say, that nothing shall keep me from  
‘ flying to my adorable Marcella at the  
‘ appointed hour: till then, adieu. Be  
‘ assured that I am always, with the  
‘ utmost ardency, your devoted vassal,

‘ FILLAMOUR.’

The fair libertine now expressed the highest satisfaction, and immediately fell into discourse with her confidante, Rachel, concerning the manner in which this nocturnal guest should be concealed, and how neither his entrance nor his exit be discovered, or even suspected, by any of the family.

I had no curiosity to know any thing farther of this affair, so took the first opportunity of leaving the house; extremely troubled in my mind that a woman, whose beauty had so much attracted my respect, should prove herself so unworthy of it by her conduct.

B 2 With

'With what boldness,' said I within myself, 'does the lovely wanton run headlong to her ruin; fearless of guilt, and of the punishment which, one time or other, must be the unfailing consequence!'

"As if that faultless form could act no crime,"

"But Heaven, on looking on it, must forgive!"

I went home, and got my Tablets cleared from the impure contents of the above-recited epistles. I wished, indeed, to think no more of this transaction; and, to second my endeavours that way, towards evening sallied out again, equipped in my Invisible Belt, like a true knight-errant, in search of such adventures as chance should present me with.

I went to the house of an elderly lady, with whom I formerly had been acquainted. She was at that time looked upon as a pattern of piety and prudence: fathers, husbands, brothers, all who had any concern for the virtue and reputation of the female part of their family, recommended her example for their imitation; but, at last, after a long series of the most laudable and becoming actions, she at once degenerated into the very reverse of what she had been; fell into all the fashionable follies of the times, at an age when others are beginning to grow weary of them, and commenced a coquette at fifty-five.

I had been told such things, in relation to her conduct, as seemed to me too unaccountable to be believed; and was extremely sorry to find, in the visit I now made her, all those reports confirmed by the testimony of my own senses.

This lady, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Lamia, sets an high value upon herself for her great skill at picquet. She challenged Grizelda, another antiquated belle, who also pretends to be an adept in that science, to play with her for an hundred guineas the first four games in six. The other loved money; and, not doubting she should come off conqueror, readily embraced the proposal; and the night agreed upon between them for the decision of this event, happened to be that in which I went.

Grizelda came to the door just as I did; so I slipped in behind, and followed her up stairs; where she was received by Lamia with the greatest po-

liteness and shew of affection. The card-table was called for, and the ladies sat opposite to each other. I placed myself at the end of the table, that, being between them, I might have the better opportunity of observing what both did. They were now very serious, and attentive to the business they were upon: played, or rather cheated, each other with great caution; for I soon perceived that it was in this latter part of the art of gaming that the excellence of either chiefly consisted.

For a time, each was so taken up with her own *petites fourberies*, as not to have leisure to observe those practised by her adversary. At last, however, Lamia having re-taken in a card she had laid out, Grizelda perceived it, and accused her of the change. Rage and disdain, on finding herself detected, made the cheeks of the other glow with a deeper scarlet than the carnive had given them; and her eyes, even in despite of age, sparkle with fires which love and youth had never power to fill them with. The other was no less enflamed.—But their resentment will best be shewn in the expressions made use of by themselves.

*Lamia.* I am surprized you can suspect me guilty of so mean a thing as cheating at cards. Sure you cannot think I value the trifle we are playing for! What is an hundred guineas to me? I regard an hundred no more than a pinch of snuff.

*Grizelda.* Madam, I value an hundred guineas as little as yourself; but I hate to be imposed upon.

*Lamia.* What do you mean, Madam? Do you say I have imposed upon you?

*Grizelda.* I say you would have done it, Madam, if my eyes had not been quicker than your hands.

*Lamia.* Madam, I scorn your words! and if you were not in my house, should tell you that you lied.

*Grizelda.* And if it were not in respect to your age, Madam, I should tell you that you were a base woman, and had invited me hither only to cheat me of my money.

*Lamia.* My age!—good lack, my age!—I leave the world to judge which of us two looks the oldest. I beg, Madam, you will not deceive yourself. It is not your long false locks, hanging dangling on each side your face, that hide the wrinkles of it.

*Grizelda.*





R. Smith del.

J. Colclough sculp.





*Grizelda.* I wear no plumpers, Madam! Do you not remember, when one of yours dropped out of your mouth at Lady Betty's drawing-room, how all the company were frightened at you, and cried out you had lost half your face?

I started on hearing this reproach of Grizelda, being, at that time, utterly unacquainted with the meaning of it; but, as it is highly probable that a great many of my readers may be as ignorant in this point as myself then was, I shall explain it, by giving a direction of the use and preparation of plumpers, as I have since received it from the waiting-maid of a woman of condition.

#### A SURE WAY TO HELP LANK CHEEKS.

TAKE a piece of the finest, cleanest sponge you can get. Cut out of it two small bolsters, and place them between your cheeks and teeth, if you have any; if not, the gums will serve to keep them up. On taking them out of your mouth, going to bed, throw them into a tea-cup of rose or orange-flower water, and let them soak all night: this will not only cleanse them from whatever impurities they may have happened to have received, but will also give a delectable flavour to the breath.—*Probatum est.*

These ladies pursued their mutual altercations for a considerable time, in a fashion which the intelligent reader may easily conceive by the sample I have given. I shall therefore only say that, after having charged each other with all the vices and foibles that either of them could think of, they at last quarrelled themselves into a reconciliation, begged each other's pardon, and went to play a second time: then fell out again; and provocations on both sides being renewed, and reproaches still growing more piquant, Lamia tore the cards, and threw them into the fire. Grizelda called for her chair, and left the house in a great fury. I gladly followed her out, being heartily sick of what I had seen between these fair, or rather unfair antagonists; but had no opportunity of getting away before, as the door had never once been opened.

It was now near two hours past midnight; and I found more satisfaction in the thoughts of going to my repose, than in

those discoveries my invisibility had entertained me with. I was making all the speed I could to my apartment for that purpose, but fate decreed it otherwise, and had contrived an accident which renewed all my former curiosity. In my way home I passed through the street where Marcella lived; and the sight of her house bringing fresh into my mind what the morning had presented, I could not keep myself from stopping short, to make reflections on the conduct of that fair fallen angel. 'She is doubtless by this time in the arms of her beloved Fillamour,' said I to myself; 'and, while revelling in the pleasures of a loose inclination, forfeits all sense of honour, duty, fame, and even what is owing to the merit of those charms nature has endowed her with; and oh! strange paradox of a vicious flame! renders herself cheap and contemptible in the eyes of the very man whose esteem she most wishes to preserve!'

How long I should have remained in this reverie I know not, but I was roused from it by the sudden appearance of Celadon, who, with a light carried before him, came hastily down the street, and knocked at his own door. To see him return at a time when I knew he was so little expected, made me not doubt but that he had received some information of the injury done him, and came in order to detect and revenge himself on the guilty pair. I trembled for poor Marcella; but what grounds I had to do so, as well as the event of this night's transaction, must be left to the next chapter.

#### CHAP. IV.

CONCLUDES AN ADVENTURE OF A VERY SINGULAR NATURE IN ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE anxiety I was under to know what would become of poor Marcella, immediately determined me to follow her husband into the house. A manservant not having obeyed his lady's commands in going to bed, having something or other wherewith to employ himself in his own room, on hearing somebody at the door, looked through the window, and perceiving it was his master, flew down stairs, and gave him entrance on the first knock.

Rachel,

Rachel, who had been posted sentinel in a back-parlour, in order to watch the break of day, and conduct Fillamour out of the house before any of the family were stirring, now came running out on hearing the street-door opened; but, scarce could an apparition have spread a greater terror through her whole frame than did the sight of Celadon at this juncture.

*Rachel.* Lord, Sir, who could have thought your honour would have come home to-night?

*Celadon.* I did not design it, indeed; but, is it so strange a thing that a man should change his mind?

In speaking this he was passing on, but she threw herself between him and the foot of the stairs, and catching fast hold of the sleeve of his coat, prevented him from going up, with these words:

*Rachel.* Oh, dear Sir! I beg you will not disturb my lady; she is gone to bed very much discomposed; pray be so good as to step into the parlour; there is a good fire, and I will go and see if she is awake, and tell her you are here.

*Celadon.* My wife ill! What is the matter with her?

*Rachel.* I do not know, Sir, but she was seized with a sort of a—— I can't tell the name of it, indeed not I; but I believe it was something like a fit; and so, Sir, she went to bed; but I will go and let her know you are come.

*Celadon.* No, no, she may be asleep, and it would be a pity to wake her; therefore I'll take your advice, Mrs. Rachel, and sit a little in the parlour.—Tom, do you go to bed, I shall not want any thing to night.

The fellow did as he was commanded; and I could easily perceive, by Rachel's countenance, that she was upon the wing to be gone too, impatient, I suppose, to apprise Marcella of what had happened, and assist her in contriving some means for concealing her gallant: but whatever her thoughts were, Celadon had the moment got something in his head which effectually prevented any schemes she might otherwise have laid for securing the honour of her lady. Tom was no sooner gone than Celadon took hold of both her hands, and drew her gently into the parlour, with these words—

*Celadon.* Come, Mrs. Rachel, if I am so complaisant to my wife's disorder as to refrain going to bed to her, I think I may very well be allowed the pleasure

of your company, by way of consolation.

*Rachel.* Oh, dear Sir! what pleasure can you find in the company of such a one as I?

*Celadon.* As much as I can wish. Come, sit down; nay, you shall sit by me; now we are alone, there is no occasion for all this distance between us. I have a great deal to say to you; nothing, sure, was ever so lucky as my coming home to-night! I like you, I love you, and have longed, almost ever since you came into the family, for an opportunity to tell you so.

*Rachel.* Lord, Sir, how strangely you talk to one! I wish your honour would let me go up stairs, to see how my lady does.

*Celadon.* No, indeed, I shall not suffer you to run away, and leave me alone here; if my wife wants any thing she will ring her bell. Come, none of this coyness; let me tell you, child, too much reserve in private with a man who loves you, and has it in his power to make your fortune, is as unbecoming as too much familiarity would be in publick. You may depend upon it, whatever favours you bestow on me shall be returned with others no less agreeable to yourself. I know very well how a person of my station ought to behave towards one of yours in these cases, and shall act accordingly.

Rachel made no reply to all this, but hung down her head, and looked extremely silly. Celadon, interpreting her silence as a half consent to his desires, began now to add kisses and embraces to his solicitations: the warmth with which he pressed her, soon wrought the effect it was intended for; though I easily perceived the most prevailing argument he made use of was taking out his purse, and pouring twenty guineas into her lap. The transport which sparkled in the eyes of this mercenary creature, on beholding the glittering bait, put me immediately in mind of what Mr. Dryden makes Jupiter say in his play of Amphitruon—

‘When I made

‘This gold, I made a greater god than Jove,  
‘And gave my own omnipotence away.’

But it is little to be wondered at that a girl, such as this Rachel, should fall prostrate before that reigning idol of the world

world, who has for it's votaries not only men of the greatest parts and abilities, but also too many among those who make the highest professions of honour, probity, and virtue; nay, I am sorry to say, of religion: daily experience, however, and a very small observation of the corruption of the present age, evinces this melancholy truth.

So finding a scene was likely to ensue, which it was not agreeable to my inclination, or any way proper that I should be witness of, I withdrew into an adjacent parlour, where solitude, darkness, and the profound silence of every thing about me, contributed to promote the most solemn meditations. I reflected on the extreme folly, as well as wickedness, of giving way to an inordinate gratification of the senses, and the certain danger, and almost certain infamy, which attends the doing so. On this occasion several passages and accidents relating to many of my acquaintance occurred fresh to my mind; and when I remembered how some, who had been endowed by Heaven and Fortune with every requisite, excepting virtue, to complete their happiness, yet by the want of that alone had exposed themselves to a condition the most abject and contemptible to which a reasonable being can possibly be reduced, I could not forbear crying out with the inimitable Cowley—

- ' All this world's noise appears to me
- ' But as a dull, ill-acted comedy.'

While I was thus ruminating, and wondering within myself what would be the consequence of this night's transaction, I perceived through the crevices of the window-shutters, that the day began to break, and presently after heard a certain rustling upon the stairs: it was occasioned by Marcella and Fillamour, who, on finding Rachel did not come up as they expected, and the light was pretty far advancing, were creeping softly down. The noise Marcella made in unfastening the chain that went across the street-door, waked Celadon and Rachel, who it seems had both fallen asleep: the former, on hearing the noise, was running out of the parlour, to see what was the matter; but Rachel prevented him, by saying, she was sure it was only one of the footmen, who went out more early than ordinary to the stable. This excuse

might have solved all, if Marcella herself had not unluckily been her own betrayer. That lady, incensed beyond measure, pushed open the door of the room where Rachel was ordered to attend, beginning to upbraid before she saw her.

*Marcella.* So, minx, you have served me finely; it is almost broad day. I have knocked the heel of my shoe almost off, for I would not ring for fear of alarming the family. I suppose you have been asleep: this it is to place any dependance on servants.

Celadon, on hearing his wife's voice before she entered, had stepped behind a screen, either suspecting something of the truth, or because he was unwilling to be surprized with Rachel at that hour; and Rachel, doubly confounded between her lady's reproaches and the knowledge who was witness of them, that she was utterly unable to speak one word for some time, but shook her head, winked, and pointed to the screen, thinking, by those significant gestures, to prevent Marcella from saying any thing farther; till finding she was again opening her mouth, she recovered herself enough to cry out—

*Rachel.* Lord, Madam, do not stand talking here; you will certainly get cold, and make yourself worse; consider you are half naked; pray go to bed again.

*Marcella.* What does the wench mean? but I suppose you have been at the ratifia bottle, and stupified yourself, according to custom. Well, 'tis your own loss; for I dare swear Fillamour would have given you no less a present than five guineas for your diligence, if you had come up as you ought to have done: 'tis now quite light in the street, and a thousand to one but some of the neighbours may have seen him go out.

*Celadon coming forward.* So, Madam, I find you have been diverting yourself, and Fillamour is the man to whom I am obliged for giving you consolation in my absence.

That person must know very little of nature, who does not easily conceive what Marcella felt in so shocking a juncture; surprize, shame, and vexation for having thus foolishly exposed her guilt, quite overwhelmed her heart; she gave a great shriek, and sunk, half-fainting, into a chair. Rachel ran to her assistance, and at the same time willing to

retire,

retrieve, if possible, told Celadon that he must not take any notice of her lady's words; that she went very ill to bed; that she was delirious, and knew not what she said. This, however, had no effect upon him; he was too well convinced of the injury that had been done him, and loaded his transgressing wife with every invective that a husband, in his circumstances, could invent.

But certainly it is impossible for any woman to behave with greater courage and resolution than Marcella now did; she presently regained her senses, and after having made Rachel leave the room, a moment's reflection served her to reply to the reproaches made her by her husband, in these terms—

*Marcella.* Well, Sir, I confess appearances are against me, nor do I wonder at, nor will resent the asperity of your treatment. Though guilty of no real crime, my vanity has led me into a folly which merits all you have said to me. I have not, in fact, dishonoured either myself or you, and my behaviour this night has only mortified the pride and arrogance of a man who would have rivalled you in my esteem and affection.

*Celadon.* Excellent, I faith—beyond imagination. I have been told, indeed, that a woman need but look down upon her apron-string to find an excuse for the most enormous crime she can be guilty of; but this of yours is such a one, as cannot fail of giving a good deal of diversion in a court of judicature; though I scarce think it will save either Fillamour's estate from the penalty the law inflicts on an attempt to bastardize an honourable family, or his throat from the justice of my sword.

The boldness of Marcella was not to be awed by these menaces; she found he had too much understanding to be imposed upon by the shallow artifice she had made use of; that he now heartily despised her, and that she had no longer any measures to preserve with him: therefore, collecting all the courage she was mistress of, she threw her eyes upon him with a contempt equal to that which he looked up on her, and made him this reply—

*Marcella.* 'Tis mighty well, Sir; you are at your liberty to make use of all the weapons in your power for revenge; but I would have you to remember, that whether Fillamour cuts your throat, or

you cut his, and are hanged for it, the matter will be of little importance to me; and as for a court of judicature, I believe you will find it very difficult to make good any accusations you may exhibit against me there: no one ever saw me in bed with Fillamour, much less can prove any criminal conversation between us, so that the ridicule would turn wholly upon yourself; and perhaps provoke me, as I have had no child by you, to bring in a bill of impotency, in which case I should have all my fortune returned; a thing your present circumstances would not very well bear, as some part of your estate is already mortgaged.

To all this Celadon was able to make no other reply, than that he stood amazed at her audacity; that he found she was abandoned to all sense of shame; that she was a monster of impudence, and such like: at which she seemed not in the least moved, but proceeded to reason with him in the same determined fashion she had begun.

*Marcella.* Look you, Celadon, all the fury you can be possessed of will remedy nothing: let us argue like rational creatures; whatever opinion we may have of each other, the only way to preserve either of our characters, is to live well together in the eyes of the world. I tell you that I am innocent, and it is for your ease and interest, as well as mine, that you should believe I am so; which if you do, I faithfully promise to regulate my conduct in such a manner as to bring no disreputation on myself, or dishonour to you; but if you fly into extremes, you will oblige me to do the same; and, what but our mutual infamy and destruction can be the end of such a contest? I leave you to consider on what I have said, and wait your cooler moments for an answer.

With these words she went hastily out of the room. Celadon offered not to detain her, but continued walking backwards and forwards, reflecting, by several disordered gestures, the inward agitations of his mind. After some moments passed in the silent expressions of his rage, he called to the servants, most of whom were now stirring, to get a bed prepared for him in another chamber; but I am of opinion, that when he retired thither, it was less to sleep than to reflect how it would best become him to behave under the



the shocking circumstance he was now involved in.

Finding no farther discoveries were likely to be made at this time, I left the house on the first opening of the street-door, and returned home; where, fatigued as I was for want of rest, the astonishment I was in at the behaviour of Marcella would not suffer the least slumber to close my eyes.

For some days I was extremely impatient to know the result of this affair; but, hearing no talk of it about town, began to conclude that the wife's arguments had prevailed, and the husband had submitted his resentment to his convenience. I soon found I was not deceived in my conjectures, for in less than a week I saw Celadon and Marcella taking the air together in their own coach, with the same appearance of serenity in both their countenances, as if nothing of the adventure I have been relating had ever happened.

## CHAP. V.

SHOWS, THAT THOUGH A REMISSNESS OF CARE IN THE BRINGING UP OF CHILDREN, CAN SCARCE FAIL OF BEING ATTENDED WITH VERY BAD CONSEQUENCES; YET, THAT AN OVER EXACT CIRCUMSPECTION IN MINUTE THINGS, MAY SOMETIMES PROVE EQUALLY PERNICIOUS TO THEIR FUTURE WELFARE.

VARIOUS were the reports concerning Alinda, both while she was alive, and after her decease; but all the world could say with any certainty, either of her affairs or conduct, might be comprized in the following articles.

That she was the only child of a very eminent and wealthy merchant in the city, who, on the death of his wife, left off business, and having purchased an estate of near a thousand pounds a year in the country, retired thither to pass the remainder of his days, taking Alinda with him, at that time about ten years of age.

That through some peculiarities in his temper, she was educated in a very odd fashion, secluded from all conversation with the neighbouring gentry, and scarce

suffered to speak to any one out of their own family.

That after his death, which happened in her seventeenth year, she returned, with the consent of her guardians, to London, lived in a manner suitable to her fortune, and had many advantageous offers of marriage, all which she rejected without giving any reason for doing so.

That at one and twenty she fell into a wasting disorder, which was judged to proceed rather from some inward grief preying upon her spirits, than from any distemper of the body; it baffled, however, all the skill of the physicians, and she expired after a tedious languishment of near three years, leaving the possession of her estate to a nephew of her father's, who was the next of kin.

All these things, I say, were publick; but as to the motive which made her avoid listening to any proposals for changing her condition, or the cause of that melancholy which brought on her death, every one spoke of them as they thought proper, and according as the dispositions of their own hearts inclined them to judge.

Few, however, were charitable enough to put the best construction on her conduct; some said she was a man-hater; others, that loving the sex too well, she could not think of entering into a state which must confine her to one alone. Those who entertained the most favourable opinion, imagined she had unhappily engaged her heart where there was no possibility of a return: this last conjecture seemed indeed most probable, and gained ground after she fell into that heavy languor which excluded her from all those pleasures she had been accustomed to partake, and at length deprived her of life; but all this, to make use of the vulgar adage, was speaking without book; my gift of invisibility gave me alone the means of penetrating into the mystery.

As I had been acquainted with her, and visited her while she continued to see company, I frequently sent, or called to enquire after her health. One day when I did so, a servant belonging to her kinsman and heir at law came to the door at the same time, and we both received for answer, that she expired the night before.

The fellow ran directly to inform his  
C master,

master, to whom these tidings would probably be not unwelcome; and I went home, clasped on my Belt of Invisibility, and returned in a short time to the house of Alinda. The reader will perhaps wonder for what reason, and it is not fit I should keep him in ignorance.

There was a clergyman lived in the house with her, and performed the office of a chaplain; he was a person of whom her father having conceived a high opinion, had taken into his family, and set over her in the manner of a preceptor, and he had ever since continued with her. I had several times dined with him at her table, and perceived he professed an extraordinary sanctity, and the extreme regard for the welfare of his fair patroness; and this it was that made me desirous of seeing in what manner he would behave upon her death.

I expected to have found him either in his own chamber, bemoaning the early fate of so beneficent a friend, or sitting by her corpse religiously moralizing on the shadowy happiness of this transitory world; but, after seeking him in vain in these and several other rooms, at last I discovered him in a closet, where I knew she deposited her things of greatest value; he was busily employed in rummaging her bureau, from the little cell of which I saw him convey, as near as I could guess, between two and three hundred pieces of gold, and several bank-bills to a much greater amount; he then pulled out a drawer which contained her jewels; he first took up one, then another, surveyed them with a greedy eye, but laid them down again, and shut the drawer; but, after a moment's pause, opened it a second time, and took out a ring set round with large brilliants. 'I may keep this,' cried he; 'it will scarce be missed, or, if it be, I can pretend she made me a present of it in her life-time, and nobody will suspect the contrary.' Here he gave over his search, locked the bureau, put the key into his pocket, and went into his own room.

It would be hard for me to determine, whether astonishment or indignation was most predominant in me at this sight; I wished never to have beheld it, or that I had been at liberty to pluck the sacred robe from off the back of that vile prophet of his order. I was going away with a mind more troubled than I can well express, when one of Alinda's maids

came running into the room with a sealed packet in her hand, and delivered it to this disciple of Judas Iscariot, telling him at the same time, that it had been found under her mistress's pillow just after her death, but that she had forgot in the hurry to bring it to him before.

He replied, with an affected indifference, that it was very well; that he would look over the papers, and take care that whatever injunctions they contained should be fulfilled; and with these words dismissed her.

The superscription on the cover of this packet was to a lady with whom Alinda had been extremely intimate, but had not seen for a considerable time, she being excluded, as well as the rest of her acquaintance, after she fell into that deep melancholy which ended her days. The priest immediately broke the seal, and found a little letter to the above-mentioned lady, the contents whereof were as follow—

'DEAR MADAM,

'THAT I have not seen you so long has not been owing to want of friendship, but to a resolution of depriving myself of every thing that was agreeable to me in life; and that I do not now, in these last moments of my life, ask to see you, is only because I would not tax your pity with the sight of so sad an object. I am blasted, my dear friend, withered in my bloom, and scarce the shadow of what I was. The inclosed memoirs will inform you of the cruel cause, which I intreat you will publish to the world after my decease; the shocking tale may perhaps be a serviceable warning to some parents as well as children. I have given my cousin \*\*\*\*\* orders concerning some things I would have done; among the number of which is, that he will present you with my hoop diamond ring. I beg you will accept and wear it in remembrance of your dying friend,

'ALINDA.'

He started, bent his brows, turned pale and red by turns, and seemed in great confusion while looking over this little epistle; but all his emotions were very much increased on examining the papers that accompanied it: still as he read, he tore the leaves asunder and threw them on the fire, which happening not

not to burn very fiercely, I was quick enough to snatch from the intended devastation, and convey into my pocket, while he was taken up with the remaining pages, and thought himself secure by the tale of his misdeeds being extinct in all devouring flames.

He had but just finished, when a servant came running into the room, and told him that Mr. \*\*\*\*\* was below; and having been informed that Alinda's keys had been delivered to him, demanded to speak with him immediately. On this, the artful hypocrite composed his countenance, drew every feature into the attitude of solemn sadness, and holding a white handkerchief to his eyes, went down to act the part he thought would best become him before the kinsman of Alinda.

I followed close at his heels into the parlour, where Mr. \*\*\*\*\* and two other persons waited for him. He began, with well-disssembled grief, to expatiate on the loss the world had in so excellent a lady as Alinda; and failed not, in his harangue, artfully to intermix some praises on himself, for the good principles his precepts had ingrafted on her mind.

Mr. \*\*\*\*\* seemed to take very little notice of all he said on this occasion, and prevented him from going so far as perhaps he otherwise would have done, by telling him, in a very grave and reserved tone, that he was in great haste at present; that he came thither only to give the necessary orders concerning his cousin's funeral; and that till the melancholy ceremony was over, he should put a friend in possession of the house, and whatever effects it contained, therefore expected the keys of every thing should be immediately delivered.

To this the parson replied, that he had got them into his hands with no other view than to secure them for him, who had the undoubted right to all which his dear benefactress had been mistress of: 'For indeed,' continued he, 'I apprehended some foul play might have been attempted, as at the hour of her decease she had none but servants about her, some of whom had been too lately taken into the family to have given any great proofs of their integrity.'

After this they went through every room, examining what was to be found; all which scrutiny, as yet, afforded the heir no reason for complaint. On opening the above-mentioned bureau, and

looking over Alinda's jewels, he missed not the ring he had been defrauded of; but when the other private drawers presented him so little of what he expected, he could not forbear discovering some suspicion, as it must be owned he had sufficient cause; for the person who had been before-hand with him in the search, had left no more than eight guineas and one six and thirty piece in specie, with three or four bills of an inconsiderable value.

'I am surprized,' said Mr. \*\*\*\*\*,' that a woman of my cousin's fortune should leave herself so bare of cash; and cannot imagine by what means the dissipated so large a yearly income.' — 'Alas, Sir!' replied the pretended zealot, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, 'it ought not to appear strange to you, that a lady of your excellent kinswoman's charitable and benevolent disposition should refuse nothing in her power, when the cries of distress, and the moans of affliction, called for her assistance. If you would know in what manner she disposed of her money, enquire of hospitals, the prisons, and the necessitous petitioners that every day received their sustenance from her bounty, and you will find an easy account of her expences in her large and numerous donations.'

Mr. \*\*\*\*\* only answered sullenly, that he should be better able to judge how he ought to think of the affair after he had spoke to her steward. On which the other, clapping his hand upon his breast, was beginning to make many asseverations, that till that moment he never knew what sum or sums the lady had by her when she died, or had ever looked, nor even entertained a thought of looking into any place where it might be supposed she kept her money. I said not, however, to hear what effect his hypocrisy produced, but went home, being impatient to see the contents of Alinda's manuscript.

## CHAP. VI.

WILL FULLY SATISFY THE CURIOSITY THE FORMER MAY HAVE EXCITED.

THE haste I made in snatching the following papers from the flames, happily preserved them so entirely from

the destruction to which they had been destined, that though the edges were in many places much scorched, yet not a single word throughout the whole was any way damaged; and the reader may depend on having the story as perfect as if he saw it in the heroine's own hand.

MEMOIRS OF THE UNFORTUNATE  
ALINDA, WROTE BY HERSELF,  
AND FAITHFULLY TRANSCRIBED  
FROM THE ORIGINAL COPY.

' I Am sensible that many people have  
' been very busy with my fame while  
' living; nor do I expect to be treated  
' with less severity after I am dead: I  
' cannot, however, think of an eternal  
' separation from this world, without  
' leaving something behind me which  
' may serve to clear up those passages in  
' my conduct which, by their being  
' mysterious, have given room for cen-  
' sure; and I do not this with any view  
' of softening the asperity of the ill-  
' natured for the errors I have been  
' guilty of, or of exciting compassion  
' in the more generous and gentle for  
' my misfortunes, but merely to the end  
' that, if I am condemned, I may be  
' condemned for real, not imaginary,  
' facts.

' Sorry am I to accuse a father who  
' tenderly loved me: yet certain it is,  
' that his over anxiety for my welfare  
' has been the primary source of every  
' woe my heart has laboured under;  
' and that, by his mistaken endeavours  
' to make me great and happy, I have  
' been rendered the most miserable of  
' created beings.

' The fortune I was born to be pos-  
' sessed of, and some natural endow-  
' ments his affection fancied in me,  
' made him flatter himself with the hopes  
' of seeing me one day blaze forth in all  
' the pomp of quality; nor could he  
' endure the thoughts of marrying me  
' to any man beneath the rank of right  
' honourable: and for fear any partial  
' inclination of my own should disap-  
' point these high-raised expectations,  
' he kept me from the conversation of  
' every one whom he thought capable of  
' attracting a heart unbiaſſed by inter-  
' est and unambitious of grandeur.

' Soon after my mother's death, he  
' quitted business, and retired to an

' estate he had some time before pur-  
' chased in the country. When we  
' removed, I was too young to have any  
' taste for the pleasures of the town,  
' and regretted only the want of those  
' play-fellows I had left behind: in-  
' deed, I wonder that I was not quite  
' moped. I was suffered to go to no  
' school, though there was a great one  
' very near us; never stirred beyond the  
' precincts of our garden-walls; went  
' not to church, because there it would  
' have been impossible for me not to see  
' and be seen. No company visited us;  
' for my father deprived himself of the  
' pleasure of conversing with any of the  
' neighbouring gentry, for fear that, as  
' I grew up, I might take a liking to  
' some one or other of their sons, none  
' of whom he thought a match good  
' enough for me, as they were not dig-  
' nified with titles. I had learned writ-  
' ing and dancing, but was far from  
' being perfect in either; and my fa-  
' ther, being unwilling I should be  
' without these accomplishments, took  
' the pains himself to set me copies to  
' improve me in the one; and at length  
' provided a master, too old and too  
' ugly to give him any apprehensions,  
' to instruct me in the other. Besides  
' these two avocations, I had no amuse-  
' ment except reading; which, as I  
' much delighted in, my father con-  
' stantly supplied me with such books  
' as he thought proper for my sex and  
' age.

' Excepting some treatises of divi-  
' nity, the subjects of my entertainment  
' afforded little improvement to my un-  
' derstanding, they consisting only in  
' romances, and some very old plays;  
' so that the ideas they inspired me with  
' were as antiquated as the habits worn  
' in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and  
' I was utterly ignorant of the modes,  
' manners, and customs, of the age I  
' lived in.

' In this stupid and dispiriting  
' situation did I pass full nineteen  
' months; about the expiration of  
' which time, my father happened into  
' company with a person who wears the  
' sacred appearance of an ecclesiastick,  
' but is in reality one of those men-  
' tioned in Holy Writ by the name of  
' wolves in sheep's clothing. His out-  
' ward behaviour seems directed by the  
' ministers of grace and goodness, while  
' in



in his treacherous heart a thousand fiends lie in wait to bring ruin and destruction on the credulous listener to his wiles.—But, before I proceed in my unhappy story, it is fit I should give a more particular character of the wretch who has so great a share in it.

First, for his extraction.—His father was a Frenchman, servant to a person of distinction in Normandy: but having more ambition than honesty, found means to rob his master of a considerable sum, and came over to England, where he set up for a gentleman, and a most zealous Protestant; told a long plausible story of the great hardships he had sustained on the score of religion, and found here the same pity and encouragement as many others had done who fly here for an asylum on the same pretences.

Soon after his arrival, he married a Dutchwoman, by whom he had a son who inherits all his father's virtues, and is the person whose story is so unhappily interwoven with my own.

Young Le Bris (for that is the name of this worthy family) discovered in his youth some indications of a good capacity for learning; insomuch that a certain lord, taking a great fancy to him, sent him to Westminster School, and afterwards to the university, in order to qualify him for the pulpit; assuring him, that he should not be without a benefice as soon as he should be fit to receive it.

But he had scarce compleated his studies for that purpose, when all his present support and future expectations vanished, on the sudden death of his noble patron; which was followed, in a few months after, by that of his father; so that he was left entirely destitute, his mother not being able to afford him the least assistance.

After many long and fruitless solicitations for a living, he was glad to accept of a small curacy in one of the remotest counties in England, where he resided several years; but was at last turned out on account of neglect of duty, and other misbehaviour. He then came back to London, and gave out printed bills for teaching French and Latin at very low rates; but finding little encouragement that way, turned Fleet parson, and earned a pre-

carious sustenance by clandestine marriages.

It was in these wretched circumstances that my father met with him, being in town on some business; and being told by some one, who it is likely knew no more of him than what he was pleased to say of himself, that he was a very worthy, though distressed clergyman, made him the offer of a handsome salary to come into his family by way of chaplain; and withal, to instruct me in the French language, and whatever else was fit for me to learn, or he was capable of teaching. He readily embraced the proposal; and, on my father's return, came down with him.

My father presented him to me as a kind of tutor or preceptor; told me I must submit myself to his directions; be attentive to all he said to me; and, in every thing, treat him with the greatest respect and reverence: "For," added he, "it is by the lessons he is capable of giving you, that you alone can make any shining figure in the station wherein I hope to see you placed."

It will, perhaps, afford some matter of surprize, that my father, who had hitherto preserved such an extreme caution in preventing my having the least conversation with any man, should now so strenuously recommend this person to me; but it must be considered, that he was no less than six or seven and forty years of age; that, though not deformed, he was far from handsome; and, besides, had a certain austerity in his manners which could not be very agreeable to youth.

It was, indeed, some time before I could be contented with the dominion given him over me; but my obedience to my father obliging me to behave towards him with esteem, custom at last converted that complaisance, which was at first no more than feigned, into sincere. A kind of affection, by degrees, mingled itself with the reverence I was bid to pay him; I was never so happy as in the hours set apart for receiving his instructions; and the thoughts of the benefits that might be supposed to accrue from them, afforded less pleasure than the praises I was always certain he would bestow on my docility. In fine, I not only loved the teacher

for

‘ for the precept’s sake, but, as the poet says—

“ I lov’d the precepts for the teacher’s  
“ sake.”

‘ Nor is it to be wondered at that I tasted more satisfaction in his society than I had ever known before. I wanted not ideas, though hitherto I had nothing to improve them. I had been allowed to converse with none but the servants ; who could only divert me with idle tales of thieves, apparitions, and haunted houses. My tutor, after having finished his graver lessons, would frequently entertain me with some extraordinary incident or other, either taken from history or romance; but whether real or fictitious, I had sense enough to know were such as enlarged my understanding as well as charmed my ears.

‘ It is certain, indeed, that he spared no pains to insinuate himself into my good graces; and no less certain also, that the ungrateful design he had in doing so succeeded, to the utter destruction of the whole happiness of my future life, and, at last, of my life itself, as will appear by these memoirs; which, while I am writing, I know not whether I shall have strength to finish.

‘ I shall therefore reduce my unhappy story into as short a compass as I can. In spite of the little amiableness this tutor had in his person, in spite of the vast disparity of years between us, I conceived the most tender affection for him. Alas! I was then too young, too innocent, to know what was meant by the word Love, any farther than that love which we naturally bear to a father, brother, or some other near relation; and thought not what I felt for him was any more, or would be attended with any other consequences; and as I apprehended no shame or danger in the kindness I had for him, endeavoured not to put a stop to the growth of it, nor even to conceal it.

‘ But Le Bris saw much better into my heart than I did myself; and dreading lest my father should be alarmed at the too open fondness of my behaviour to him, began to treat me with less familiarity, and exerted the ma-

‘ ster much more than he had done. This change both surprized and grieved me: I bore it, however, for two whole days, without seeming to take any notice of it; but on the third, being alone with him in his closet, where I constantly went every morning to receive my lessons—“ What is the matter with you, my dear tutor?” said I; “ I hope I have done nothing to offend you? I am sure I would not willingly be guilty of deserving that you should frown upon me.”—“ No, my precious charge,” replied he, after a pause, “ it is not in your nature to give offence; but I would not incur your father’s displeasure either towards you or me. Men are apt to be jealous of the affections of their children; and I am sometimes afraid that he should think you love me almost as well as you do him.”—“ Indeed I do so—quite as well,” cried I eagerly. “ But why should he be angry at that, when he bid me use you with the same love and respect as I did himself?”

“ People, on some occasions,” answered he, “ will be displeased at a too exact performance of their own commands; and if my worthy patron, your father, should happen to be of this opinion, the consequence would infallibly be an eternal separation between us; he would drive me from his house, and I should never see my pretty charge again.”

“ If you think so,” returned I, “ though I have all kind of dissimulation, I will make him believe I am weary of learning of you, and that I cannot abide you.”—“ Dear, pretty angel!” cried he, tenderly taking me in his arms, “ there is no need of going to such extremes; I would only have you behave with more distance towards me than you have done of late: and it will not be amiss if you sometimes complain that I set you too hard lessons; because, if you should seem to learn too fast, he may begin to think there will soon be no occasion for a tutor.”—“ Well,” said I, “ I will do every thing you bid me; for indeed it would almost break my heart to part with you.” Here he kissed off the tears that fell from my eyes in speaking these last words, and I returned all his endearments with the  
‘ same

‘ same affection as the fondest child would do those of the most indulgent parent.

‘ It will perhaps seem a little strange, that a girl turned of thirteen, as I then was, should think, or act in the manner I did; but the way in which I had been brought up, left me in the same ignorance and innocence as others of six or seven years old.

‘ I obeyed his instructions with so much exactness, that my father was far from suspecting either my folly, or the baseness of the person he had set over me. The rest of the family were no more quick-sighted; nor could it be expected they should be so. Our house-keeper, though a very good, was a silly old woman, and knew nothing beyond the economy of those affairs committed to her charge. The maid who waited on me was her daughter, and had been bred to think every man who wore the habit of a parson was to be worshipped; and the other servants were too seldom with us to have any opportunity of making discoveries.

‘ I arrived at my fourteenth year. My father kept my birth-day so far, as to order something better than ordinary for dinner, and drank my health several times at table. Among other discourse concerning me, he said to Le Bris—“ Well, doctor, your pupil will now begin to think herself a woman, and I must find a husband for her who will be able to reward the care you have taken of her with a good fat benefice.” To which the fawning hypocrite replied, that the pleasure of seeing his worthy patron’s daughter happy would be to him the best benefice he could obtain.

‘ Nothing farther passed, at this time, on the same subject; but the next morning, when I was alone with my tutor in his closet—“ Do you remember, my dear Miss,” cried he, with a very melancholy air, “ what your father said yesterday? You will be married soon, and I shall love you for ever!”—“ Do not talk so,” replied I hastily; “ I do not want to be married: but if my father should compel me to it, all the husbands in the world should not make me forget you; no, you shall always live with me; I would not part from you to be a dutchess.”—“ Nor would I part

‘ from you,” said he, taking me in his arms, “ for an archbishoprick. And to be plain,” continued he, “ I have received letters since I have been here, with the offers of several great livings; but I have refused them all, rather than quit my dear pupil.”—“ Have you, indeed?” returned I, hanging fondly on him; “ Oh how kind you have been! I should be the most ungrateful creature upon earth, if I did not love you dearly for it.”—“ But will you always keep me with you?” cried he. “ As long as I live,” answered I. “ Will you swear it?” rejoined he. “ Yes,” answered I; “ a thousand and a thousand times over, if you desire it.”

‘ The wretch did not fail to take me at my word: I bound myself, by the most solemn imprecations that words could form, that, when I became mistress of my actions, he should always live with me. After this, the hours we passed together were employed more in improving the foolish affection I had for him, than in any lessons for improving my understanding. My father imputed the slow progress I made in my studies not to any want of abilities in my teacher, but to my own neglect, and often chid me for it; which I bore patiently, as I believed it the surest means of keeping my dear tutor with me. This he took so kindly, that he told me one day, he flattered himself I loved him almost as well as I did my father. “ I hope it is no sin,” cried I childishly, “ if I love you quite as well.”—“ Far from it,” answered he: “ you are only his daughter by nature, but you are mine by affection; you are the child of my soul, and therefore ought to love me better.”—“ I am glad of that,” rejoined I; “ for indeed I do love you a great deal better—I am sure I do.” It will scarce be doubted, but that he now bestowed upon me those endearments I had declared myself so well satisfied with; and some minutes after, as I had turned to a looking glass to adjust some disorder in my head-dress, he pulled me to him, and making me sit upon his knee—“ You are very pretty, my dear,” said he; “ and have no defect in your shape, but being a little too flat before.” With these words, he thrust one of his hands within my stays; telling me, that

‘ handling



“handling my breasts would make them grow, and I should then be a perfect beauty.

“Not conscious of any guilt, I was ignorant of shame; and thinking every thing he did was right, made not the least resistance; but suffered him, by degrees, to proceed to liberties, which had I known the meaning of, I should have stabbed him for attempting; but, as I have somewhere read—

“By no example warn’d how to beware,  
“My very innocence became my snare.”

“It will perhaps be supposed, that the perfidious man did not stop here, but proceeded yet farther, to the utter completion of my dishonour; but I shall do him the justice to say, that he never offered any such thing; though I have good reasons to believe he was prevented only by his fear of the consequences that might have attended it, to the ruin of a design which promised him more satisfaction than the enjoyment of my person.

“In the ridiculous way I have been describing did we continue till I was in my seventeenth year; about which time, my father being obliged to go to London on a law affair, he left the sole management of the family, as well as of myself, to his favourite chaplain, till he should return, which he expected to do in two months.

“He had not been gone full three weeks before a stranger came to our house on a visit to my tutor: he received him with great marks of civility; and told me afterwards that he was the land-steward of a nobleman, who had sent him on purpose to court his acceptance of a benefice worth near eight hundred pounds per annum. As I suspected not the truth of this, I was terribly frightened; and cried out—“Then you will leave me at last!”—“It would be with an extreme reluctance I should do so,” replied he; “but what can I do? If I should hereafter be exposed to any misfortunes, how would the world blame me for having refused such an offer?”—“What misfortunes,” said I, “have you to fear? I shall always have enough to support my dear tutor.”

“My dear child,” resumed he, “you forget that, when once you are mar-

ried, there will be nothing in your power; all will be your husband’s, who may take it into his head to turn me out of doors directly.”—“No such matter,” replied I hastily; “for I will make him promise and swear beforehand to keep you always in the family.”—“Few men,” said he, “pay any regard, after they become husbands, to the promises and vows they made when they were lovers. In fine, my little angel,” continued he, taking me tenderly in his arms, “there is but one way to secure our lasting happiness, to which if you agree, I will immediately refuse the great offer now made me, with all my future hopes of rising in the church, and devote myself eternally to you.”

“These last words I thought so highly obliging to me, that I hung about his neck, kissed his cheek, and cried I would do every thing he would have me. He then told me that a writing should be drawn up between us, by which we should mutually bind ourselves, under the penalty of the half of what either should be possessed of, never to separate.

“On my ready compliance with this proposal, he ventured to make a second, even more impudent than the first. After seeming to consider a little within himself—“I have been thinking,” said he, “that if the person you shall marry should happen to be of a cross, perverse nature, though for his own sake he will not drive me from his house, yet he may use me so ill as to compel me to go out of it of my own accord: suppose, therefore, you should bind yourself by the writing I have mentioned, and under the same penalty, never to marry any man without my consent?”

“Bless me!” cried I, a little surprized, “how can I do this? You know I must obey my father.”—“Heaven forbid you should do otherwise!” rejoined the artful hypocrite; “you may be sure I shall never oppose either his will, or your own inclination, in the choice of a husband: what I speak of is only a thing of form, which, when shewn to your husband, will oblige him to treat me with gratitude and respect.”

“I was entirely satisfied with this; and replied, I would do what he de-

“fired

“fired as soon as he pleased: on which—  
 “It happens luckily,” said he, “that  
 “the gentleman who came here on the  
 “business I told you of was bred to  
 “the law; I will let him know as  
 “much as is necessary of our affair,  
 “and get him to draw up a proper in-  
 “strument.” In speaking these words,  
 “he left me, and went in search of his  
 “friend, who at that time was walking  
 “in the garden, waiting, no doubt, his  
 “coming.

“I had little time allowed me to re-  
 “flect on what I was about to do. Le  
 “Bris immediately returned, bringing  
 “the lawyer with him; the latter of  
 “whom desired to receive instructions  
 “from my own mouth for what he was  
 “to write; and accordingly I repeated  
 “the sense of the obligation I was to lay  
 “myself under, leaving it to him to put  
 “it in such words as he should find  
 “proper. If I had been mistress of the  
 “least share of common reason, I must  
 “have seen that all this scheme was a  
 “thing previously concerted between  
 “these two villains; for the lawyer im-  
 “mediately pulled out of his pocket a  
 “large parchment, with seals fixed to  
 “it, and every thing requisite to make  
 “the instrument firm and valid: but I  
 “was infatuated; all my little under-  
 “standing was subjected to the will of  
 “this wicked tutor; I gave an implicit  
 “faith to all he said, and paid an im-  
 “plicit obedience to all his dictates.

“The lawyer took his leave next day,  
 “and nothing material happened till  
 “within a week of the time my father  
 “was expected home; when, instead of  
 “himself, came the melancholy account  
 “that he had been seized with an apo-  
 “plectick fit, and, though he recovered  
 “from it, expired within two hours  
 “after. He had made his will about  
 “a year before, by which he left me sole  
 “heir of every thing he was in possession  
 “of, except a few legacies; and in case  
 “his demise should happen before I  
 “was married, or of age appointed  
 “two gentlemen for his executors and  
 “my guardians. They both wrote to  
 “me, as did also my cousin \*\*\*\*\*,  
 “acquainting me that it was necessary I  
 “should come to London directly on  
 “this occasion, and each inviting me  
 “to their respective houses; which, as  
 “they lived in different parts of the  
 “town, I was at liberty to chuse which  
 “I liked best,

“My tutor, however, dissuaded me  
 “from accepting any of their offers;  
 “and told me he would write to a friend  
 “in London to provide a ready-tur-  
 “nished house for my reception, till  
 “things were settled, and I should re-  
 “solve whether I would reside in town  
 “or country. Accordingly he did so;  
 “and when we came within ten miles  
 “of London, we were met on the road by  
 “the lawyer, who, as I have since dis-  
 “covered, was his chief agent in every  
 “thing. He conducted us to a house  
 “in Jermyn Street, which was indeed  
 “very neat and commodious.

“It was late when we arrived; but  
 “I did not fail to send the next morn-  
 “ing to my two guardians and cousin  
 “\*\*\*\*\*, who all came to see me the  
 “same day, and expressed themselves in  
 “very affectionate terms. I presented  
 “my tutor to them, as a person for  
 “whom my father had a high esteem;  
 “on which they treated him with that  
 “respect they supposed him to deserve.

“I now entered into a scene of life al-  
 “together new to me. Several distant  
 “relations, whom I knew only by their  
 “names, and many other gentlemen  
 “and ladies who had been acquainted  
 “with my mother, came to pay their  
 “respects to me. All my mornings  
 “were taken up with messages and  
 “compliments; and all my afternoons  
 “with receiving and returning visits.  
 “How strange was the transition! From  
 “being confined to the narrow precincts  
 “of a lone country mansion, I had now  
 “the whole metropolis to range in;  
 “instead of the grave lessons of two old  
 “men, my ears were now continually  
 “filled with the flattering praises or ad-  
 “dressing heaus; instead of having no-  
 “thing to amuse my hours, new di-  
 “versions, new entertainments, crowded  
 “upon each moment; and I was in-  
 “cessantly hurried from one pleasure to  
 “another, till my head grew giddy with  
 “the whirl of promiscuous pleasure.

“As I was young, not ugly, and  
 “looked upon as a rich heiress, pro-  
 “posals of marriage were every day  
 “made to me; all which I communi-  
 “cated to my tutor: but though many  
 “of them were much to my advantage,  
 “he always found some pretence or  
 “other for refusing his counsel; and I  
 “accordingly rejected them to the sur-  
 “prize of all who knew me, and the great  
 “dissatisfaction of my best friends.

‘ He was not, however, half-pleased with the gay manner in which I lived ; and, as soon as the affairs relating to my estate were settled, would fain have prevailed upon me to return into the country : but I had too high a relish for the diversions of the town to pay that regard to his advice I had formerly done ; and, instead of complying with it, quitted the house I was in, hired another upon lease, and furnished it in the most elegant manner I could. He grew very grave on my behaviour ; but as I kept firm to both the engagements I had made with him, he had no pretence to complain of my actions in other matters.

‘ For a time, indeed, my head was not the least turned towards marriage : I thought no farther of the men than to be vain and delighted with their flatteries. Happy would it have been for me had I continued always in this mind ! But my ill fate too soon, alas ! presented me with an object which convinced me that all the joys of publick admiration are nothing, when compared to one soft hour with the youth we love, and by whom we think we are beloved.

‘ I believe there is little need for me to say that this object, so enchanting to my senses, was the young, the handsome, the accomplished Amasis. The world, to whom he made no secret of the passion he professed for me, was also witness in what manner I received it : we appeared together in all publick places ; I treated him in all companies with a deference which shewed the esteem I had for him. My friends approved my choice ; and the union between us was looked upon as a thing so absolutely determined, that many believed the ceremony was already over, when, to their great surprize, they saw at once that we were utterly broke off ; and, in a very short time after, the ungrateful Amasis become the husband of another.

‘ My tutor, on perceiving me inclined to favour Amasis more than I had ever done any of those who had hitherto addressed me, began to rail at him, and tell me a thousand ridiculous stories he pretended to have heard in relation to his conduct. I still retained too much reverence for this wicked man to contradict what he said, but not enough to enable me to conquer

‘ my new passion : I loved Amasis, and continued to give him daily proofs of it. This so incensed him, that he told me, one day, that he wondered I would encourage the courtship of a man whom I must never expect to marry. “ Why not, Sir ? ” answered I : “ neither his birth nor fortune are inferior to mine.” — “ Suppose them so,” rejoined he, “ the most material thing is wanting, which is my consent.” — “ When I gave you that power over me,” said I, “ you promised never to thwart my inclination.” — “ I did so,” replied he ; but, to be plain with you, I then expected all your inclination would be in favour of myself.” — “ Yourself ! ” cried I, more surprized than words can describe. “ Yes, Alinda,” resumed he ; “ methinks the thing should not appear so odd to you. Call back to your remembrance the familiarities that have passed between us, and then justify, if you can, to virtue or to modesty, the least desire of giving yourself to any other man.”

‘ Rage, astonishment, and shame, for the folly I had been guilty of, so overwhelmed my heart at this reproach, that I had not power to speak one word ; but stood looking on him with a countenance which, I believe, sufficiently expressed all those passions, while he went on in these terms—

“ How often,” continued he, “ have you hung about my neck whole hours together, and, by the warmest fondness, tempted me to take every freedom with you but the last ; which, if I had not been possessed of more honour than you now shew of constancy, I also should have seized, and left you nothing to bestow upon a rival ? ”

‘ The storm which had been gathering in my breast all the time he had been speaking, now burst out with the extremest violence : I raved, and loaded him with epithets not very becoming in me to make use of, yet not worse than he deserved. He heard me with a sullen silence ; but when I mentioned the cruelty and baseness of upbraiding me with the follies of my childish innocence, he told me with a sneer, that he would advise me not to put that among my catalogue of complaints : “ For,” said he, “ the world will scarce believe, that a lady of  
“ fourteen,

“fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen, had the same inclinations in toying with a gentleman as a baby has with its nurse.”

“I would have replied, that the manner in which I was educated kept me in the same ignorance as a baby; but something within rose in my throat, stopping the passage of my breath, and I sunk fainting in the chair where I was sitting. Whether he was really moved with this sight, or only affected to be so, I know not; but he ran to me, used proper means to bring me to myself, and, on my recovery, I found myself pressed very tenderly within his arms. His touch was now grown odious to me; I struggled to get loose. “Be not thus unkind,” cried he, holding me still faster; “you once took pleasure in my embraces, you have confessed you did. Oh! then, recall those soft ideas, and we shall both be happy!”

“No!” answered I, breaking forcibly from him; “what then was the effect of too much innocence, would be now a guilt for which I should detest myself as much as I do you!”—“I still love you,” said he. “Prove it, then,” cried I fiercely, “by giving me up that writing which your artifices ensnared me to sign, and cease to oppose my marriage with Amasis.”—“No, Madam,” replied he, “if you persist in the resolution of marrying Amasis, half your estate would be a small consolation to me for the loss of you; and you cannot sure imagine me to be weak enough to resign my claim to the one, after being deprived of the other!”

“I had not patience to continue this discourse, but retired to my chamber; where, throwing myself upon the bed, I vented some part of the anguish of my mind in a flood of tears; after which, finding some little ease, I began to reflect, that tormenting myself in this manner would avail nothing; and that I ought rather to try if any possible means could be found for extricating me from the labyrinth I was entangled in.

“Accordingly I arose, muffled myself up as well as I could to prevent being known, took a hackney-coach, and went to the chambers of an eminent lawyer. I related to him all the circumstances of my unhappy case,

concealing only the names of the persons concerned in it. He listened attentively to what I said; and when I had done, asked me of what age I was when I entered into that engagement. I now wanted to be freed from; which question I answering with sincerity, he shook his head, and told me that he was sorry to assure me I could have no relief from law; and that the best, and, indeed, the only method I could take, was to endeavour to compromise the affair with the gentleman.

“I returned home very disconsolate, and was above a week without being able to resolve on any thing; but my impatience to be united to the man I loved, and at the same time eased of the presence of the man I hated, at last determined me to follow the lawyer’s advice. I sent for my wicked tutor into my chamber; talked to him in more obliging terms than I had done since the first discovery of his designs upon me; but represented to him the absurdity of thinking of marrying me himself; and concluded with telling him, that if he would cancel the engagement between us, I would make him a gratuity of a thousand pounds, and also be ready to do him any other service in my power.

“He rejected this proposal with the greatest contempt. “You are certainly mad, Alinda,” said he, “or take me to be so! A thousand pounds would be a fine equivalent, indeed, for the half of your estate, jewels, rich furniture, plate, and whatever else you are in possession of; to all which your marriage will give me an undoubted claim, and I accordingly shall seize.”—“Suppose I never marry?” cried I. “Be it so,” answered he; “I must still continue to live with you; and what you offer for my quitting you does not amount to five years purchase of my salary and board as your chaplain.”

“These words making me imagine his chief objection was to the smallness of the sum, I told him I would double, nay, even treble it, for the purchase of my liberty; but he told me it would be in vain for me to tempt him with any offers of that kind; that no consideration whatever should prevail with him to depart from the agreement between us; and he would always hold me to my bargain.



‘ The determined air with which he spoke this, made me think it best not to urge him any farther at that time. The next day, however, and several succeeding ones, I failed not to renew the discourse; but though I made use of every argument my reason could supply me with; though I wept, prayed, raved, by turns cajoled and threatened; all I could say, all I could do, was ineffectual; and the more I laboured to bring him to compliance, the more stubborn his obstinacy grew.

‘ To make any one sensible what it was I suffered in this cruel dilemma, they must also be made sensible to what an infinite degree I loved the man whom it was now impossible for me to be happy with; and both these are inextinguishable: I shall therefore only say, that I was very near being totally deprived of that little share of reason Heaven had bestowed upon me.

‘ Amasis, to whom I had confessed the tenderness I had for him, was all this while continually soliciting me to complete our union. One day, when he was more than ordinarily pressing on this occasion, and my heart being very full, I cried out, almost without knowing what I said—‘ Oh, Amasis! you know not what you ask, when you ask me to marry you!’ This exclamation surprized him: but having begun, I now went on—‘ You expect,’ said I, ‘ an estate of twelve hundred pounds a year; but I will not deceive you, you find me worth only the half of what you have been made to hope.’—‘ When I made my addresses to the lovely Alinda,’ answered he, ‘ I had no eye to the fortune she might bring me. But heretofore this fruitless trial of my love? Your guardians have shown me the writings of your estate; and I know to a single hundred what you are possessed of.’—‘ Suppose,’ rejoined I, ‘ that I should have previously disposed of the entire half of what otherwise our marriage would have given you?’—‘ I will suppose no such thing,’ replied he; ‘ it cannot be!’—‘ It both can, and is,’ said I, bursting into tears; ‘ I have unwarily entered into an engagement, by which I forfeit the society of all I am mistress of, even

‘ to my very jewels, if ever I marry any man, except on certain conditions; which condition, I am now well assured, I never can obtain.”

‘ Death!’ cried he, starting up in a fury, ‘ What condition?—When!—Where!—To whom!—On what account was this engagement made!’ Shame would not let me answer to these interrogatories, and I remained in a kind of stupid silence. ‘ If by any artifices,” pursued he, “ you have been seduced to sign a compact of this wild nature, unfold the whole of the affair, and depend, that either the laws, or this avenging arm, shall do you justice.” I now repented that I had so rashly divulged any part of this fatal secret; not but I should have been glad to have seen my wicked tutor punished; but I knew that, on the least attempt made for my redress, he would infallibly expose the follies I had been guilty of in regard to him; and, when compared with the loss of Amasis, my fortune, or even my life itself, seemed a less terrible misfortune: for this reason, therefore, I refused the entreaties of a beloved lover, and screened the villainy of a wretch whom my soul abhorred. In fine, I would reveal no more than I had done. Amasis left me in a very ill humour; and the next morning I received a billet from him, containing these stabbing lines—

“ TO MISS ALINDA \*\*\*\*\*.

“ MADAM,  
‘ I Have been considering on the “ amazing account you gave me last night; and as you refuse to discover either the person with whom you made this engagement, or the motives which induced you to it, can look on it as no other than a contract with some gentleman once happy in your affections. A second band of passion neither suits with the delicacy of my humour, nor to encroach upon the rights of another with my honour: I shall therefore desist troubling you with any future visits, but shall be always glad to hear of your welfare, which I despair of doing till you prevail upon yourself to be just to your first vows. Sacrifice the  
“ affection



"affection you have for me to the obligations you are under to my rival. I yield to his prior title all the late glorious hopes I had conceived; and wish you more happy with him, than it is now in your power to make your humble servant,

"AMASIS."

'Here ended all my hopes of happiness; all the soft ideas of love and marriage vanished for ever from my breast, and were succeeded by others of the most dreadful nature. For several weeks I abandoned myself to grief and to despair, but pride at length got the better of these passions; and, to conceal the real situation of my heart from the enquiring world, I all at once affected to be madly gay, and ran into such extravagancies, as, without being criminal in fact, justly drew upon me the severest censures.

'But nature will not bear a perpetual violence. Grief and despair were the strongest passions in me. In the midst of dancing, tears were ready to start from my eyes, and sighs from my bosom, which, when I endeavoured to suppress, recoiled upon my heart, and shook my frame with the most terrible revulsions. The marriage of Amasis seconded the blow our parting had given: I could no longer dissemble what I felt, no longer appear the giddy, thoughtless libertine, but flew from one extreme to the other. I now would see no company, shut myself up in my chamber, denied access to my best friends, and never went abroad. I suffered not Le Bris to come into my presence; and, I believe, perceiving me so resolute, he would have accepted of a sum of money to have quitted my house entirely: but I had now done with the world, had lost in Amasis all I valued in it, and would not give the monster, whom I justly looked upon as the source of all my misfortunes, any more than I was compelled to do, his bare board and salary.

'Behold, by these memoirs, the beginning and progress of all my miseries! The end is near at hand; Death is already busy at my heart, and allows no time to apologize for the errors of my conduct. Pity is all my ashes can expect!"

## CHAP. VII.

CONTAINS A VERY BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SOME PASSAGES SUBSEQUENT TO THE FOREGOING STORY, WITH THE AUTHOR'S REMARKS UPON THE WHOLE.

AS I know very well that solidity has but a small share in the composition of the lady whom Alinda had intended to entrust with the publication of her memoirs, I thought the surest way of having the will of the deceased performed, was not to trouble a person of her character with the perusal of them, but to take the opportunity of my invisibilityship to present them to the world myself, which I accordingly have done.

And now, as I doubt not but the reader will be glad of being informed farther concerning Le Bris, I shall relate such particulars as have come to my knowledge.

It must be concluded, that this unworthy preceptor, in looking over the papers of Alinda, had either not observed, or afterwards forgot, that the ring he had just taken from among her other jewels, was the very same mentioned in her letter to her friend, otherwise he would certainly have had cunning enough to have replaced it where he found it.

Mr. \*\*\*\*\* soon recollecting what his cousin had said to him in regard of this little legacy, and missing it from her other trinkets, made a strict enquiry what was become of it. Le Bris, having had her keys in his possession, was one of the first interrogated; and, on being so, boldly replied, that such a ring had been bestowed upon him by Alinda. 'How can that be,' cried the other; 'when, but three days before her death, she bequeathed it to a lady of her acquaintance, and insisted on my promise of delivering it to her?' — 'She must then be delirious,' said the parson: 'but, however that might be, Heaven forbid I should detain what is even suspected to be the right of another!' and, with these words, presented the ring to Mr. \*\*\*\*\* who received it from him without the least ceremony.

This affair, notwithstanding the hypocritical manner in which the ring was returned,

returned, gave Mr. \*\*\*\*\* room to imagine there had been some foul play in relation to Alinda's effects. The steward proved by his books, that he had paid into her hands, a week before her death, two hundred and fifty pounds in specie, and more than twice that sum in Bank bills, being arrears he had received from the tenants. It seemed unlikely to them that she could have disposed of the money, much less have had any occasion to change the bills in so short a time; orders were therefore sent to the Bank to stop the payment of such numbers till further notice: but the precaution came too late; the person who had secreted them had been already there, and converted all his paper into cash.

The heir, however, was confident that he had been defrauded: he consulted council upon it, who all advised him to have recourse to equity. Whether Le Bris had any hint given him of what was intended to be done against him, or whether his own guilty conscience made him only apprehend it, is uncertain: but he had not courage to stand the test of examination; he fled the kingdom; after having thrown aside that robe which, had he been known for what he truly was, would long before have been stripped from his sacrilegious shoulders.

But Providence would not permit him to enjoy his ill-got spoils, nor a life he had devoted to such wicked purposes. Designing to turn trader at Jamaica, he embarked for that place; but the vessel being overtaken by a storm, was lost almost in sight of shore; and he, with many other, perhaps less guilty persons, perished in the wreck. This last piece of intelligence I received from his mother; whom, though he had supported during the life of Alinda, to prevent being exposed by her clamours, he now left penniless, destitute, and starving, in an extreme old age.

Thus did the vengeance of Heaven at last overtake the wretch who, besides his other impieties, had been guilty of the most cruel ingratitude and breach of trust, in imposing upon the simplicity of a young creature com-

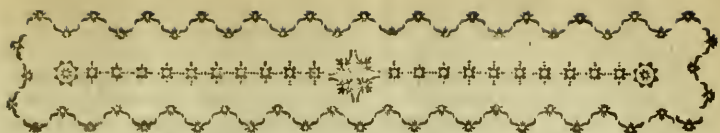
mitted to his care, and utterly destroying all the views of his generous patron and benefactor.

As for the unfortunate Alinda, though it is certain her conduct cannot be wholly justified, yet, according to my opinion, it ought not to be wholly condemned. It would be passing too severe a judgment, to impute the fondness she expressed for her wicked tutor to a wanton inclination. If we consider the various arts of her seducer, the commands laid on her by her father to love and obey him as himself, the manner in which she was brought up, the perfect ignorance she was kept in of the customs of the world, and how other young ladies behaved; we shall find that these are all of them very strong pleas in her defence, and not forbear pitying the mistakes of such artless innocence.

I wish as much could be alleged in her behalf on the score of her behaviour after breaking off with Amasis. The excesses into which she ran, in order to conceal the disquiets of her mind for the loss of that favourite lover, too evidently shew that she sacrificed two of the most valuable characteristicks of womanhood—her prudence and her modesty, to one of the very worst—her pride.

Nor can I offer any thing in vindication of the last stages of her life. If convinced of her error in being perpetually amongst promiscuous company, it was flying to an almost as inexcusable extreme, to shut herself up from her best friends, and avoid the society of those whose conversation might have dissipated her chagrin, and, at the same time, improved her understanding. To do this, seems to me, I must confess, to have more the favour of despair, than of virtue or true fortitude.

There was, doubtless, a certain giddy propensity in her nature, which wanted to be corrected by reason, example, precept, authority, and the rudiments of a good education; all which she was denied: and it must therefore be acknowledged, that both her faults and misfortunes were entirely owing to the caprice and credulity of her father, and the base designs of the person appointed to be her governor and instructor.



THE  
INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

THE AUTHOR, BY THE HELP OF HIS INVISIBILITY, HAS DISCOVERED SUCH A CONTRAST IN THE BEHAVIOUR OF TWO MARRIED COUPLE OF DISTINCTION, AS HE THINKS WOULD BE THE UTMOST INJUSTICE TO THE PUBLIC TO CONCEAL.



LACENTIA, after a long and passionate courtship, was at last wedded to Dalmatius. She brought him an ample fortune, a very agreeable person, and an unblemished character. She had studied the duties of a wife before she became so, and afterwards practised them in the strictest manner. Whenever she found him gay, she heightened his good humour by her own sprightliness; and when sullen and perverse, as was too often the case, she endeavoured to dissipate his chagrin, either by playing on her spinnet, or telling him some diverting story. Without seeming to consult his palate, she always took care to put such dishes into her bill of fare as she had perceived he fed upon with most satisfaction. Whatever company suited his taste, were sure to be often invited by her, and entertained with the greatest marks of esteem and complaisance.

Her whole thoughts, indeed, were taken up with obliging and making him happy: she had no will, no inclination of her own; both were entirely regulated by his: and, to add to all this, she was an excellent oeconomist, understood the management of a family perfectly well, and knew how to make a grand appearance with less expence than some others are at who are accounted contemptibly parsimonious.

What would some husbands give to be blessed with so virtuous, so tender, so endearing a companion! Dalmatius, instead of placing this jewel next his heart, hung it carelessly upon his sleeve; either not knowing, or not regarding, the true value of it.

During the course of several invisible visitations I made at their house, never did I see him treat her in any degree proportionable to her merit. When in his best humours, he returned the caresses she gave him only with a cold indifference; but when any thing abroad had happened to thwart his view, either of pleasure or ambition, no man could behave with more churlishness at home. But the manner in which this couple behaved to each other will best appear from their own words, which I shall give a short specimen of on two different occasions.

They were to go out together one day, to call on some friends who were to accompany them on a party of pleasure,

fire. The landau waited at the door. He had just finished dressing, and sent up to know if his wife was ready. The messenger could be scarce delivered before she came flying into the room, on which the following dial gue ensued—

*Placentia.* I hope I have not made you wait for me?

*Dalmatius.* Not at all. It wants some minutes of our appointment; but I know you women are generally so long equipping yourselves, that I was willing to hasten you.

*Placentia.* I should know but little of the value of time, if I wasted much of it in dressing. But pray, my dear, how do you like me to-day?

*Dalmatius.* Like you! that's an odd question. Why, as well as ever I did.

*Placentia.* I should be miserable if I did not think you did. But I mean, how do you like my cloaths? you see I am all in new.

*Dalmatius.* Are you indeed? I should have seen nothing of it, if you had not told me: I never mind what women have on.

*Placentia.* Then I am disappointed, my dear; for I assure you I consulted your fancy more than my own in the choice I made of this silk; as I have heard you say an hundred times, I believe, that you thought blue and silver the most agreeable mixture that could be.

*Dalmatius.* So it is; but it may not happen to become every body: however, I must do you the justice to say, you look well enough in it, and I believe every body will think so.

*Placentia.* If you think so, my dear, it is all I wish.

In speaking this, she took hold of his hand, and kissed it with the greatest warmth of affection. He returned the favour with a slight salute upon her cheek; then looking on his watch, said he believed it was time to go, and went down stairs, she following.

The truth of the affair is this. Dalmatius is not only vain and insolent in his nature, but also amorous and inconstant to an excess. Though he no longer had any eyes for the charms of his fair wife, his heart was but too susceptible to those of other women. Miranda for some time engrossed all his devoirs; nor could her being married to the most intimate of his friends restrain him from making his unlawful addresses to her;

nor the vow she had taken at the altar, deter her from gratifying an inclination he had found the way to inspire.

The husband of this lady is a man of so much indolence, and so little delicacy, that he never gives himself the least concern about what pleasures his wife may indulge herself in, provided she offers no interruption to those he takes himself. There are some, indeed, who say, that on their marriage they mutually agreed to allow each other a perfect latitude in this point; but, be that as it may, Miranda seems under no apprehensions of her conduct being called in question by him.

Her amour with Dalmatius soon became so notorious, that it was in the mouth of every one. Placentia herself was the last that gave credit to it; that excellent lady would not suffer her heart to entertain ill thoughts of the man she was bound to love, nor could any thing but the testimony of her own eyes have convinced her of the guilty truth.

Miranda came to visit her one day when she happened to be abroad; but Dalmatius being at home, the presence of his wife was little wanted. She soon returned, however; and being told that Miranda was above, ran hastily up to receive her; but not finding her in the room where company were usually introduced, yet thinking she heard the murmur of voices very near, she stepped towards the place whence it seemed to proceed, and peeping through the key-hole of an adjacent chamber, saw her husband and the lady in a posture such as could leave her no doubt of their criminal conversation.

The sudden shock at first transfixed her feet; but presently recovering herself, she retired from the guilty scene, and went into her own chamber; where finding her woman at work, she ordered her to go immediately down, and forbid the servants to take any notice of her being come home. 'I hear,' said she, 'that Miranda is below, and I am not very well, and would not see any company at this time.'

The woman being withdrawn, to do as she was commanded, Placentia threw herself into an easy chair, and fell into a profound reverie. I was present all this while, but my Belt of Invisibility did not enable me to penetrate into her thoughts; till seeming as if determined on something she had been debating within



within herself, she rose suddenly from her seat, and burst into these words—‘ No, he shall never know I think him false, much less that I have detected him. Reproaches would avail me nothing, and might harden him in his crime. I am his wife; we must always live together, or be subject to the ridicule of a laughing and censorious world. Prudence, therefore, as well as duty, commands me to conceal the shameful discovery I have made; and rather endeavour, by added tenderness, if possible, to reclaim him, and oblige him to see I am at least as worthy of his affection as Miranda.’

I left her in this resolution, and found that for several days she strictly adhered to it; excepting only, that she could not so far dissemble her uneasiness as to be able to receive Miranda in the manner she had formerly done: she therefore desisted from making her any farther invitations to her house, and always excused herself from accepting any sent to her by that lady.

This was enough, however, to give the lovers some apprehensions that she suspected their intrigue; but Miranda was of too vain and gay a temper to feel any inquietude on this score; and the ungrateful *Dalmatius*, finding himself treated by his wife with the same love and complaisance as ever, gave himself not the trouble either to examine, or be under the least concern, whether such a behaviour proceeded from her ignorance of his fault, or her discretion in overlooking it.

But the sweetest disposition may be embittered by continual provocations. *Placentia*, finding that all the efforts she made for regaining the affections of her husband were ineffectual, began by degrees to grow more remiss in her cares of pleasing; not that she ever departed from the essential duties of a wife, the only ceased the practice of those which, as the case stood between them, might justly be called works of supererogation.

Being to have a great route at her house, just as she was going to send cards to invite the company, *Dalmatius* came into the room; and having looked over the catalogue of names, on finding Miranda's not there, began with an unusual haughtiness to interrogate her on that occasion; and she now, for the first time, replied to what he said with as

much indifference as she had formerly done with submission.

*Dalmatius*. How happens it, Madam, that Miranda is left out among the number of your guests?

*Placentia*. I had forgot her.

*Dalmatius*. It is well, then, that I reminded you: but methinks a lady of her rank and character in the world might well have deserved a place in your remembrance.

*Placentia*. It may be so; but one cannot invite every body.

*Dalmatius*. When any body is invited to our house, especially on these occasions, it would be the utmost absurdity to leave Miranda out; therefore I insist upon her coming, for your own sake.

*Placentia*. Oh, Sir, you need not give yourself any trouble on that score; I am certainly a judge how to behave to my own acquaintance: but if you are so desirous of having Miranda here to-morrow, the best way is for you to send a card as from yourself; I doubt not but the invitation will be full as agreeable, and as readily complied with.

*Dalmatius*. You talk in an odd manner, Madam! And, now I think on it, I met Miranda the other day in the Park, and she complained to me of a strange change in you towards her; that you have never returned the last visit she made you; have scarce spoke to her in any publick assembly, and seemed to shun her presence as much as possible. Pray what is the meaning of all this?

*Placentia*. That, Sir, is a question which perhaps neither you nor she would thank me for answering directly.

*Dalmatius*. I understand you, Madam, however. You have got notions in your head not becoming in you to indulge, nor worthy any endeavours of mine to expel. I would only have you be wiser; and consider, that of all domestick animals a jealous wife is the most contemptible.

He flung out of the room with these words, and all the tokens of disdain and indignation in his countenance; leaving *Placentia* in a confusion not easy to be described. I could perceive, however, by the gestures of that unhappy lady, that she repented having gone so far; yet knowing herself the only injured, could not yield either to recede from her resolution on the account of Miranda, or make use of any attempts to soften



so ill-founded a resentment in her husband.

It is now said that his amour with Miranda is on the decline; that a new face has utterly eclipsed all the charms he lately found in hers; and that Placentia has at least this consolation under her misfortune, to find that no one beauty has the power long to retain the heart she has lost: so just are the poet's words—

- ‘ When fix’d to one, love safe at anchor  
rides;
- ‘ And dares the fury of the winds and  
tides;
- ‘ But losing once that hold, to the wide  
ocean borne,
- ‘ It drives at will, to ev’ry wave a scorn.’

Marriage, though a sacred institution, though ordained by Heaven to bestow the supremest felicity we mortals are capable of enjoying, becomes the severest curse, when souls ill suited to each other are joined in it's indissoluble bonds; and it too often happens, that those who by nature and education are qualified to give and receive the greatest happiness, are rendered the most miserable, through the perverseness of a bad-tempered partner.

Montelion has been twice married. He has experienced both all the contentments, and all the inquietudes, of that state, with women of humours as widely different as light and darkness; I had almost said, as heaven from hell. His first lady, as she was excelled by none in exterior perfections, so she was equalled but by very few in the more valuable endowments of the mind. His life, while in possession of this treasure, was one continued scene of harmony and love. But soon, alas! the blissful prospect vanished; the fair, the virtuous, the tender Erminia, died! and, to add to the misfortune of her desolate husband, left no pledge behind her of their mutual affection.

Though in that season of life when amorous flames are at their highest bent, those of Montelion formed all buried in the grave of his dear Erminia. He remained for several years the lonely occupier of a widowed bed. At last, however, the ardent desire of having an heir for his estate got somewhat the better of his melancholy, and determined him on a second venture.

In the choice he made, he consulted neither fortune nor beauty: the one, indeed, he wanted not; and as for the other, since his Erminia's death all women were equal to him, and he regarded the lovely and unlovely with the same indifference. He therefore married Ferocia, merely because she was one of the daughters of a fruitful family, and likely to answer the only end which induced him once more to become a husband.

Every body was astonished at these nuptials, and much more so on the knowledge of Ferocia's behaviour afterwards. But I shall present my reader with the character of this lady, as it was given by an impartial hand in a letter to a friend.

‘ Ferocia, now the wife of Montelion, is a woman plain in her person, weak in her understanding, capricious and fantastick in her humour, unpolished in her manners: and, what is worse than all, insufferably vain and insolent on her new dignity, without one grain of true love or gratitude for the man who has raised her to it.’

My gift of invisibility assisted me in proving the truth of the above in all it's parts. Farther I will not pretend to say; for though it is a vulgar adage, that ‘ Where there is no modesty there is little sign of honesty,’ and I have heard severe censures passed upon her virtue, yet I never could make any discoveries to her prejudice on that score; and am apt to believe that the rampant airs she gives herself among the men, are in reality, more owing to a noisily than an amorous disposition.

Montelion seems to see her behaviour in the same light I do; yet, for the sake of his own honour, cannot but wish she would act with more reserve. They had not been married above three months, when he was seized with a fit of the gout, which confined him to his apartment. Ferocia came in, covered over with jewels, and blazing like a star; and, without expressing any concern for his indisposition, told him that she was going to Lady Primwell's route; on which ensued the following dialogue between them—

*Montelion.* I flattered myself, Madam, with having the happiness of your company at home this evening, as I am not in a condition to stir out.

*Ferocia.* Oh heavens! I should make the

the worst nurse in the world! What good would my staying do you?

*Montelion.* A great deal, Madam; and I hope I need say no more to engage you not to leave me.

*Ferocia.* Indeed, my lord, I must go; I have given my promise.

*Montelion.* You will be easily excused. Nobody will expect a wife on a party of pleasure, when they know her husband is confined by pain. Come, my dear, you must not think that staying at home one night is an act of too much complaisance to a man who would refuse nothing for your satisfaction.

In speaking this, he drew her gently towards him, and gave her two or three very tender kisses; but, in doing so, a little snuff he had between his thumb and finger happened to scatter on her glove; on which she started from him, and returned his kind expressions in these terms—

*Ferocia.* Pish! How silly this is! You have spoiled my gloves with your natty inuff. Here, John! William! run one of you to my dressing-room, and bid Faddle bring me a pair of gloves in a minute.

*Montelion.* Don't put yourself into a passion, my dear; but sit down, and resolve to oblige me. I'll call for cards, and we'll have a game at picquet.

She made no reply; but hung down her head, and stood counting the sticks of her fan till Faddle came into the room.

*Ferocia.* Where are the gloves?

*Faddle.* Madam, I thought the fellow was mistaken, when he bid me bring gloves; as your ladyship had just now a clean pair.

*Montelion.* Aye, Mrs. Faddle, there is no occasion. Rather get your lady's night-dress ready; for she has changed her mind, and does not go abroad.

*Ferocia.* Indeed I both must and will, my lord. Do you imagine, that because you are sick, I must mortify myself, and be mewed up with you till I am sick too? No, no; I am not weak enough to comply with so unreasonable a request; therefore adieu. I shall excuse you till late; and hope then to find your lordship better.

She waited not for any reply he might have made, but flounced out of the room, followed by her woman. Montelion soon after heard the footman called to

attend her ladyship, and the chariot drive from the door. How would some husbands have resented such usage! yet Montelion bore it, without any shew of impatience, from one endowed with no charms to excite either love or respect. His tameness, however, is not owing to any meanness of spirit in him, but rather to his good sense. He does not care to have his domestick affairs become the talk of the town, nor to come to an open rupture with the woman he has made his wife; and having in vain essayed all the means that prudence and good-nature could suggest to bring her to a more reasonable way of thinking, he has at last given over the attempt; seems not to regard whatever she does, but endeavours to lose the thoughts of his private disquiets in the toils of publick business.

## CHAP. II.

RELATES A STRANGE INSTANCE OF  
BIGOTRY AND ENTHUSIASM IN  
A PARENT.

**N**OTHING is so desirable as religion, nothing so truly amiable as piety. What blessings does it not diffuse to all who are within the reach of it's influence? From it all other virtues are derived, and by it alone we are enabled to act with vigour. Yet how often have we seen this heavenly quality perverted into it's very opposite; and, from the spirit of meekness, benevolence, mercy, charity, and universal love, become the spirit of pride, contention, envy, hatred, and persecution! Like the archangel, who standing nearest to the throne of glory, precipitated himself into the lowest hell.

Bigotry and superstition are the surest engines which the subtle enemy of mankind makes use of for our destruction. All other crimes carry their stings with them; conscience reproaches us for doing amiss, and we fall not again into the like without extreme remorse and shame: but the man possessed of this holy frenzy of the mind glories in his perseverance, because he looks upon it as the highest virtue.

A gentleman, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Flaminio, had attained to the age of fifty, without having been known to be guilty of any one

thing which could call in question either his honour, good-nature, or good sense. He had lived caressed by his friends, respected by his acquaintance, and almost adored by his tenants and dependants. He had one son, and one daughter; and having lost his wife in bringing the latter into the world, he never ventured on a second, but laid out all his cares on the education of these two.

Adario, for so I shall call the son, having finished his studies to the satisfaction of all those who had the charge of instructing him, in order to compleat the fine gentleman, was sent to make the tour of Europe, under the care of a discreet and experienced governor. Isabinda, the daughter, remained at home with her father; and being extremely beautiful, and mistress of every accomplishment besitting her sex and rank, attracted the love and admiration of as many as had opportunity to be witnesses of her perfections.

Being such as I have described it may easily be supposed that, in a town like this, there were not few who declared themselves her lovers. Lysimor was among the number of those who had the least to fear, and the most to hope for, in his addresses to her. He had an agreeable person, was descended of a good family, and was heir to an estate adequate to his birth. He had been fellow-student with Adario; and though, being some years older, he had left the university before him, they had always kept up a correspondence. He was introduced to the acquaintance of the sister by the intimacy he had with the brother; who failed not, before he went abroad, to recommend his friend's pretensions to her in the strongest terms.

He it was, indeed, who alone had the power of pleasing her. Her young heart presently distinguished him from all his rivals; but her modesty and discretion would not permit her to give him any marks of a peculiar regard, till authorized to do so by the person she had always been taught to consider as the sole disposer of her fate.

Lysimor, who had also been bred in the most strict obedience, made not his court to Isabinda without having first communicated the passion he had for her to his father, and received his approbation. The two old gentlemen had afterwards an interview on this occasion; and Flaminio, being perfectly satisfied

with the proposals made by the other, readily gave his consent, on condition his daughter, whose inclinations he said he would never go about to force, should have no objection to the match.

The same evening, as they were sitting together at supper, Flaminio related to his daughter all that had passed between him and the father of Lysimor; and added, that he looked upon him as a very deserving young fellow; that his birth and fortune were unexceptionable; and that, if she had no aversion to his person, he should be heartily glad of an alliance with him.

Isabinda blushed like the sun just peeping from a cloud, on hearing her father speak in this manner; and could scarce recover herself from the glad surprise enough to tell him that, since he was pleased with such a union, she should be all obedience to his will. She said no more; but the soft confusion she was in, and the joy which she could not restrain from sparkling in her eyes, sufficiently testified how much her inclinations corresponded with her duty. 'Well,' then, resumed he, 'from this time forward receive Lysimor as the person by Heaven and me ordained to be your husband.'

I leave it to my fair readers to conceive what delightful images must fill the mind of Isabinda, after this sanction to an affection which hitherto she had not dared to indulge, yet had it not in her power to subdue. For my own part, though I was present during all the conversation she had with her father on this head, I left the house when she retired to her chamber; which she did more early than ordinary that night; I guess, to have an opportunity of giving a loose to the transports of her mind.

As for Lysimor, the joy he felt on being acquainted with what his father had done for him, was very much allayed by the perfect ignorance he was in of having made any impression on the heart of his charming mistress. He went to visit her the next day, hoping, yet trembling, for the event: but soon the lovely maid put an end to his suspense, by assuring him, that for his sake alone she could resolve, without reluctance, on changing her condition.

Not only the lovers themselves, but both their parents also, seemed equally impatient for the consummation of these nuptials. A short day was appointed for



for the celebration; the articles of settlement and jointure were drawing up; new habits, new coaches, new equipages, all necessary preparations were carrying on with the utmost expedition: when, lo! a sudden and unexpected storm bore down at once the pleasing prospect of their hopes; for ever dashed their expected joys, and spread a lasting scene of desolation and despair! How vainly, alas! do we depend on mortal happiness! The gaudy bubble fleets before us like the wind, eludes our grasp, and mocks the idle chase, as Sir Robert Howard justly expresses it—

- Short is th' uncertain reign and pomp of  
  'mortal pride.
- New turns and changes ev'ry day
- Are of incessant Chance the constant  
  'arts.
- Soon she gives, soon takes away:
- She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and  
  'parts.'

Flaminio, from being the most cheerful, good-natured man, that could be of his age, became all at once transformed into the most sullen, gloomy, and discontented. From expressing the utmost eagerness for his daughter's wedding, he now appeared wholly negligent of every thing relating to it. When the father of Lysimor, and the lawyer employed to draw the marriage-writings, went to his house, he ordered his servants to say he was from home; made several tradesmen carry back the things he had bespoke for the solemnity; and, in fine, put an entire stop to all he had been so solicitous in forwarding.

The father of Lysimor began to think himself affronted by this proceeding, and both the lovers were amazed and troubled beyond description at it: but though the young gentleman came once or twice every day to visit his dear mistress, Flaminio so carefully avoided his presence, that he could get no opportunity of complaining to him; and Isabinda was too much terrified by the unusual austerity of his looks, to have the courage to open her lips to him on this score.

She was one afternoon alone in the fore-parlour, waiting the approach of Lysimor; when her father, who was in a back room, called her to him. She immediately obeyed; and, on her en-

trance, was accosted by him in this manner—

*Flaminio.* Well, Isabinda, I suppose you expect Lysimor here presently?

*Isabinda.* Yes, Sir. It is near the hour when he generally visits me.

*Flaminio.* His company may be spared at his time. I have something to say to you, and would not be interrupted. I have therefore given orders to the servants to tell him, when he comes, that you are gone abroad.

*Isabinda.* He will scarce believe that, because I promised to take a walk with him in the Mall after tea; but if you require my attendance, I will dismiss him the moment he comes.

*Flaminio.* No, it shall be as I have said. If you marry him, you will have opportunities enough to see each other; and if you do not, it will be best for you not to have settled your affections upon him.

*Isabinda.* Sir, I should never have entertained the least thoughts of marrying either him or any other man, without having first received your commands to do so.

*Flaminio.* However that may be, events we think most near are often the farthest from being accomplished; and, for that reason, a young maid ought never to dispose of her heart till it is accompanied by her hand.

*Isabinda.* I hope, Sir, that Lysimor has done nothing to forfeit the goodwill you once had for him.

*Flaminio.* No, no; I have nothing to say against the young gentleman: and should still approve of him for a son-in-law, but—

*Isabinda.* But what! I beseech you, Sir, keep me not on a rack more cruel than death!

*Flaminio.* I am sorry to see you so much concerned on his account; I hoped to have found you more indifferent: but, since your inclinations are so deeply engaged, wish from my soul there was a possibility for your union.

*Isabinda.* Ah, Sir, what prevents it!

*Flaminio.* A father's everlasting happiness or misery.

These words, the emphasis with which he uttered them, and the horror that appeared in his countenance, frightened the poor young lady almost into fits. She started trembled; and, not able to comprehend the meaning of what she heard,

the



the most terrible ideas came into her mind; which made her rather dread than wish an explanation.

She stood pale as a ghost, and motionless a statue; while her father, greatly agitated, walked backwards and forwards in the room with irregular and disordered steps. Both remained speechless for some time. At last—'I cannot as yet,' said he, 'bring myself to relieve the suspense I see you in; but I will do it soon. Retire, therefore, my dear Isabinda, to your chamber,' continued he, with a deep sigh; 'and invoke the Almighty Dispenser of blessings to give you that composure of mind, which can alone enable you to support cheerfully whatever fate he is pleased to ordain for you.'

She went to her chamber, as commanded; but whether to pray or weep, I will not pretend to inform my readers. I remained with Flaminio while he staid below, which was not long; then followed him up to his closet, where he shut himself in, plucking the door so hastily after him, I had not time to enter; but peeping through the key hole, I saw he had thrown himself prostrate on the floor, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, seeming very earnest in devotion. I left him in this posture, and returned home, much surprized at what I had seen and heard.

Impatient, however, to get some farther light into an affair which at present appeared so mysterious to me, I went the next morning to Flaminio's house. I entered Isabinda's chamber with a servant who was carrying in a dish of chocolate. That unhappy lady was sitting leaning her elbow on a table, and her head upon her hand; her eyes red with the late-fallen tears, and all symptoms of despair and grief about her. But nothing being to be learnt here, I went in search of Flaminio, whom I found in his dressing-room. He was in a musing posture, but had a countenance much more serene than the day before. I had not been many minutes with him, before he rung his bell for a footman, whom he ordered to fetch Isabinda to him. She presently came; and I was witness of the following extraordinary dialogue—

*Flaminio.* Sit down, my child. I was to blame to leave you in the perplexity I did last night, but it was occasioned only by my too great tender-

ness. I could not easily resolve to tell you a thing which I feared would make you wish I had loved you less.

*Isabinda.* Sir, I have always looked upon your paternal affection to me as the greatest blessing of my life.

*Flaminio.* I believe you have; and I had never any cause to think you did not return that affection with an adequate proportion of filial love and duty.

*Isabinda.* I flatter myself, Sir, that no one of my actions has ever shewn the contrary.

*Flaminio.* None, indeed, my dearest child. I ought not, therefore, to have doubted of your ready compliance in a thing on which my soul's eternal peace depends. Tell me, my Isabinda, would you not willingly forego a trifling satisfaction to ensure your father's happiness both here and hereafter?

*Isabinda.* I should else, Sir, be unworthy of the goodness you have shewn me.

*Flaminio.* Well, then, my dearest Isabinda, I will no longer hesitate to make thee the confidante of a secret which hitherto has never escaped my own bosom. It is a story will very much surprize thee: but see thou mark me well, and be attentive to every particular.

*Isabinda.* You may be certain, Sir, I will be so.

*Flaminio.* Know, then, that going into the country to take possession of that estate which you have heard devolved on me by the death of my uncle, I fell into the acquaintance of a young lady in the neighbourhood, called Harriot. She was handsome. I had a heart entirely free; and I became, as I then thought, violently in love with her. But marriage being a thing of too serious a nature to be agreeable to my inclinations at that time, the addresses I made to her were extremely private. Such as they were, however, they succeeded but too well; and, on my promising to make her my wife, obtained all the gratification my passion could require.

Having finished the business which had brought me thither, I set out soon after on my return to London. Harriot took leave of me without much regret; being to follow in a few days with her father and the whole family, the winter season coming on. On her arrival, she sent me immediate notice; and I provided a proper

proper place for our private interviews, which were not seldom, my amorous desires being yet unsatisfied.

Perhaps her youth, beauty, and the extreme tenderness she had for me, might have engaged me for a much longer time, had not the charms of your dear mother rendered all those of the whole sex besides contemptible in my eyes. I adored her from the first moment I beheld her. The flame she inspired me with was widely different from what I had ever felt before: marriage was no more a bugbear to me; on the contrary, I languished to be linked in those bonds with a person of such distinguished merit, and the means of attaining that felicity engrossed all my thoughts.

I now made a thousand excuses to avoid meeting poor Harriot; and when her repeated solicitations drew me sometimes to her, my behaviour was so cool, so changed from what it was, that she could not but see into the cause; she grew jealous, inquisitive, and soon discovered my honourable attachment.

Tears, reproaches, and complaints, now furnished me with a pretence to quarrel. I told her I would see her no more: and indeed she put it out of my power to break my word; for in three days after we had parted in this manner, she died; not without some suspicion of poison, as I have heard it whispered: but whether she had recourse, in reality, to any such desperate method to rid her of a life she was grown weary of, or whether grief alone did the work of fate, I know not; but am too certain, however that might be, my ingratitude was the cruel cause; though she was too generous ever to declare it; and not one of all her numerous kindred or acquaintance had the least intimation of the intercourse between us.

The shock I felt on the first intelligence of this sad catastrophe is inconceivable, and would doubtless have made a lasting impression on me, if the progress I every day made in my courtship to the object of my virtuous affection, the gaining her consent to be mine, our marriage, and the hurry of pleasures attending that solemnity, had not too much taken up my heart to leave room for any other sensations than those of joy and transport.

Events once obliterated from the mind by others of greater consequence to our happiness, seldom or never recur

to it again. A long succession of years passed over without any remembrance of the unfortunate Harriot; and it is but very lately that the thoughts of her have begun to trouble my repose.

But Heaven would not suffer me to be always dead to a just sensibility of the crime I had been guilty of. Not many nights ago—whether sleeping or awake I cannot pretend to be positive—I saw, at least I thought I saw, that injured woman stand by my bed-side: I heard her, too, with a voice hollow, yet sonorous as an echo, bid me repent, and atone for my past transgression. ‘How shall I atone?’ cried I. ‘Devote to Heaven the dearest thing you have on earth,’ replied the phantom, and in that instant vanished from my sight.

It is not possible for me to express, much less for you to conceive, the horrors I sustained after this amazing dream or apparition, I know not which to call it: but am since convinced it was no other than my guardian angel, who, under the form of Harriot, instructed me how to atone for my crime; and should I neglect or disobey his admonition, it would more than double my transgression, and sink my soul down to the lowest hell. ‘Devote to Heaven the dearest thing thou hast on earth,’ the vision said. Now what have I on earth that is truly dear to me except your brother and yourself? I have examined well my heart, and find that of the two you sit nearest there: it is you, therefore, my Isabinda, that is ordained to be the sacrifice; and, like faithful Abraham, I must submit to lay my darling on the altar.

*Isabinda.* Oh, Sir, you will not kill me!

*Flaminius.* Kill thee, my child! rather would I suffer this flesh of mine to be torn with burning pincers, every limb dislocated, my breast laid open, and my panting heart exposed to publick view, than hurt the smallest part of thy dear precious frame! No, I mean to present thee a living sacrifice on the altar of piety; to consecrate thee to the service of Heaven; and to make thee, while on earth, a companion for the saints above. In fine, my Isabinda, you must be a nun.

*Isabinda.* A nun! Oh heavens!

This poor young lady seemed no less terrified with the word Nun than she had been with that of Sacrifice: but all I can say is, not all the obedience Isabinda had hitherto been practised in, nor

all her father's authority, nor the arguments he urged, could either reconcile her to the way of life he enjoined, or oblige her to submit to it with any degree of willingness; and her tears and entreaties being equally in vain to make him recede from the resolution he had taken, he dismissed her from his presence; telling her, in a very angry tone, that he had now done with persuasions, and should take measures to bring her to her duty more becoming his character as a father.

### CHAP. III.

THE AUTHOR FINDS HIMSELF, THOUGH WITH AN INFINITE DEAL OF DIFFICULTY OBLIGED TO MAKE A DISCOVERY OF SOME PART OF THE UNHAPPY CONSEQUENCES WHICH IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED THE CRUEL RESOLUTION FLAMINIO HAD TAKEN IN REGARD TO HIS DAUGHTER.

I Had never yet attempted to see how Lyfimor brooked the late delays that had been given to his intended nuptials, so now took it into my head to go. A servant, who was carrying out a wig-box, gave me an opportunity of slipping into the house. I found the old gentleman with a letter in his hand, which seemed to excite in him very great emotions; but as he had just finished the perusal as I entered the room, and was putting it into his pocket, I could not possibly know any thing of the contents. I was not, however, long unsatisfied. Lyfimor was returned from a morning walk he had been taking, and entered a few moments after. He appeared in little better humour than his father; and, when he had paid the usual salutation, spoke in this manner—

*Lyfimor.* Certainly, Sir, something very extraordinary must have happened to occasion this sudden change both in Flaminio and his daughter. I have been to enquire of her health this morning, after being disappointed of seeing her last night, and have a second time been denied access.

*Father.* I could have told you that, if I had known you had been there. I have just received a letter from Flaminio. See what the old coxcomb writes.

With these words he drew the letter

he had been reading from his pocket, and threw it on a table. Lyfimor snatched it up with the greatest eagerness, and found the contents as follow—

‘SIR,

‘AN over-ruling fate deprives me of the honour of your alliance, and disposes of my daughter in a different manner from what I once intended. I must therefore intreat your son will make no future visits at my house, nor take any steps to traverse those designs which I am obliged to pursue in relation to Isabinda. As for yourself, Sir, I hope you'll impute this alteration in my conduct to what it really is, an unavoidable necessity; and not to want of respect in him, who in all things else would readily subscribe himself, Sir, your most obedient servant,

‘FLAMINIO.’

Surprise and resentment now seemed to strive which should be most predominant in the countenance of Lyfimor. He stamped, bit his lips, paused a while, then spoke.

*Lyfimor.* This must be madness. No man in his senses could possibly act thus. What! after expressing the highest satisfaction in the intended union between our families, after the warmest professions of respect to you, Sir, and of love to me, to affront both in so gross a manner, without the least cause given on our part; 'tis unaccountable, 'tis monstrous! But I cannot think Isabinda shares in her father's phrenzy.

*Father.* Whatever she does, it behoves you not to think of her at all. Sooner would I have my family extinct, and my name perish to eternity, than have a branch of that stem grafted on a tree of mine; and I should be sorry to find you mean-spirited enough to retain a wish that way.

What reply Lyfimor would have made I know not, for the old gentleman was called hastily out of the parlour to one who waited for him in another room. Lyfimor, when alone, fell into a deep musing, in which he sighed and frowned alternately, and seemed divided between love and resentment. But whatever his thoughts were, he had no opportunity of indulging them. A servant presented him with a letter, which he said was brought



brought by a porter, who desired it might be given into his own hands, and waited for an answer. Lysimor no sooner saw the characters on the superscription, than the late paleness in his cheeks was converted into the most lively red. He broke the seal with trembling impatience, and found it contained these lines—

‘DEAR SIR,

‘MY father, in an unaccountable caprice, tears me from your arms, and is resolute to make me a nun, or rather a martyr of me. Prayers and tears are ineffectual to move him from his purpose; I have tried both in vain; and it is by flight alone I can avoid a fate more dreadful to me than all I can suffer by abandoning his protection. If you have compassion, I must not now say love, assist me in my escape. I have made no intimacies, have no confidants on whom I dare rely in this distracting exigence, and there remain no four and twenty hours between me and the impossibility of averting the doom that threatens me. I am at present a close prisoner in my chamber; and to-morrow, early in the morning, am to take coach for Dover, thence to embark for Dunkirk, under the care of a person whose vigilance I cannot hope to elude, and who is not to quit my sight one moment, till I am beyond redemption, lodged within the walls of a convent. A girl lately taken into the house, pitying my distress, has promised to get this conveyed to you, and also to grease the hinges of the street-door, that I may go out with less noise when the family are all in bed, which I believe will be pretty early, as my father is too much out of humour to see any company. If you will take upon you the trouble to wait for me at the end of our street, next the square, between the hours of twelve and one, and conduct me to some place where I may be secreted till the search which doubtless will be made after me is over, I shall endeavour to earn a subsistence by such ways as I am capable of, and fortune shall present. If you ever truly loved me, you will not think this request too presuming, but rather be sorry for the sad accident that compels me to make it. I beg a line, in answer to this, may in-

‘form me what I have to depend upon from your good nature, and what hope remains for the forlorn and most wretched

‘ISABINDA.’

The lover appeared extremely touched with this melancholy epistle; and when he had finished, threw his arms across his breast, and cried out—‘Poor Isabinda! What dæmon has taken possession of her father’s brain!—But I should be even yet more cruel to refuse the assistance she implores. No, love, honour, and generosity, forbid it! Whatever shall be the consequence, I must, I will defend her from the fate she dreads.’ He then called his footman, and bid him order the person who brought this letter to wait for an answer at some distance from the house, lest his father should happen to see him, and be inquisitive from whom, and on what business he came. Having given these instructions, he ran hastily into his chamber, where I followed, and saw him sit down to his bureau, and write in these terms—

‘TO ISABINDA.

‘MY FOR EVER DEAR ISABINDA,

‘WHATEVER are my sufferings in this unexpected turn of our affairs, I cannot be wholly unhappy while I know you have had no part in the inflicting them. Why do you unkindly make that a request, which you ought to be convinced you might command from my affection? I have devoted myself entirely to your service; and no change of circumstances can ever make me withdraw a heart attracted by so much beauty, and confirmed in it’s choice by so much merit. Yes, my charming Isabinda, I am unalterably yours; and you may depend upon my love and honour for every thing you either do, or shall hereafter stand in need of. I shall employ this day in procuring a proper place for your reception; and shall anticipate the hours you mention to watch for your enlargement, which I pray Heaven to facilitate, and bring you safe to the arms of, my dear Isabinda, your faithful and most constant

‘LYSIMOR.’



He had but just dispatched this, when his father came into the room; and, with a voice and air vastly different from what he had a few minutes before assumed, spoke to him in these terms—

*Father.* I believe, son, I have interrupted your dressing: but no matter; I bring you news to console you for the loss of your late mistress. My old friend, Mr. Countwell, the banker, has been with me. His fair charge, Emilia, comes to town next week; and he has offered, for a small premium, to make up a match between you. He assures me she is a most lovely young creature, is entirely independent of any one, and has twenty thousand pounds in her pocket, which is more than double the fortune you would have had with the daughter of that fool Flaminio.

*Lyfemor.* I am greatly indebted to your goodness, Sir, and to the consideration Mr. Countwell has of me; but, Sir, you know I have long loved Isabinda, and you must give my heart some time to wean itself from its former attachment.

*Father.* Phaw! one woman, like one nail, will drive out the thoughts of another. Your heart must be strangely stupified, if it does not dance to the music of twenty thousand pounds. Remember, son, the estate you are to enjoy at my decease does not amount to quite sixteen hundred pounds per annum; and that I have been obliged to mortgage some part of it, to discharge the debts your extravagant elder brother contracted before he died. Emilia's fortune will retrieve all. Well, the breaking off your match with Isabinda is the most lucky thing that could have happened.

*Lyfemor.* But, Sir, we cannot be sure the young lady will approve my suit.

*Father.* Mr. Countwell will manage that. He is a shrewd man, he knows what he does, and will undertake nothing without performing it. You have only to say a few fine things to Emilia, which you know well enough how to do, when once you get Isabinda out of your head.

*Lyfemor.* Sir, I shall use my best endeavours to obey you in every thing.

*Father.* That is well said. I want no obedience but what is for your own interest, and will leave you to reflect how many charms there are in twenty thousand pounds, and then you will fall in

love with the fortune, whether ever you do so with the lady or not.

This conversation being ended, I recollected that I had some affairs of my own to dispatch, and began to think of retiring, but was prevented by Lyfemor; who walking in a continued and very hasty motion about the room, obliged me to keep close in the corner where I had placed myself, and not venture to stir, lest he should rush against me. At first I was a little vexed at this confinement, but afterwards rejoiced heartily at it, as it gave me an opportunity of making a discovery, which otherwise, perhaps, I should have found much more difficult to attain.

Lyfemor, after ruminating for a considerable time, rung the bell for his footman; who, on his entrance, received for his first command to shut the door: that done, he made no scruple to inform the fellow, who I soon found was in all his secrets, of the concern he was in for Isabinda; the promise he had given of taking her under his protection; and the vexation he was in to find a proper lodging for her, so that his father might not suspect he had any hand in her escape, nor her own be able to discover where she was concealed.

To this the man, after a pretty long pause, replied, that he had a sister who was a widow, and lived in a very remote and obscure part of the town; that her house was clean, though small; that her family consisted only of herself, an infant sucking at her breast, and a country girl who did the business of a servant; and added, that if the lady could content herself with so mean an abode, he was certain she might remain there concealed as long as she should think fit.

Lyfemor seemed overjoyed at this proposal, and bid him go directly to his sister, apprise her of the affair as far as it was necessary, and give her a strict charge to prepare every thing in as decent a manner as she could for the reception of her fair guest. The fellow went to execute his commission, and I slid softly round the room till I got to the door, and followed him, but not to the place where he was going; for having already found, by the discourse he had with his master, the name and situation of the street, I had no business to take so long a walk, till something more material excited my curiosity.

Lyfemor himself, however, was not  
more

more punctual to the time appointed by Isabinda, than I was to know the issue of this adventure. It wanted some minutes of twelve when I arrived at the corner of the square, and had but just posted myself under a lamp, when I saw Lyfemor come muffled up in his cloak, and attended by his servant. We had not waited above a quarter of an hour, before we saw Isabinda steal out of her father's house, with a bundle under her arm almost as big as herself. Lyfemor, perceiving how she was loaded, made his man hasten to ease her of it; after which she rather flew than ran into the arms of her deliverer, for so she called him; adding—'Oh, can you pardon the trouble I have given you!' To which he replied—'Call not that a trouble which I shall always look upon as the greatest happiness of my life.' I could hear distinctly little more of what they said to each other, the footman being between us. They walked very fast through the square, and down a street which turned from it, where a hackney-coach waited to receive them; and, as soon as they were entered, drove away with all imaginable speed. I had neither the will nor the power to pursue them, so returned home, to reflect at leisure on the passages I had been witness of.

#### CHAP. IV.

CONTAINS SOME MORE INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THIS ADVENTURE; AND SHEWS THAT PEOPLE, BY FLYING FROM ONE THING WHICH THEY THINK WOULD BE A MISFORTUNE, OFTEN RUN INTO OTHERS OF A NATURE MORE TO BE DREADED.

**M**UCH as I had condemned Flaminio for his bigotted superstition, I could not wholly absolve Isabinda for the step she had taken. I wondered not that she was fearful of being forced into a state of life which few ladies of her years would chuse, but I wondered that she was not also fearful of putting herself into the power of a man who loved her, and whom she passionately loved. She must certainly either not have considered the dangers to which she might be exposed, or have depended too much on the strength of her own virtue. Besides, she could not

be so ignorant as not to know that no woman can be made a nun, any more than she can be made a wife, against her will; and a less share of courage than she shewed in this midnight elopement, would have enabled her, on her entrance within the walls of the convent, to declare she had neither call nor inclination to receive the veil; on which neither the abbess, nor the bishop of the diocese, could have consented to her admission into holy orders. It is true, that her father might have confined her there a pensioner as long as he thought fit; but as this would not have answered his end in devoting her to the service of the church, by way of propitiation for his offences, there is no doubt to be made but that he would shortly have recalled her home; and perhaps, too, been convinced of his folly in attempting a thing so absurd in itself, as well as cruel to his daughter.

I am sensible, that many of my fair young readers will be apt to quarrel with me for my animadversions on Isabinda's conduct in this point, and cry out, if they were in her place they would do the same. It is very likely, indeed, that they would do so; and full as likely that they would meet with something to make them heartily repent of their inadvertency. There are others again, who will say, that they can have no compassion for whatever misfortunes may befall a girl who thus rashly throws herself under the protection of a man not akin to her: but I believe the number of those who are so hard-hearted will be very few; except some professed prudes, who exclaim violently against the least misconduct in publick, yet make no scruple of giving themselves the greatest loose in private.

But to return to the melancholy detail I am now upon. Having little to do with my time the next morning, I went to the house where I knew Isabinda was placed for shelter from her father's power. I gained an easy access, the door being open, as is generally the custom in mean houses. On my going up stairs, I found the unhappy beauty sitting in a very pensive posture, leaning her head against the corner of a cupboard, which I suppose served her for a larder; for I saw a small slice of butter and the remains of a half-penny roll lying. Frequent sighs issued from her breast, and some tears

fell. Strange indeed would it have been, if a young lady, bred up in all the delicacies of life, could have worn a cheerful countenance in such a change of situation; though, as the fellow had told his master, the room, and all the furniture it contained, was extremely clean, and shewed the housewifery of the owner, yet nothing could have more the face of poverty.

She seemed buried, as it were, in a profound contemplation; when the sound of somebody coming up the stairs made her raise her head a little, probably guessing from whom it proceeded. *Lyfimor* presently appeared; and, on sight of him, a dawn of joy over-read her face. He ran to her, embraced her, and said the most tender things, intermixed with some expressions of concern, that the necessity of her being concealed left him not the power of providing a place for her more suitable to her merit and his affection. She could not now restrain her tears from flowing, which occasioned the following discourse.

*Isabinda.* Ah, *Lyfimor*, I beg you will not talk to me in this manner; but rather use all your rhetoric to assist my weak endeavours to suit my humour to my condition! To be easy, I must forget what I have been, and wish to be no more than what I am.

*Lyfimor.* You never can be other than the most charming and most worthy of your sex.

*Isabinda.* Alas! I have no longer any pretence to compliments like these: I have now, as the poet says—

‘No name, no family to call my own;  
‘But am an outcast, and a vagabond.’

As such I must hereafter live: and, that I may lose all remembrance of my former state, I have brought away my jewels and best apparel, for no other end than to dispose of them, and purchase others more conformable to my future circumstances.

*Lyfimor.* Torture not thus a heart to which you are dearer than the vital blood that gives it motion! Can you believe I would suffer you to part with any of those appendages to your birth and rank? No, I would rather add to them. Do you not know that my whole fortune is at your devotion?

*Isabinda.* I must not, Sir, accept it.

*Lyfimor.* Why not accept? too scrupulous *Isabinda*! But if you are above receiving the tribute of a lover, command whatever you may have occasion for on the score of a brother. My dear *Adario*, I know, will readily discharge the obligation.

*Isabinda.* I am sure he will; and on that condition, if Providence presents no other way for my support, will not refuse your generous offer.

*Lyfimor.* Think then no more of submitting to any thing unworthy of your character. I flatter myself our misfortunes are not of long continuance; that your father will repent him of his cruel resolution, and mine forget the affront offered to his family, and we may yet be happy.

*Isabinda.* I dare not entertain a hope so distant.

*Lyfimor.* You know not how prophetic my passion may prove. In the mean time, I should be glad, methinks, to be made acquainted with the motive that has caused this sudden revolution in our fate.

*Isabinda.* Though I am loth to expose the secrets, I might say the follies, of a father, yet I cannot refuse you.

Perceiving now that she was preparing herself to make a detail of those particulars I had heard before, and in a preceding chapter have communicated to the reader, I would not stay to hear a second repetition, but came away, and left the lovers together for that time. From thence I went to the house of *Flaminio*; where I found, as I expected, every thing in distraction: messengers running backwards and forwards; some returning from their fruitless search of *Isabinda*, others going to places where they had not before been sent; and the old gentleman himself so overcome with rage and grief, that he was scarce capable of giving the necessary orders for what he most desired.

Some other adventures, which I shall hereafter publish, then falling in my way, I had no leisure to make a second visit to *Isabinda* for the space of near three weeks. But how shall I express my concern for that unfortunate young lady, when, on my going thither, I found her in the manner I did, and that all the apprehensions I had been in on her account had but too solid a foundation! When wild desire presides over the heart of man, what is his boasted honour? what



what his virtue? what his regard for the happiness and reputation of the woman he pretends to love?—all shadowy nothings, vain ideas, which, like the Sybil's words wrote on the leaves of trees, are blown off and scattered through the air with every gust of passion. But to proceed.

No obstruction being, in my way, I passed directly up to Isabinda's chamber; but finding the door fast locked, began to imagine she was either removed, or had ventured out to take the air; and was going down again, when I was prevented by the murmuring sound of persons talking within. I then put my ear close to the key-hole, and easily knew the voices to be those of Lyfemor and Isabinda; on which I resolved to wait till the door should be opened, and in about three or four minutes after the woman of the house came up with two dishes of chocolate and some biscuits on a plate. She had the key in her pocket, and immediately gave entrance to me as well as herself. It was now more than past mid-day, yet Isabinda had not left her bed. Lyfemor was sitting on the side of it, as lately risen; having both his feet on a chair, without either shoes or slippers. I was a little surprized at seeing him in this posture; till the chocolate being served, he said to the woman—

*Lyfemor.* Has Jeffery prepared my boots as I directed last night?

*Woman.* Yes, an please your honour. He has so besplashed them, and made the horses heels so dirty, that one would swear they had come a journey of twenty miles this morning.

*Lyfemor.* That's right. It would have been ridiculous, after telling my father that I was gone a hunting, to have come home as clean as out of a lady's bedchamber. But go, and bid Jeffery bring the boots.

Lyfemor spoke this with a very gay air, but Isabinda hung down her head; and, on the fellow's coming in, hid her face behind the curtain, nor uttered a syllable while he was in the room, which was no longer than to equip his master for departure. Lyfemor was no sooner ready, and his servant withdrawn, than he approached the bed, and began to take his leave of Isabinda, with a very tender embrace, accompanied with some soft words. She made no other reply, for a considerable time, than returning

his caresses; but at last broke out into these expressions—

*Isabinda.* Ah, Lyfemor, should you forget your vows, despise the conquest you have gained, and leave me to lament my early faith, how miserable, how abandoned beyond the power of words to express, would be the condition of your Isabinda!

*Lyfemor.* Unkind and causeless apprehension! My dearest love, let not the thoughts of such impossibilities disturb you. Could I be ungrateful, after being made happy in this proof of your affection, I must be lost to all sense of honour, unworthy of the name of man, and even to breathe vital air.

*Isabinda.* Well, then, I must, I will believe you; nor repent what I have done. But tell me, when will you come again?

*Lyfemor.* To-morrow, if I can; if not, you may depend on seeing me next day. Be assured, that every hour will seem an age to me till I see you. Farewell, thou softest loveliest of thy sex!

He went; but, as I then fancied, with more the air of triumph than of real tenderness or respect in his deportment. Isabinda then called for the woman of the house to assist her in rising; and I left the place, with a heart full of forebodings for her future fate: indeed I truly pitied the ruined maid; and wished she never might have occasion to cry out, with Monimia in the tragedy—

- ‘ —————How often has he sworn
- ‘ Nature should change, the sun and stars
- ‘ grow dark,
- ‘ Ere he would falsify his vows to me?
- ‘ Make haste confusion, then—sun, lose thy
- ‘ light,
- ‘ And stars drop down with sorrow to the
- ‘ earth,
- ‘ For he is false—
- ‘ False as the winds, the water, or the
- ‘ weather;
- ‘ Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey!
- ‘ I feel him in my breast! he tears my
- ‘ heart!
- ‘ And at each sigh he drinks the gushing
- ‘ blood!’

My curiosity having received this painful satisfaction, I imagined not that any farther discoveries, at least that would be material enough to compensate for the trouble I should take, could be made in relation to these lovers; and therefore thought of returning no more, either to



the apartment of Isabinda, or to the house of Lyfemor. I should, indeed, have endeavoured to lose all memory of this unhappy transaction, if the talk of the town had not continually reminded me of it. Every one was full of Isabinda's flight. Few, if any, besides myself, were acquainted with the motive of it; and none knew to what place she was retired: and the perfect ignorance people were in on both these scores, occasioned various conjectures, and rendered the wonder much more lasting than otherwise it would have been.

But this was not all. Flaminio, pierced through with grief and indignation on not being able to find his daughter, and perhaps, too, with some mixture of remorse for the cause he had given her to leave him, fell into a violent fever, of which he died, after languishing some days. By his last testament he bequeathed to his daughter, if ever she should be found, the sum of three thousand pounds; in order, as he caused it to be expressed in the writing, to keep her above the contempt of the world; and likewise, by the smallness of the portion, to keep her in perpetual remembrance of the false step she had taken.

Soon after this, I received certain intelligence, that Lyfemor was making his publick addresses to a fine young lady with a very large fortune. I doubted not but this was that same Emilia whom I had heard his father so strongly recommend, and was fired with the utmost impatience to see how poor Isabinda would behave on both these events. Accordingly, I went once more to the house where she had been concealed; but, to my great disappointment, found she was gone from thence; nor could all my search, joined with the assistance of my Invisible Belt, enable me, for some time, to discover to what part of the town or country she was removed.

## CHAP. V.

COMPLEATS THE CATASTROPHE OF  
THIS TRULY TRAGICAL ADVENTURE.

**A**DARIO had proceeded on his travels no farther than Paris, when the account of his father's death obliged

him to return to England with all possible expedition. Soon after his coming, I made an unseen visit at his house, where I found him, not like most young heirs, exulting in being the entire master of himself and fortune, and contriving in what kind of luxuries he should dispose of both, but full of the most sincere and unaffected sorrow. He was, indeed, one of those few sons who look on the possession of an estate as no equivalent for the loss of a good parent, such as Flaminio ever had been to both his children, till that fatal caprice, which drove his daughter from his protection, had brought on her undoing, his own death, and was the source of other calamities of a yet more dreadful nature, as will presently appear.

The story of Isabinda's elopement, and the uncertainty what fate had since attended her, was a matter of great affliction to this young gentleman. He loved his sister with a very tender affection, and had hoped to have seen her, by this time, married to Lyfemor: but as his esteem for that friend was no way lessened by the match being broke off; and besides, expecting to be better informed by him of the particulars of that affair, than he could be by any other person, he was impatient to see him, and I found had sent him that morning notice of his arrival; for a letter, in answer to his message, was delivered to him while I was there, the contents whereof were these—

' TO ADARIO.

' SIR,

' I Congratulate you on your safe return  
' to England, and should gladly have  
' paid my compliments to you in person, if that honour had not been prohibited by an authority which I must  
' not presume to contend with. My  
' father, resenting the affront given by  
' yours, which you cannot but have  
' been informed of, has forbid me,  
' under the penalty of his eternal displeasure, to converse with any of your  
' family. He was at home when your  
' servant came, and heard the message  
' you sent delivered to me; on which  
' he repeated his former injunction, and  
' exacted a solemn oath of my obedience  
' to it. You will therefore pardon my  
' not waiting on you, and believe, that  
' the

‘ the discontinuance of our acquaintance  
 ‘ will always be extremely regretted by  
 ‘ him who is, with all due respect, Sir,  
 ‘ your most obedient servant,

‘ *LYSIMOR.*’

‘ Alas!’ cried Adario, throwing the letter from him as soon as he had read it, ‘ how cold, how distant, is the air of this letter! how different from those I have been accustomed to receive from *Lyfimor*! I find that, by one unlucky accident, I have at once lost a father, a sister, and a friend.’

I thought I had now entirely done with this family; for, as *Isabinda* was not to be found, I expected nothing of consequence could be learned either at the house of *Lyfimor* or *Adario*, so intended to make no more visits to those gentlemen. Chance, however, about five months afterwards, changed my resolution, and threw something in my way which no diligence of my own could ever have attained. As I was going one morning on my invisible progression, I happened to pass by the house of *Adario*. He was at the door, and about to step into a hackney-coach which waited for him; when a fellow, who had the appearance of a groom, came running towards him, almost breathless with the haste he had made, and cried out—‘ Oh, Sir, I have joyful news for you! I beg your honour will turn back to hear it.’ These words revived my former curiosity; and finding *Adario* complied with his servant’s request, I followed them into the parlour, and was witness of the ensuing discourse.

*Groom.* Oh, Sir, I have seen my young lady!

*Adario.* What young lady? Not my sister!

*Groom.* Yes, indeed, Sir! As I was going to fetch the horse your honour sent me for, I saw *Madam Isabinda* looking through the window of a house at the corner of a little lane just by *Islington*.

*Adario.* Are you sure it was she?

*Groom.* As sure as I am alive, Sir! Though, poor lady, she is very much altered; very thin, and pale.

*Adario.* I fancy you are mistaken. If my sister were so near London, she would certainly either have sent or come, to claim the legacy left her by my father, which I suppose she has need enough

of by this time. I am resolved to be convinced, notwithstanding. Do you think she lodges there?

*Groom.* Yes, Sir; for she was all undressed, and looked as if she was just out of bed.

*Adario.* And can you know the house again?

*Groom.* O yes, Sir; I took particular notice of it.

*Adario.* Well, then, I will only send an excuse to the gentleman I was to meet this morning, and go directly. You shall get upon the coach-box, and order the fellow where to drive; but let him stop short of the house, that my sister, if it be she, may not be apprized of my coming before she sees me.

While *Adario* was calling one of his footmen to send on the message he had mentioned, I ran to the end of the street, went into a narrow dark passage, and plucked off my Belt; then having recovered the appearance of what I am, a real substance, I popped into an empty coach that had just set down a fare, and bid the driver to follow wherever that went which was standing at *Adario*’s door. Both the coaches drove with such speed, that we soon reached the end of our little journey. I quitted my vehicle the moment I saw the other preparing to stop; but though I made all imaginable haste to put on my Belt, I could scarce have regained my invisibility time enough to have entered with *Adario*, if he had not met with an obstruction in his passage from the woman of the house, who at first denied she had any lady lodged with her; then said, she had none of the name he enquired for: on which he replied with some heat, that the lady might have reasons for concealing her real name. ‘ But tell her,’ cried he, ‘ that mine is *Adario*; that I am her brother, and must needs see her.’ On this she seemed somewhat more compliable, and said she would go and acquaint the lady. Accordingly she went up stairs; but *Adario* was too impatient to wait her return, and followed her directly: I was but one step behind him; and we were both in the room before she could deliver any part of her message.

*Isabinda* was adjusting something about her dress before a looking-glass; but happening to turn her head just as *Adario* was within the door, shrieked out—‘ Oh heavens, my brother!’ and with these words

words fell back in her chair. The woman went to fetch some water. Adario ran to support the fainting fair; but happening to cast his eyes upon the table, saw a letter lying there, the superscription of which was in Isabinda's hand, and addressed to Lysimor. Emotions more strong than pity, at this time, made him quit his sister to examine the contents of this surprizing billet, which were these—

‘ MY DEAR, DEAR LYSIMOR!

‘ **F**OR such you are, and ever must be, to my fond doating heart; though I have too much cause to fear the tender epithet is now no longer pleasing to you. Ah, Lysimor, how sad is the reverse of my condition! From seeing you twice or thrice every week, I now see you not once a month; and even then how cold is your behaviour! how short your visits! How cruel is this to one who neither can, nor wishes, to enjoy any conversation but yours! For pity's sake, if not for love, render my life more easy, at least for the present, whatever you do hereafter. The infant I carry within me sympathizes in it's mother's anguish, and continually upbraids you with convulsive heavings. Even if your vows of everlasting constancy should be forgot, let some consideration of the unborn innocent, the pledge of our once mutual loves, oblige you to treat with less indifference it's unhappy mother,

‘ The ruined ISABINDA.

‘ P. S. I can no longer bear your absence, else would not have troubled you with this complaint.’

What a letter was this to fall into a brother's hands! Never did I see a man in such distraction. ‘Villain! villain Lysimor!—Wretched Isabinda!’ cried he out. Then turning towards her—‘But there needed not this proof in thy own hand,’ added he; ‘thy shame is but too visible.’ Isabinda, who by the assistance of the woman was now recovered from her swoon, but not enough to hear what her brother said, threw herself at his feet, and, with streaming eyes, addressed him in these terms—

*Isabinda.* Oh, Sir! can you forgive my concealing myself from you?

*Adario.* Would to God that there were equal reason to forgive the cause!

Isabinda at this instant turning up her eyes, beheld her letter in his hand, and cried out, with the greatest vehemence—‘I am now undone, indeed! irrecoverably lost to all hope of pardon or pity!—my shame exposed to him from whom, of all the world, it should have been most hid!’

*Adario.* Rise, sister, and cease these unavailing exclamations. Your shame will receive no addition by my knowledge of it; rather, perhaps, be remedied. But tell, and tell me truly, has Lysimor ever promised marriage to you?

*Isabinda.* A thousand and a thousand times, and bound himself to the performance by the most solemn imprecations.

*Adario.* Then he is doubly a villain! and, if you believe him, you are doubly deceived. He courts another woman.

*Isabinda.* Indeed, of late, I have suspected this, and often accused him of it, and he as often has forsworn it.

*Adario.* Mere words of course! But say, have you no testimony, under his own hand, of the promise he made you, either by letter or by formal obligation?

*Isabinda.* None, none, alas!

On this Adario bit his lips, walked two or three times about the room, then paused, and seemed as if debating within himself in what manner he should behave: at last sat down; and taking the still weeping Isabinda by the hand, endeavoured to assuage her grief.

*Adario.* Come, Isabinda, dry your tears. Love and credulity have seduced your innocence. Great has been your fault; but yet I cannot forget you are my sister, and that you have no friend but me on whom you can depend for consolation. What is past cannot be recalled, but it may be redressed. Be assured you shall one way or other have justice.

*Isabinda.* Ah, Sir, I beseech you proceed not to extremities! If by my crime you should be involved in any danger or perplexities, it would sink me quite.

*Adario.* I hope there will be no occasion. Lysimor was once a man of honour, and may yet return to his first principles.



principles. On this you may rely, that I shall do nothing rashly, nor inconsistent with your interest and reputation.

After this, they fell into some discourse concerning the strange resolution Flaminio had taken of sending her to a monastery; the particulars of which the reader being already acquainted with, I shall pass over in silence. When Adario took his leave, he did it with a great deal of affection: but I was much divided in my thoughts, whether I should stay with Isabinda, or follow Adario home; the latter seemed most flattering to my curiosity, as, by many tokens, I perceived he had something in his head which he was impatient to put in execution. I was not deceived in my conjectures: Adario was no sooner in his own house, than he flew to his bureau; and, without taking any time for deliberation, wrote this epistle to Lyfimer—

SIR,  
CONSCIOUS guilt, without those commands you seem so zealous in observing, might well make you avoid the presence of a person you have so greatly injured. When I recommended you to my sister, it was in order to become her protector, not her undoer. How cruelly you have abused this confidence, let your own heart remind you! But I have some hope, how much soever appearances at present are to the contrary, you still intend to do justice to your promises to Isabinda, and the claim she has to your affection. I need not tell you, that you can repair the misfortune you have brought upon her no otherwise than by an honourable marriage: I am ready to fulfil the agreement made between our fathers on that score, and give my sister the sum of eight thousand pounds, as was then stipulated. If you comply with this proposal, I shall be glad to see you at her lodgings, there to settle every thing: if not, shall expect you will meet me in another place; and give me the satisfaction which every gentleman has a right to demand when he finds himself ill used. I attend your determination; and am, &c.

ADARIO.

He sent this by one of his servants, with a charge to give it into Lyfimer's own

hands, and wait his answer. After which, being told dinner was ready, he went down, and placed himself at the table, though I believe with very little appetite; for his countenance had upon it all the marks of the greatest inward disturbance, which was not at all lessened when his man returned with this from Lyfimer—

SIR,  
SINCE I find you are so well acquainted with a secret which, for the lady's sake, I could wish had been inviolably kept, I think myself obliged to deal sincerely with you on the occasion. You may be assured I can behave to no woman, much less your sister, otherwise than becomes a man of honour: but marriage is a thing quite out of the question, as I am certain my father never would consent to it. If any promises on that account ever escaped my lips, I remember nothing of them, and could make them with no other view than to give her modesty an excuse for yielding. I am sorry, however, for what has happened: but you cannot be insensible of the frailties of flesh and blood; and must know, as well as I, that when two young people, who like each other, are much alone together, such accidents will naturally occur. The resentment you threaten, on my non-compliance with your proposal, appears therefore to me a little unreasonable; I shall, notwithstanding, be ready to give you the satisfaction you desire, at any time or place you shall appoint. Yours, &c.

LYSIMOR.

All the blood now seemed to have forsaken the heart of Adario to rush into his face: his lips trembled, his very eyeballs started with excess of passion. He hesitated not a moment what he should do; but, in this tempest of his mind, wrote as follows to Lyfimer—

SIR,  
I Want words to return the insolence and ingratitude of your reply; but have a sword at your service, which I expect you will try the metal of to-morrow morning about seven, in the field behind Montague House. As the dispute between us will admit



'mit of no witnesses, pray come  
'alone to

'ADARIO.'

Though I knew my own dinner waited for me, I could not prevail on myself to go home, till Adario had dispatched this billet to Lysimor, and the servant who carried it was come back from that gentleman with a small slip of paper tied up, containing only these words—

'SIR,  
'YOU may depend that I shall not  
'fail to meet you as desired.

'LYSIMOR.'

I now quitted the house of Adario; but, after having related the pains I had already taken, I believe nobody will suppose I neglected going the next morning to the field, to see the issue of this combat. I found Adario was there first; but though he waited only a very few minutes for Lysimor, his impatience made him not forbear saluting him in this manner.

*Adario.* I began to think, Lysimor, that the shame of having done a base action would not suffer you to defend it.

*Lysimor.* Sir, whatever I dare do, I always dare defend.

*Adario.* Then, Sir, this is no time for words.

*Lysimor.* I am ready for you, Sir.

Here ceased all farther speech between them, and on the part of Lysimor forever. On the second push, Adario ran him quite through the body; he fell that instant, and expired with only a single groan. His successful antagonist approached the body; and finding life was totally extinguished, gave a sigh or two to the memory of a man he once had called his friend, then made the best of his way home, in order to provide for his own security, which the likelihood there was of the challenge he had sent to the deceased being found rendered highly necessary.

The measures he took, indeed, were very prudent. He sent immediately to hire a post-chaise; which was to wait for him in a street he mentioned, at some distance from that in which he lived; carried no baggage with him, but ordered a servant to follow him with it to Calais; staid no longer at his own house than to write two short letters; the one

to a gentleman who had been one of the executors of his father's will, which being only on family affairs, need not be here inserted; the other was to his sister Isabinda, and contained these lines—

'SISTER,

'I AM AILING to repair your wrongs  
'by the way I hoped, I have re-  
'venged them by the death of your se-  
'ducer; for which I am obliged this  
'moment to leave my native country,  
'perhaps for ever. I have done what  
'the honour of our family exacted from  
'me. It belongs to you to regulate  
'your future conduct, so as to atone,  
'in some measure, for the errors of the  
'past. To enable you to do this, you  
'ought to keep in eternal remembrance,  
'that the follies of your fatal passion  
'have not only brought the object of it  
'to an untimely grave, but also drove  
'from all the social joys of life, into  
'an irksome banishment in a foreign  
'land, him who might have been hap-  
'py, if he had not been your brother,

'ADARIO.'

Thinking, perhaps, he had been somewhat too severe in the above, he added this postscript, by way of cordial—

'P. S. I shall constantly write to  
'Mr. D——n: he will be able to  
'inform you how to direct for me.  
'You may be assured I shall re-  
'ceive with pleasure any letters  
'that bring me an account of your  
'welfare; and, in spite of all that  
'has happened, do you every ser-  
'vice in my power.'

After having sent this by the groom who had first discovered the place of her abode, and given some necessary instructions to his other servants, he hurried away to meet the post-chaise, and I saw him no more. As I had truly pitied Isabinda, I could not forbear going to see in what manner she supported this last dreadful accident. On my entrance, she was in bed, and surrounded by women and physicians. I gathered from their discourse, that the surprize and grief she had been in had caused an abortion, accompanied with fits of a very dangerous nature. On my next visit, however, I found her youth, and the strength of her constitution, had got the better of her disease; but though the pains

pains of her body were removed, those of her mind still remained: she was extremely melancholy, had a thorough contempt for the world; and the thoughts of a monastery were now so far from being shocking to her, that she resolved to fly to one, as the only asylum from censure and from care. Accordingly, as I was afterwards informed, she went, on the re-establishment of her health, to Paris, and entered herself into the society of Benedictine Nuns; where I doubt not but she often sees her brother through the grate, as he still continues to reside in that city.

I have now finished all the account I am able to give of this melancholy transaction; in which the justice of Providence seems to me to be distinguished in somewhat of a peculiar manner; and may serve as a warning to our gay, amorous sparks, not to become the seducers of unwary innocence; especially if they will be at the trouble of reflecting, how the perfidy and ingratitude of Flaminio to the believing Harriot was afterwards retorted on his own darling daughter.

## CHAP. VI.

GIVES THE ACCOUNT OF AN OCCURRENCE NO LESS REMARKABLE THAN ENTERTAINING; AND SHEWS, THAT THERE IS SCARCE ANY DIFFICULTY SO GREAT, BUT IT MAY BE GOT OVER BY THE HELP OF A READY INVENTION, IF PROPERLY EXERTED.

**T**O make some atonement for my last melancholy recital, to those of my readers who may not care to have their heads filled with subjects of too serious a nature, I shall now present them with one more likely to put in motion the risible muscles of the face, than to extort the falling of unwilling tears.

A gentleman, whom I shall call Conrade, had lived to the age of sixty without ever testifying the least inclination to marriage. He had been a man of pleasure in his youth; and probably the too great success he then found, among the fair, had deterred him from entering into an honourable engagement with any of the sex: but there is no accounting for change of sentiment in this point; an accident sometimes puts that into our heads which before we never thought

of, or perhaps had an aversion to, as it fell out in the case of the gentleman I am speaking of. A long friendship had subsisted between him and Murcio; a gentleman who, though not so far advanced in years, had made a better use of his time; had been married, and was the father of three fine daughters, two of whom had always lived with him; but the youngest, after the death of his wife, was taken from him, and brought up under the care of an aunt in the country. The eldest of these ladies being now about to be disposed of in marriage, Conrade received and accepted an invitation to the wedding. Melanthe, sister to the bride, was a fine sparkling girl of nineteen; but whether it were that she appeared in reality more lovely than usual, or that the mirth and pleasantries common at such solemnities rekindled the long-smothered embers of amorous desire in the breast of Conrade, so it was, that he, who had been in the company of this young lady without ever taking any notice of her charms, all at once became extremely smitten with them; insomuch, that he resolved to acquaint her father with his new passion, and ask his consent to make his addresses to her; which he did not at all despair of obtaining on the terms he intended to propose.

Murcio had a pretty country-house at a village about ten or twelve miles up the river; where he constantly went every Saturday, and staid till Monday or Tuesday, and sometimes longer. It was while he was in this retirement, that Conrade chose to communicate to him the business he had in his head: accordingly he went thither, and found him entirely alone; Melanthe having been prevented from going, as she was accustomed to do, by a violent fit of the tooth-ache. This our old lover looked upon as a good omen, being desirous to engage the father in favour of his passion before he made any declaration to the daughter. He began with saying, that he now repented having lived so long a bachelor; that having a very large estate, he should be glad of an heir to enjoy it; that if he could prevail on a young lady whom he liked to marry him, he would endeavour to atone for the want of youth by all the indulgences in the power of a fond husband; and having thus prepared the way, told him, that if he thought proper to be-

flow Melanthe upon him, he would desire no other fortune than her person; yet would settle a dowry upon her superior to what might be expected if she brought him ten thousand pounds.

It is not to be imagined with what greediness Murcio swallowed this proposal: he did not even affect to hesitate, or make the least demur at accepting it; on the contrary, he replied, that nothing could afford him a greater satisfaction than such an alliance, and that he doubted not but Melanthe would receive the honour he intended her as a woman who knew her own interest and happiness. Both parties being equally transported, every thing was immediately agreed upon between them: but Murcio not being able to assure himself that his daughter would so readily comply as he had made the lover hope she would; and fearing that, if she should give the old gentleman a rebuff on his first onset, it might discourage him from making a second, and perhaps overturn the whole affair, resolved not to hazard the loss of so advantageous a match by leaving it to her own choice, but sent a special messenger to her with a letter, the contents whereof are these—

‘DEAR CHILD,

‘MY worthy friend Conrade has taken a great liking to you, and will make you his wife on such terms as would but little prove the paternal affection I have for you to reject. Be not you less thankful to Heaven for so unhoped a blessing than I am; nor, on any foolish pretences, either slight, or seem to slight, the good presented to you. If you consider the vast advantages of this match, a disparity of years can be no objection. I say thus much, because I would convince your reason, not enforce your action; for I should be sorry to find myself obliged to make use of the authority I have over you in a thing which you ought, and I hope will, receive with the same satisfaction I propose it. Know, however, that I have already agreed on every thing for your marriage; that your future husband is now here, and we shall both be in town either to-morrow or the ensuing day. I send this on purpose to prepare you to behave towards him in a proper manner, and as it is the absolute command

‘of him who is your affectionate father,

‘MURCIO.’

I stood behind Melanthe’s chair while she was reading this epistle, and never did I see a poor young creature in such agitations. Scarce had she come to the end of the first period, before she cried out—‘His wife! his wife! What terms can the old creature propose to compensate for the odious title of wife to such a wretch!’ Then going a little farther—‘Justly, indeed,’ said she, ‘does my father suspect my obedience in this point; death itself would not be so dreadful to me as compliance.’ The more she proceeded, the higher her distraction grew. ‘What! fix my doom at once!’ raved she out; ‘at once resolve to cut me off from all the joys of life, and condemn me to everlasting misery! Is this a parent’s love! Oh, ’tis most cruel, most unnatural!’ I know not to what extravagances she might have been hurried, by the sudden rush of grief and despair, if tears now had not afforded their relief; but though they a little softened the asperity of her passion, they had not the power to subdue it: her tongue, indeed, ceased from exclaiming against her fate; but the agonies of her countenance discovered how much she inwardly regretted it. While she was in this distressful and pity-moving situation, the gay, the lively Florimel, came in. This young lady was the most beloved and intimate companion that Melanthe had; she saw her almost every day, and always entered without ceremony. She seemed a little surprized, at first sight, to find her thus; but immediately recovering herself, approached her with her accustomed sprightliness.

*Florimel.* Heyday, Melanthe! what, in the name of wonder, makes you in this pickle? Is your favourite squirrel dead? or has any accident happened to your last new petit-en-l’air? or what other misfortune has befallen you?

*Melanthe.* O Florimel, what would I not give to be in thy condition!

*Florimel.* My condition! Why, what do you find to envy in my condition?

*Melanthe.* To have no father to controul your actions by an unreasonable exertion of his authority.

*Florimel.* Why, truly, as you say, these old dads are troublesome enough sometimes;



sometimes; yet, for all that, I should be heartily glad mine were alive again. But pray, what has yours done to make you wish yourself an orphan?

*Melanthe.* Read that, and see if I have not cause.

In speaking these words, she pointed to her father's letter, which lay open on the table. Florimel took it up, and read it, as desired. On examining the contents, she could not help looking a little grave; but having finished, resumed the discourse with her former vivacity.

*Florimel.* As sure as I am alive, both these old gentlemen are crack-brained; the one in thinking of you for a wife, and the other in consenting to give you such a husband.

*Melanthe.* One would, indeed, imagine they were not in their senses.

*Florimel.* For my part, I am so astonished, that I can scarce believe I am awake. But what will you do?

*Melanthe.* Nothing.

*Florimel.* 'Nothing can come of 'nothing,' as King Lear says in the play. I am less surprized, however, at your stupidity in so perplexing a dilemma, than I am at the folly of those who have involved you in it. Bless me! what can either your lover or father propose to themselves by such a disproportionate alliance, but horns on the one side, and disgrace to his family on the other?

*Melanthe.* No, Florimel, it shall never come to that; I will rather starve or beg.

*Florimel.* Look'ye, my dear, neither starving nor begging, as I take it, will agree with your constitution; something else must be thought on.

*Melanthe.* What else?

*Florimel.* Do you think, that when your father comes to know what an implacable aversion you have to this match, he will not be prevailed upon to recall the promise he has made to Conrade?

*Melanthe.* Impossible! I know his temper too well to flatter myself with such a hope. You might as well think to blow St. Paul's from its foundation with a single breath, as move him to recede from any thing he has once resolved.

*Florimel.* Well, then, suppose some way could be contrived to make Conrade himself fly off? I have a project in my head that promises fair for it, if you will agree to join in the execution.

It is this: you must admit a spruce young gallant to lie with you all night; Conrade must be informed of the amour, in such a manner as to make him convinced of the truth of it; and the dence is in him, if afterwards he insists on marrying you.

*Melanthe.* Fie, Florimel! How can you be so cruel as to railly my misfortunes?

*Florimel.* No, I protest I am as serious as a judge upon a criminal cause; and would have you make the experiment.

*Melanthe.* What, wouldst thou have me turn prostitute to avoid marriage!

*Florimel.* No such matter. I will engage that the gallant I mean shall lie as harmless by your side as an infant.

*Melanthe.* Pr'ythee do not torture me with such riddles.

*Florimel.* I shall presently explain them. The gallant I am speaking of, and who is to be your bedfellow, is no other than my own individual self. I shall put on a suit of my brother's cloaths; and do not doubt but that, when I am dressed and equipped in all my accoutrements, I shall be a figure handsome enough to make an old man jealous.

*Melanthe.* Sure never was so wild a scheme! But yet I cannot conceive how it is to be conducted, or which way it can answer the end you propose by it.

*Florimel.* Lord, you are strangely dull! or affect to be so; but I will shew you what I shall write to Conrade, and that may help to enlighten your understanding.

This witty lady waited not to hear what reply her friend would make, but ran to a desk, and immediately wrote the following lines—

' TO HUGH CONRADE, ESQ.

' SIR  
' EVER since I heard of your intended marriage with Melanthe, I have been divided in my thoughts, whether the treachery of betraying a secret entrusted to me, or, by concealing it, expose a gentleman of your character to the worst of mischiefs, would be the most dishonourable action. The latter consideration has at last prevailed; and I think it my duty to inform you, that the lady you are about to make your wife has neither heart nor honour to bestow upon you;  
' both



'both are already disposed of to a person she thinks more agreeable to her years. Not content with the many private assignations she has with him abroad, she frequently makes pretences, when her father goes into the country, to be left at home; where her chambermaid, who is in the secret, admits this happy lover at midnight, and lets him out early in the morning, before the other servants of the house are stirring. Murcio being gone to \*\*\*\*\* I am well assured it will be in your power to convince yourself of the certainty of this intelligence, by sending any one on whom you can depend to watch about the door, either for the entrance or exit of the favourite gallant. And as you please, however. I have discharged the dictates of conscience in giving you this timely warning; and am,

Your nameless servant.'

This she gave Melanthe to read; and, as soon as she had done, was going to ask her how she approved of the contrivance; when the other prevented her, by crying out—

*Melanthe.* Oh the wicked, lying letter! Dear Florimel, if this should be sent, and Conrade should shew it to my father, I believe he would kill me.

*Florimel.* 'Tis possible he may not shew it; but if he does, you have only to prepare yourself for a little scolding and swearing. The worst he can do is to turn you out of doors; and then, to use your own words, it can be but starving or begging.

*Melanthe.* Oh, but my reputation, Florimel!

*Florimel.* A fiddle of your reputation! Would you hazard nothing to avoid being tacked, till death do you part, to such a lump of decayed mortality as Conrade? Besides, when the affair is all over, and you are once got free from this cursed engagement, it will be easy, by unravelling the plot, to clear your reputation, and reconcile you to your father into the bargain.

*Melanthe.* Oh, Florimel, if I was sure of that!

*Florimel.* Trust to Fortune. I will lay my life that, if you behave according to my directions, every thing will go right.

*Melanthe.* Well, then, tell me what I am to do.

*Florimel.* In the first place, when your father comes home, you must seem to be as well pleased with the match as he would have you be; and pretend that you are mightily in love with Conrade's estate, whatever you are with the man. Then, as for the old wretch himself, you have nothing to do but to simmer and look silly when he makes his addresses, and tell him that you are all obedience to your father's will.

*Melanthe.* This is a hard task, and I am a very ill dissembler; I will try, however, what I can do. But, Florimel, there is one thing that neither you nor I, as yet, have thought upon: suppose Conrade should take it into his head to watch the door himself, and draw upon you in his passion?

*Florimel.* What if he does? I shall have a sword as well as he.

*Melanthe.* But not understand so well how to use it?

*Florimel.* I don't know that. But if I can't fight as well, I am sure I can run much better; so pray do not be under any concern on my account.

These fair friends parted not till the night was pretty far advanced; all which time was taken up with settling some farther particulars in relation to their design. Molly, the waiting-maid, was called in; and, after a vow of secrecy, entrusted with the whole affair. She seemed a good smart girl, highly proper for the business she was to be employed in, and readily promised her assistance. As I was very near as impatient as themselves for the success of this whimsical enterprize, I went every day to Murcio's house, and found that Melanthe acted the part she had been taught by Florimel so as to give the utmost satisfaction both to her father and lover; who now talked of nothing but to have the wedding solemnized as soon as the necessary preparations for it could be made.

Saturday being arrived, I made it my business to enquire whether Murcio was gone to his country-seat; and finding he was, and that Melanthe staid at home, concluded this was the day on which the first wheel of the machine was to be put in motion; therefore hurried away to the house of Conrade, where I luckily came time enough to see him receive the letter from Florimel. The wrinkles

winkles of his face were greatly agitated while he was reading this epistle. At first his eyelids extended themselves; and his brows were elated with surprise, then were contracted into a frown of anger. Sometimes a sneer of contempt and unbelief lengthened the furrows round his withered lips. But the attitude of longest duration, was a pensive hanging down of his head, accompanied with counting the hairs upon his little finger; out of which at last he started, and cried to himself—'Many reasons may be urged both for and against my giving credit to this story; but whether built upon truth or malice, I have no need to be at the pains of considering: the author has pointed out the means of being convinced, and I will take his counsel.'

As I could not be certain that he would continue in this resolution, and much less so, that if he did, what the event of it would be, I went by break of day the next morning, and posted myself over-against Morcio's house. In a few minutes after Conrade came, wrapped in a cloak; but stood more aloof, yet near enough to see every thing that passed. We had not waited above a quarter of an hour, before the door we watched was softly opened, and a well-dressed beau rushed out. Conrade advanced as fast as his gout would let him; in order, I suppose, to see the face of this invader of his hoped-for happiness: but the pretended gallant was too nimble for his pursuit; but dropped a piece of paper, as if by accident flung out with his handkerchief. Conrade immediately snatched it up, and found it was a billet. The superscription seemed to have been torn off, but the contents were these—

'DEAREST OF YOUR SEX,

'MY father is gone into the country, and I have made an excuse to be left behind. Come at the usual hour, and Molly will admit you to the arms of

'Yours.'

I easily perceived that this was a second plot of the young ladies to corroborate the first; and it had all the effect they could wish; and was also productive of something else, which neither of them at that time imagined, as will appear in the succeeding chapter.

## CHAP. VII.

IS A CONTINUANCE OF THIS MERRY HISTORY, WHICH PRESENTS SOMETHING AS LITTLE EXPECTED BY THE READER AS IT WAS BY THE PARTIES CONCERNED IN IT.

IT is not to be doubted but that Conrade, after having received this double confirmation of Melanthe's transgression, gave over all intentions of becoming her husband; yet, by what I could gather from his looks, and some expressions he let fall, the manner in which he should quit his pretensions was the occasion of a very great conflict in his mind. He was a good-natured man, and loth to accuse this young lady to her father; yet, to break off a match so far advanced, and which he had so earnestly solicited, without assigning any cause for the change of his resolution, he thought would not only make him appear ridiculous, but also put a final period to all conversation between him and his old friend; and he probably continued undetermined in this matter, till he found himself obliged to talk upon it to Murcio himself, who had appointed to come to town the next day in order to sign the marriage writings. That gentleman was at home; and having expiated him some hours before he came, began, in a pleasant manner, to reproach his tardiness; to which Conrade replied, very gravely—'I am indeed, Sir, somewhat beyond my time, yet, I believe, soon enough for the business which now brings me.' Murcio seemed much surprized on hearing him speak in this manner; and poor Melanthe, who was present, well knowing that this alteration in her lover's behaviour was the effect of the plot concerted between her and Florisel, trembled for the event, and was no less shocked at the thoughts how much her innocence suffered in his opinion.

It is uncertain what return Murcio would have made, for the other prevented him from speaking, by adding, to what he had said before, that he had something of a very extraordinary nature, and which required no witnesses, to communicate to him. On which he made a sign to Melanthe

to leave the room; and she was no sooner withdrawn, than Conrade proceeded, though not without a good deal of hesitation, to declare himself in these terms—

*Conrade.* Dear Murcio, we have long been friends; and I should be heartily sorry that what I have to say should occasion a rupture between us. For my own part, there is no man living for whom I shall always preserve a greater esteem than for yourself.

*Murcio.* I cannot think, Sir, that you have any thing in your mind which should give me reason to regard you less.

*Conrade.* Reason is too frequently misled by passion. I know it by experience, and shall be glad to find yours is more strong; though, I confess, I have been to blame, and am sorry things have gone so far: but, Sir, I have considered that it is now too late in life for me to think of marriage, especially with so young a lady as Melanthe.

*Murcio.* This is an odd turn, indeed! Methinks, Sir, you should have considered this before you made any proposals of that sort, either to me or my daughter. A treaty of marriage, Sir, when concluded on and consented to by both parties, is a thing of too much consequence to be broke off by either, without putting the most gross affront upon the other.

*Conrade.* Not, Sir, when it can be proved that the consummation would be equally inconvenient for both.

*Murcio.* As how for both? My daughter has never made the least objection.

*Conrade.* It may be so. Yet I am well assured she neither does, nor ever can, regard me with that affection which alone could make either me or herself happy in being united.

*Murcio.* A mere whim! a caprice of your own, founded only on the disparity of years! and I am amazed you should think of fixing off from your engagement on so shallow a pretence.

*Conrade.* Perhaps I may have others. Suppose I know the loves another?

*Murcio.* Sir, I will suppose no such thing. She love another! No, Sir, she has been bred up to principles too virtuous, and is too modest, to place her affections on any one, till my commands, and the authority of the church, made it her duty to do so: and I must tell you, Sir, it is base in you to add to

the ill usage you are about to give her, by traducing her reputation.

*Conrade.* I scorn the unmanly thought. Be assured I have proofs of what I say.

*Murcio.* Produce them, then.

*Conrade.* I will, since I find the justification of my own honour depends upon it. There, Sir; read that, and be convinced.

In speaking this, he gave Murcio the letter that had been sent by Floimel; which the other, after having carelessly perused, threw from him; and looking on Conrade with the utmost scorn, said to him—

*Murcio.* A notable proof, indeed! There are few people without some enemies: but this is a piece of scandal too gross, too stupid, and the invention too ill concerted, to pass even on the most weak and credulous mind; and seems rather a poor, low contrivance, of your own, to evade fulfilling an engagement you have taken it into your head to repent of.

*Conrade.* You are free in your expressions, Sir; but I believe it will presently be my turn to retort that contempt you so unjustly treat me with. Do you know the hand-writing of your daughter?

*Murcio.* Yes, certainly I do.

*Conrade.* Then judge of the contents of this, and take shame to yourself for the injurious treatment you have given me.

The reader will easily imagine that it was Melanthe's little billet he now put into his hands; but no one can conceive, much less am I able to describe, the rage, the horror, the distraction, that shook the whole frame of this astonished parent, on finding himself no longer able to refuse giving credit to so terrible a misfortune. 'Death and furies!' cried he. 'Infamous, abandoned wretch!' Then, after loading her with all the foulest names that language could afford, he turned to Conrade—'Pardon me, dear Conrade,' said he. 'Had an angel told me what you did, without this cursed testimony, I should not have believed the story. But you shall have ample satisfaction: I'll turn this scandal to my family, this deceiver both of you and me, out of my doors this moment; never own her, never see her more, but leave her to the miseries she merits!' He was running out of the room; and it is probable,

bable, in the first emotions of his passion, would have done as he had threatened, if Conrade had not withheld him; and partly by force, and partly by persuasion, made him sit down, while he reasoned with him in this manner—

*Conrade.* Dear Murcio, compose yourself; and be not rashly guilty of a thing you hereafter may repent of. Consider that the errors of one branch of a family reflect dishonour on the whole. You have other daughters who, though pure as innocence itself, yet, being of the same blood, may be suspected liable to the same faults; for their sakes, therefore, rather smother than expose the crime of this fair offender.

*Murcio.* What! would you then have me to forgive, encourage, and suffer her to continue in this shameful prostitution under my own roof!

*Conrade.* No; but I would have you remember that she is still your child; and that it is your duty, as a father, to use your utmost efforts to retrieve her from perdition, not sink her deeper into it.

*Murcio.* As how retrieve her! Is she not already lost, irrecoverably lost, to reputation as well as virtue!

*Conrade.* Not so, I hope. All yet may be well, if her seducer can be prevailed upon to repair the injury he has done her by an honourable marriage.

*Murcio.* A vain expectation!

*Conrade.* 'Tis worth attempting, at least. But first you must oblige her to discover the name of this too happy man; for you see that, either by design or accident, the direction to him is torn off the letter.

*Murcio.* I protest, in the distraction of my thoughts, I had forgot that circumstance; and also to ask you by what means this infamous scrawl came into your possession.

On this Conrade related to him all the particulars he had observed while he had been watching his rival's coming out of the house; and when he had done, in order to encourage Murcio to take the advice he had just given him, added this description of the supposed gallant—

*Conrade.* I was very much vexed that I had not an opportunity of seeing his face; but his back being towards me, I could only take notice of his dress and air; and do assure you he has all the appearance of a man of fashion, and

such a one as to whom you could not reasonably have refused your daughter, even if this accident had never happened.

*Murcio.* Oh, what a curse it is to have a disobedient child!

He appeared in the most bitter anguish of mind while uttering these last words; but having recovered himself a little, took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following lines to Melanthe—

‘Thou Scandal to my Blood and Name!

‘THAT you still live to receive  
‘this, thank the gentleman whom  
‘you would have wronged by intending  
‘to carry pollution to his bed. He has  
‘obtained a reprieve for you on this  
‘condition, that you declare the name  
‘and quality of your undoer, to the end  
‘that I may take such measures as I  
‘shall judge proper, to oblige him to do  
‘justice to the honour of a family of  
‘which you are the only blemish.  
‘Think not to deny your crime; I have  
‘the infamous witness of it under your  
‘own hand: but be plain and open in  
‘your confession, if you hope ever to  
‘obtain mercy, either from Heaven or  
‘your offended father,

‘MURCIO.’

After having shewed this to Conrade, he called for the waiting-maid, and bid her give that letter to her mistress, and bring him an immediate answer. I followed, and saw with what agonies poor Melanthe read this cruel mandate. Between the fears of what her father's indignation might inflict upon her, and the shame of appearing guilty of a crime her soul disdained, she was so much overwhelmed, that for some minutes she had not power to speak; and when she did, it was only to utter this exclamation—

*Melanthe.* What will become of me! Oh this vile plot of Florimel's!

*Molly.* Lord, Madam, do not put yourself into this flurry! You know your father's temper well enough, and could not expect he would be less severe. But it will be all over; and you must resolve to bear it for a while.

*Melanthe.* I cannot, will not bear it! I will go down this instant, disclose all, and clear my innocence.

*Molly.* Sure, Madam, you would not be so mad! What, would you undo all, and be forced to marry Conrade at last?

H

*Melanthe.*



*Melanthe.* Was there ever so terrible a dilemma! What answer can I give?

*Molly.* Dear Madam, say any thing. Tell him you are in love with—— Say any thing but the truth.

*Melanthe.* How silly am I to ask advice of such a giddy creature!

— With this she turned herself towards a table whereon stood a standish, sat down, paused a while, then began to write; but had scarce finished two lines, before she left off, tore the paper, mused again, and then began afresh. The second essay met with the same fate as the former, and so did several succeeding ones; till at last she threw the pen out of her hand, started up, and said—

*Melanthe.* 'Tis in vain to attempt it. I cannot write.

*Molly.* Why then, Madam, say nothing: e'en let him think as he pleases, at present. If you will but pluck up a spirit, we shall do well enough. He will not kill you, for his own sake; and as for any thing else, you must content yourself to submit to it. Nothing can be so bad as marrying Conrade. I will go to Florimel presently: if I am so lucky as to find her at home, 'tis ten to one but she puts something into our heads.

*Melanthe.* Do so. I wish she were here.

While they were speaking, Murcio called very loud at the bottom of the stairs for Molly to come down; on which she said—'Do you hear, Madam? But I must face the storm, for fear it should come hither, and terrify you worse. I wish you had as much courage as I have.'

She said no more, but ran hastily down into the parlour; where I, with no less speed, attended her footsteps, quite impatient to hear how the pet baggage would behave.

*Murcio.* What is the reason, minx, that I have no answer to the letter you carried up?

*Molly.* Lord, Sir, there was something or other in that letter that has frightened my poor lady almost out of her wits. She does nothing but cry and wring her hands. It would make your heart ache to see her. She write an answer! No indeed, she is not in a condition to give an answer.

*Murcio.* If she can't, you must, hussy! Who was that fellow you let out of my house yesterday morning?

*Molly.* I, Sir! I let out no fellow, not I.

*Murcio.* 'Tis false: my friend here, happening to pass through the street at that time, saw him come out.

*Molly.* Why then, Sir, your friend is no better than a pickthank for bringing you such idle stories; and I am not afraid to tell him so to his face.

*Murcio.* Was there ever such impudence!

*Conrade.* Come, come, Mrs. Molly, you had better confess the truth; it will be for the good of your lady, and yourself too.

*Molly.* Sir, I shall not tell a lye for the matter: I let out no fellow. There was a fine gentleman, indeed, that sat up all night playing at cards with my lady, that I let out; but no fellow, I assure you.

*Murcio.* Well; and pray, Mrs. Brazenface, what is the name of this fine gentleman?

*Molly.* Lord, Sir! do you think I know the names of all the gentlemen that come to visit my lady? Indeed, I am not so impertinent as to ask.

*Murcio.* No equivocation. Tell me this moment, or I shall be your death!

*Molly.* Bless me, Sir! how can you fright a body for nothing? But, if you would be my death twenty times over, I can say no more than I have done.

*Conrade.* Dear Murcio, this girl is not worth the passion you are in. I hope the young lady herself will satisfy you, when once she considers how much it is her interest to do so.

*Murcio.* Not while she has such a hardened wretch to encourage her obstinacy.—Hussy, pack up your trumpery, and get out of my house directly, or I shall provide a place for you in Bridewell.

*Molly.* Oh, dear Sir! I shall not give you that trouble; there are places enough to be had without your providing.

After she had left the room, and Murcio had vented his passion in two or three hearty curses, he turned to Conrade, and, with a tone of voice which expressed the deepest trouble of mind, uttered these words—'You see, my dear friend, that both mistress and maid are alike incorrigible. What now remains for me to do, either to preserve my family from disgrace, or this degenerate girl from everlasting ruin?' The other, who doubtless con-

demned

demned Melanthe more in his heart than he would let her father know he did, could find nothing to say in her defence; but that he hoped, when the first confusion of this discovery was a little over, she would be brought to reason; and therefore intreated he would allow her some time to recollect herself. As the conversation now began to consist only of railings on the one side, and persuasions to moderation on the other, I easily perceived that nothing of importance would be the result; so resolved to leave the two old gentlemen together, and accordingly took the first opportunity to get out of the house.

## CHAP. VIII.

PRESENTS SOMETHING WHICH, IF THE AUTHOR'S HOPES DO NOT DECEIVE HIM, WILL AFFORD AN EQUAL SHARE OF SATISFACTION AS SURPRISE.

**B**EING very anxious for the situation of poor Melanthe, I fully designed to make another visit to Murcio's house early the next morning; and accordingly got to Murcio's door just as Conrade had alighted from his coach, and was stepping in; so I had an easy access, and followed him up into the dining-room, where Murcio was then sitting, and expressed the satisfaction he took in seeing him in words to this effect—

*Murcio.* My dear friend, I am glad you are come to give me your opinion in a thing I am about to do. My ungracious daughter has given me no answer, made me no submissions. I cannot keep her in my house; and if I turn her out of it, am in danger of having my whole family scandalized by her behaviour: I am therefore resolved to send her to Cornwall, where I have a near kinsman.

*Conrade.* I flatter myself, Sir, that the intelligence I bring will save you that trouble, and the young lady so long a journey. I have discovered her favourite lover.

*Murcio.* Is it possible! For Heaven's sake, who—what is he!

*Conrade.* One you little suspect, though I have seen him often here. It is Dorimon.

*Murcio.* Dorimon! Yes, since his re-

turn from his travels, he visits here sometimes. His sister Florimel and Melanthe were brought up together at the boarding-school; and, since they left it, have scarcely been two days asunder. But I cannot think Dorimon has been her seducer: she is neither above his hopes, nor below his expectations. If he had any inclinations towards her, I know of nothing should hinder him from making his honourable addresses. But what grounds have you for such a supposition?

*Conrade.* You shall hear. You know I told you that I did not see his face; but, as I followed him a good part of the street, I took notice of his habit, which indeed had somewhat particular in it, and would have attracted my observation, had I seen it on any other person. It was a dark olive-coloured French barragon, laced with a very rich Point d'Espagne down the seams; he had also a fine flaxen wig, with a bag and a solitaire of an uncommon dimension. I then took him either for a foreigner, or one lately come from abroad. In the same dress, and as exactly as I saw him then, did I see him, within this half hour, at the chocolate-house. I cannot, indeed, swear to the man, but I think may safely to the cloaths, especially as I heard him say, on some gentlemen's praising the suit, and telling him they believed there was not such another in England, that he was pretty sure there was not; for he had bespoke it at Paris, according to his own taste, and it had not been come over long enough for any one to take a pattern by it.

*Murcio.* I must own there is a strong probability in what you say; but yet, without a certainty, know not what measures I can pursue.

*Conrade.* If you will take my advice, send for him: I heard him say he should dine at home, so is scarcely gone out. Give some distant hints, at first, concerning a marriage with your daughter; and, according to the answers he makes, you will be instructed how to proceed.

*Murcio.* It shall be so. I will not let him see I have any suspicion of my daughter's fault; and, whether there be any thing between them or not, a proposal of the nature you mention cannot seem strange to him, as our families have always lived together in a perfect harmony and good understanding.

He had no sooner said this, than he

H 2 called

called a servant, and sent him with his compliments to Dorimon, to let him know he desired to speak with him immediately, if not otherwise engaged. After this, the two friends had some farther discourse concerning what steps the father of Melanthe should take in this affair; when the fellow who had been sent on the above message returned, and told his master that Dorimon said he would not fail doing himself the honour of obeying his commands in a few minutes: on which Conrade took his leave; and Murcio sat down, endeavouring to frame his temper and countenance so as to be suitable to the business he had in hand.

Dorimon appeared in a short time; and, the first compliments being past, Murcio began to open what he had to say, by telling him that he had a great regard for his family; that he was a fine young gentleman; and that, being now five and twenty, he much wondered that he had not heard of his addressing some lady on the score of marriage. To which Dorimon replied, that marriage was a thing he had not as yet much thought upon; and that, having a sister who took care of his house, a wife was the less necessary to him. Murcio then demanded if he found any aversion in himself to changing his condition in favour of a woman of equal birth and fortune, and who would approve of his pretensions. Dorimon seemed a little surprized at these interrogatories; but answered in the negative, with this proviso, that the person of the lady were equally agreeable. Murcio, thinking this reply a proper cue for explaining himself, did so in the following manner—

*Murcio.* What think you, then, of my daughter Melanthe?

*Dorimon.* As of an angel, Sir, above my hopes.

*Murcio.* No fine speeches, Dorimon; deal sincerely with me. Do you like her well enough to marry her?

*Dorimon.* Yes, Sir, upon my soul! and should bless the hand that gave her to me.

*Murcio.* Sir, I take you at your word; and give you mine that you shall have her, and six thousand pounds, if you think that a sufficient dower.

*Dorimon.* I do, Sir; and, though Melanthe is a sufficient fortune of herself, shall accept your offer, and make a settlement accordingly.

*Murcio.* Then there remains no more than to get the marriage-articles drawn which, if you please, shall be to-morrow morning.

*Dorimon.* It cannot be too soon. But, Sir, may I not have leave to see her, to throw myself at her feet, and be assured she will not regret the happiness you bestow upon me?

*Murcio.* Oh, Sir, you have nothing to apprehend on that account; for, to be plain with you, I designed her for another. She rejected the proposal, for which she has been under some disgrace: but, as I have since discovered, her disobedience was occasioned by the affection she has for you, I was the more easily induced to pardon it. She does not yet know that I consent to gratify her inclinations: but you shall have the pleasure of telling her yourself.

He then went to the door, and ordered a servant to bid Melanthe come down: after which he turned back, and said to Dorimon—‘My daughter will wait on you presently. I know you will excuse my leaving you together: I have business calls me abroad; but expect to see you to-morrow morning, and shall have a lawyer here.’ He said no more; but went hastily away, to avoid seeing his daughter. He had not left the room above half a minute, before Melanthe entered, but with a confusion impossible to be expressed. She had expected no other, on being called down, than to meet some terrible effects of her father’s displeasure. Her eyes, red with tears, were now cast down upon the floor, as she advanced with slow and trembling steps; nor saw she who was there, till Dorimon sprung forward, and took her by the hand with these words—

*Dorimon.* Charming Melanthe, how am I transported at the goodness of your father! How incapable of expressing my gratitude for the permission he has just now given me of telling you how much, how truly I adore you!

*Melanthe.* Bless me, Dorimon, what is the meaning of all this! Where is my father?

*Dorimon.* Gone, to give me the happy opportunity of endeavouring to inspire you with sentiments in favour of my passion, and conformable to his will.

*Melanthe.* Your passion, and his will! Certainly, Dorimon, you must either be mad, or I not in my senses! For Heaven’s sake, explain this mystery!



He was going to reply, when his sister Florimel came tripping in. That young lady having been informed by Molly of all that had passed at Murcio's house, was extremely impatient to know how her fair friend behaved afterwards on that occasion. Melanthe no sooner saw her, than she flew into her arms, and cried—

*Melanthe.* My dear, dear Florimel, what would I not have given to have seen you last night!

*Florimel.* I was no less eager to be with you. But I find things have quite changed their face. I met your father at the door as I entered; the old gentleman seems to be in quite good humour, desired me to walk up, and told me I should find you and my brother together.

*Dorimon.* Aye, my dear sister, we are together; and, I hope, shall soon be joined to separate no more.

*Florimel.* Separate no more! As how?

*Dorimon.* By the indissoluble ties of marriage. Murcio, the generous Murcio, has bestowed her on me. Tomorrow the articles are to be drawn, and there will then be nothing wanting but my angel's consent for the consummation of my bliss.

*Florimel.* And was this the business on which he sent for you in such haste?

*Dorimon.* The same.

Here Florimel burst into so violent a fit of laughter, as rendered her unable to speak for some time. In vain Dorimon asked several times over the cause of this extravagant mirth; and it was but by degrees she recovered herself enough to make this reply—

*Florimel.* I have found out the riddle!! It was I, brother, that have made this match. Yes, with the assistance of that suit of cloaths you have on.

Then addressing herself to Melanthe, proceeded thus—‘You must know, my dear, that it was Conrade himself that watched me coming out of your house. I saw him stand perdu under Sir Thomas \*\*\*\*\*’s porch. He has certainly seen my brother in these cloaths; and, mistaking him for me, has passed him upon your father for your supposed gallant.’ Dorimon was now as much confounded, in his turn, as the two ladies had been in theirs; till his sister, having first obtained Melanthe’s leave, related to him the whole

history of their contrivance to break the match with Conrade. This repetition occasioned some pleasantries between the brother and sister; but Melanthe was too much ashamed to bear any great part in it. Her new lover observing her seriousness, spoke in this manner—

*Dorimon.* I have got nothing, Florimel, by the account you have given, but the mortification of that vanity Murcio had inspired me with; and dare not now flatter myself that Melanthe will so readily, as I once hoped, acquiesce in the agreement made between us.

*Florimel.* If she does not, all will come out; and if so, Murcio will certainly return to his first engagement to give her to Conrade. What say you, Melanthe; have you aversion enough for my brother to run so great a risk?

This demand made Melanthe blush excessively. She paused, and hung down her head; but at last made this return—‘So sudden a change in my fortune might well excuse me from giving a direct answer to such a question. Of this, however, you may be assured, that I have not courage to disobey my father a second time, and that I love the sister too well to have any aversion to the brother.’

On this Dorimon kissed her hand with a great deal of warmth, and said many tender and passionate things to her; which, as the reader will easily conceive, I think it needless to repeat; and shall only add that, between the brother and the sister, Melanthe was at last prevailed upon to consent, that it would be without the least reluctance she should obey her father in the choice he had now made for her. Though there was now little cause to apprehend any disappointment in these nuptials, yet I resolved to see the thing fully concluded on; accordingly I went the next morning to Murcio’s house, where I found him very busy with his lawyer. Dorimon came in soon after; and the writings were presently filled up, signed, sealed, and duly executed, by both parties: and the lawyer had no sooner left the room, than Murcio spoke to Dorimon in these terms—

*Murcio.* Well, Dorimon, I think there is nothing now wanting for the making you my son, except the ceremony of the church; and I don’t care how soon that also was performed. I

do



do not love to see affairs of this nature kept long in hand. Besides, you must know, that on my daughter's refusing to marry the person I first proposed to her, I swore in my passion that I would never see her face again till she was a wife.

*Dorimon.* You may be assured, Sir, I shall think every moment an age; and I do not doubt but the knowledge of the vow you have made will very much expedite my wishes.

*Murcio.* I am going directly to my little country-seat, and shall leave you to consult with her about the day; but will write to the rector of \*\*\*\*, who is my kinsman, and desire he will perform the office: when that is over, would have you both come down to \*\*\*\*, where you may depend upon meeting with a fatherly reception.

Nothing farther, of any consequence, was said by either of them. *Murcio* took coach for the country, and *Dorimon* went to the apartment of his mistress; where strenuously pressing her for the speedy consummation of his happiness, her father's pretended vow served as an excuse for her compliance, and she consented that the wedding should be the next Sunday after. No accident retarded the fulfilling this agreement, and they were married on the day appointed; after which they set out, accompanied by *Florimel*, for \*\*\*\*, to receive the blessing *Murcio* had promised to bestow upon them. As no one of the company had any reason to be discontented at what had happened, it is not to be doubted but the goddess of cheerfulness accompanied them in their little journey: I say journey, because the sister of *Dorimon* having an aversion to the water, they went in a landau, in complaisance to her; but the subject of their conversation is not in my power to relate, as I had no opportunity of being witness of it.

#### C H A P. IX.

CONTAINS A SUCCINCT ACCOUNT OF SOME FARTHER PARTICULARS, IN SOME MEASURE RELATIVE TO THE FOREGOING ADVENTURE.

HAVING married my two new-made lovers, the reader will possibly imagine, that the last act of the

play is ended, and that I should now drop the curtain, to prepare for some fresh subject of entertainment; but he must wait awhile; I have not yet done with any of my characters: and besides, as there are many things which seem to require a farther explanation, I cannot think of parting with my favourite *Florimel*, without giving her those just praises which her wit and good-humour may justly claim. It is not unlikely, indeed, but that there may be some over-scrupulous ladies in the world, who will be so far from approving the character of this charming girl, that they will highly condemn her for assuming the air and habit of a man, though for never so short a space of time; and even rail at *Melanthe*, for consenting to put in execution the stratagem she had contrived for her deliverance from an evil so justly dreaded by her. Such as these will certainly think I have said enough, if not too much, on the occasion; and perhaps throw aside the book, and cry they will read no farther. Well, be it so; the lots will be entirely their own: I am pretty confident neither my reputation, nor the profits of my publisher, will suffer by their ill-nature in this point. It is for the entertainment of the gay, the witty, and truly virtuous—who, by the way, are never censorious—that these lucubrations are chiefly intended; and if I am so fortunate as to please them, should give myself no great pain what may be said of me by those of the above-mentioned class. In defiance, therefore, of these fair, or rather unfair critics, I shall proceed in what I have farther to relate concerning the principal subjects of this narrative.

On their arrival at \*\*\*\*, they were received by *Murcio* with a shew of the greatest satisfaction; yet I, who took care to be there before them, in order to be witness of what should pass at this first interview, could easily perceive that he embraced his son-in-law with more cordiality and less constraint than he did his daughter. The remembrance of her supposed fault doubtless rendered him unable to treat her with his accustomed tenderness: he scarce touched her cheek in saluting her; and when he gave her his blessing, added—'Pray Heaven your future conduct may deserve it!' It could not be otherwise, but that all the company must comprehend the full meaning of these words: but poor *Melanthe*

lanthe was so much affected by them, that she burst into a flood of tears; and throwing herself a second time at her father's feet, addressed him in these pathetic terms—

*Melanthe.* Oh, Sir, I beg, I beseech you, by all the love you once had for me, to forgive the only act of disobedience I was ever guilty of; pardon but the aversion I had to the match you first proposed to me, and you will easily absolve the rest.

*Dorimon.* Yes, Sir, my dear, my charming wife, is as innocent of every thing that can deserve your blame, as I am from even the most distant wish of violating her purity, or dishonouring your family.

*Florimel.* Aye, aye, it is poor me that am alone in fault; but, since the mischief I have done has been productive of so much good, I scarce doubt of being excused by a gentleman of so much good sense as Murcio. I have delivered your daughter, Sir, by my contrivance, from the honors of a forced marriage; I have procured a wife for my brother, with whom, if he is not the most happy, I am certain he deserves to be the most miserable, of all mankind; and I have got you a son-in-law, who I hope will merit that honour by his future behaviour.

Murcio, who could not form even the most distant guess at the meaning of all this, looked sometimes on the one, and sometimes on the other, with all the tokens of the utmost amazement, without being able to speak one syllable; which gave Florimel the opportunity of unravelling the whole mystery of the affair, as she had before promised Melanthe to take upon herself to do. In spite of the little resentment Murcio at first conceived for the trick that had been put upon him, he could not forbear smiling at the invention of the contriver; and the wit and spirit with which that young lady talked to him upon it, very much contributed to bring him into good humour: but that which entirely reconciled him to the wedded pair was, the consideration that Dorimon was wholly ignorant of the plot till after the marriage was concluded; and the assurance Melanthe gave him, that she was far from any intention to deceive him, but had flattered herself with the hope that Conrade would have

broke the engagement without mentioning to him the reasons he had for doing so. Though to have married his daughter to Conrade would have saved him six thousand pounds, yet the many ill consequences which would probably have attended so disproportionate a match, now occurring to his mind, which before he had not thought upon, made him not only contented, but rejoiced, that this change of hands had happened; and he could not forbear kissing and hugging Florimel for being the chief author of it.

Every one now endeavouring to outvie the other in giving testimonies of his good-humour, among the many gay and gallant things said by Dorimon on this occasion, he protested to keep his French cloaths as long as he lived, for a perpetual memento of the good they had done for him, and never wear them but on the anniversary of that happy day which gave his dear Melanthe to his arms. On falling afterwards into some discourse concerning the oddness of the accident which had brought about a marriage so little thought of by either of the parties, yet so agreeable to both, as well as to their friends, Murcio expressed himself in this manner—

*Murcio.* I cannot help thinking that there is something peculiarly remarkable in this transaction, and looks as if the hand of Heaven had directed the accomplishment.

*Florimel.* I dare almost engage my own life for the mutual happiness of theirs. Their humours are so exactly suited to each other, that neither of them are fit for any body else; and, now I consider on it, am amazed that, in the long acquaintance they had together, this business never came into either of their heads till chance put it there.

*Dorimon.* Nay, sister, I am now convinced, by the transport and the pleasing flutter at my heart, on the offer Murcio made of his daughter, that I was then passionately in love with her, though without knowing it.

*Melanthe.* And if you had been as indifferent to me, as I then thought you were, I should not certainly have been so soon and so easily persuaded to be yours.

*Murcio.* Well, all things have happened for the best; and there is nothing now wanting to compleat my satisfaction,

tion, but the clearing up Melanthe's innocence to Conrade. I should be glad he were here.

The word was scarce out of his mouth, when a servant came into the room, and informed him, that the person he had mentioned was below; on which he ordered he should be immediately introduced. The old gentleman, who had heard nothing of what had happened, nor seen Murcio since the conversation with him, repeated in a former chapter, had been impatient to know the success of his proposal to Dorimon; and finding he did not return to town as usual, made him this visit at \*\*\*\*\*, in order to gratify his curiosity. He had not advanced above half way into the room, when Murcio presented the bride and bridegroom to him; and told him he had been just wishing for him to congratulate the nuptials. Conrade endeavoured to compose himself enough to salute them with the accustomed forms; but as he had not in his heart believed that Dorimon would be prevailed upon to marry Melanthe, though he had advised her father to make the experiment, was so much surprized on finding the affair concluded, that he could not forbear testifying it in his looks, as well as by crying out—

*Conrade.* What, married!

*Florimel.* Yes, Sir, they are married: the indissoluble knot is tied; for which all due thanks be given to your fortunate mistake.

*Conrade.* My mistake, Madam! Pardon me, if I do not comprehend your meaning.

*Dorimon.* I believe you do not, Sir: yet it is to your mistaking another for me, that I am indebted for being put in possession of a happiness which otherwise I must have solicited for a long series of time, and perhaps at last never have obtained. I do assure you, Sir, I never presumed to entertain one with to the dishonour of Melanthe; and was sleeping in my own bed when you imagined me just risen from her arms.

*Murcio.* He tell you nothing but the truth. He is innocent, so is Melanthe. But here stands her gallant; here is the author of this enigma.

In concluding these words, which he had uttered with the most cheerful air, he patted Florimel upon her cheek, and gently pushed her towards Conrade: but that gentleman was now in such a

consternation, that he scarce knew where he was, much less had the power of distinguishing the sense of any thing he either saw or heard; till Florimel related to him, in her sprightly fashion, every particular of that stratagem which had occasioned the breaking off the intended match between him and Melanthe. Murcio also, and Dorimon, averring the truth of what she said, he began at last to see clearly into the whole affair; after which Melanthe, with a great deal of modesty and sweetness, addressed herself to him in these terms—

*Melanthe.* I hope, Sir, you will pardon the deception put upon you, as I was constrained to pursue so extraordinary a method, to avoid a thing which, in the end, must have been no less disagreeable to you than to myself. I shall always acknowledge my obligation to the generous offer your affection made: but love, Sir, is not in our power; if it were, my gratitude to you, the consideration of my own interest, and the duty owing to my father, would certainly have inspired me with it.

*Conrade.* Say no more, sweet lady. I am ashamed of my past folly; and only wish you would exert all the influence you have over your witty she-gallant, not to expose this story in print. I should be sorry, methinks, to see myself in a novel or play.

*Florimel.* No, no, Sir; you need be under no apprehensions on that score. I would not, for my own sake, have the world know I put on breeches; lest my husband, when I get one, should be afraid I would attempt to wear them afterwards.

This reply of Florimel's set the whole company into a fit of laughter, and would doubtless have been the occasion of many pleasant repartees, if the butler had not that instant given them a summons to the next room, where was a table elegantly spread with every thing suitable to the season. But, as I could not partake of any of the delicacies I saw before me, I thought it best to leave the house; so accordingly I slipped out, plucked off my belt, went into a boat and ordered the waterman to row as fast as possible to London; where being arrived, I contented myself with such fare as my own homely board afforded. Not many weeks had this adventure elapsed, before I heard that Florimel was married to a young gentleman



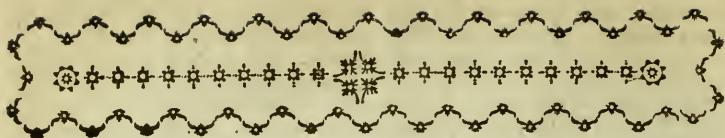
gentleman whom for several years she had loved, and by whom she was equally beloved. My insatiate curiosity, on this information, led me to enquire into the hidden cause which had so long delayed the completion of their mutual wishes; and, by ways and means too tedious to be here inserted, I at last discovered it to be such as attracted my highest esteem and admiration.

Dorimon had been a little extravagant in his equipage and way of living while on his travels. Her whole fortune lay in his hands; and if called out, which in all probability would have been the case if she had married, he must have been obliged to mortgage some part of his estate for the payment. It was therefore to save her brother from so great an inconvenience, that this generous young lady had been deaf to all the solicitations of a beloved lover, and the soft

pleadings of her own heart, till Melanthe's fortune coming into the family, removed the only impediment to her wishes. Thus, by the most unseen, undreamt-of means, does Providence dispose every thing for the advantage of it's favourites. Florimel, by her wit, and contrivance to serve her fair friend, without proposing the least interest to herself, or even imagining she could have any, not only brought about her brother's happiness, but met her own reward, in the accomplishment of her felicity. These two families live together in the most perfect harmony; and Murcio, who is little less fond of Florimel than of his own daughter, passes most of his time among them. Conrade also is extremely intimate with both; insomuch that it is thought he will, at his decease, divide a good part of his large fortune between them.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.





THE  
INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

IS A KIND OF WARNING-BELL TO THE PUBLICK, AND GIVES A MELANCHOLY, THOUGH TOO COMMON PROOF, THAT A PERSON IN ENDEAVOURING, BY UNJUST OR IMPRUDENT MEASURES, TO AVOID FALLING INTO AN IMAGINARY MISFORTUNE, IS FREQUENTLY LIABLE TO BRING ON EFFECTUALLY WHAT MIGHT OTHERWISE NEVER HAVE HAPPENED.



F all the passions which distract the human mind, there is none more pernicious in it's quality, nor more dreadful in it's consequences, than jealousy.

It is looked upon, indeed, as the most certain proof of a strong and violent affection; yet it is such a proof as no one would wish to experience, as it infallibly involves the beloved object in a variety of disquiets, whether innocent or guilty: nor is the person possessed of this raging fury less wretched; so just are these words of Mr. Dryden—

' O jealousy ! thou raging ill,  
' Why hast thou found a place in lover's  
' hearts ?  
' Afflicting what thou canst not kill,  
' And poisoning Love himself with his own  
' darts.

And as the inimitable Shakespeare yet more emphatically, in my opinion, expresses it—

' O what damn'd minutes tells he o'er,  
' Whodoats, yetdoubts; suspects,yet strong-  
' ly loves !'

But as jealousy frequently takes possession of the soul by almost imperceptible degrees, the following little narrative may serve as an antidote against it's poison; and warn every one, married persons especially, not to give way to it's first attacks, lest it should be in time wholly subdued by it.

Cleora had from her very infancy been promised in marriage to the son of a neighbouring gentleman, about three years older than herself. An inclination for her intended husband grew up with her years; nor was his affection less tender for her, whom he expected would one day be his wife: but when the innocent

nocent pair became ripe for the consummation of their mutual wishes, an unhappy dispute happened between their parents, which entirely broke off the match at once, and they were forbid to see each other any more. As I was not at that time acquainted with either of the lovers, I cannot pretend to describe what their young hearts sustained in this cruel separation: it was doubtless very grievous to them both at first; but absence, and variety of amusements, provided for them by their respective parents, in order to dissipate their chagrin, by degrees wrought the desired effects. Leander, for so he was called, grew one of the gayest men about the town; and Cleora was so far weaned from the remembrance of him, that she obeyed her father without reluctance in receiving the addresses of Aristus; who, after the necessary forms of courtship, became her husband.

Few nuptials gave a greater promise of felicity. The births, the fortunes, of the wedded pair, were equal; their ages perfectly agreeable: she was not quite nineteen, and he no more than five and twenty; she was a very lovely woman, he a most graceful man. He had adored her to so romantick a height, that it was thought, if he had not obtained her, a dagger or a bowl of poison must have been his fate. She treated him with all the tenderness that could be expected from a virtuous woman by a reasonable man. They were, in the first months of their marriage, the envy and admiration of as many as knew them. But, alas! how uncertain is the date of human happiness! When Heaven is not pleased to bestow on us a contented mind; I mean, when we do not ask that blessing, and endeavour to acquire it; in vain indulgent Fortune lavishes her whole stock of bounties on us; we re-pine amidst our plenty, enjoy nothing we possess, and are wretches because we will be so.

The bridal house, so lately the theatre of joy and pleasure, soon became the cell of gloomy sullenness and black despair. The eyes of the beautiful Cleora were frequently seen red with weeping: she ceased to appear at any public place, and received very little company at home; while on the brow of the once chearful, gay Aristus, now loomed a heavy melancholy, and all the indications of a deep inward grief. Every

one saw the change, but none could presently discern the cause: it could not, however, long be kept a secret; the servants who waited immediately on their persons were the first who discovered it; these reported it to the others, and they failed not to whisper it to as many as they were acquainted with—that their master was prodigiously jealous of his lady.

The first tokens he gave of this frenzy, as I have been since informed, was to debar Cleora from going to the opera, the play, the masquerade, and all routs and assemblies; all which places she had been accustomed to frequent. She obeyed him, notwithstanding, without murmuring or repining; and told him, with a great deal of sweetness, that if those diversions were infinitely dearer to her than ever they had been, she would readily sacrifice all the pleasure she took in them to that of testifying her love and duty to him. Not contented with this, he proceeded farther, and forbade her to make any visits without him, except to his mother, who lived but in the next street; and then to let him know, that he might meet her there, and bring her home. Hard as this injunction seemed to her, she complied with it; being resolved, if possible, to chase from his mind all those ideas she found he had conceived in prejudice of her discretion, and convince him that she regarded nothing so much as his satisfaction.

What more could woman do, or man expect? yet all was not enough to make this jealous husband easy. Whenever they were abroad together, if any gentleman happened to be in company, the least gallant thing said to her, or complaisance returned to it by her, immediately set the worm within his brain a madding, and made him, on their coming home, reproach her in terms very unbecoming in him to make use of, and difficult for her to bear with patience: yet, nevertheless, he still loved her, loved her to an excess; but, as the poet says—

‘No signs of love in jealous men remain,  
‘But that which sick men have of life,  
‘their pain.’

This behaviour of Aristus engrossed much of the conversation of the town, and various were the conjectures passed upon

upon it. Some highly blamed him; others were apt to imagine there had really been some imprudences on the part of Cleora; and not a few there were among her own sex, who, hating her for those very perfections which ought to have excited their esteem, scrupled not to pronounce her guilty of every thing she could be suspected of.

Much was this lady to be pitied. Deprived of all those pleasures to which her youth had been accustomed, ill-treated by her husband, censured by her acquaintance, and secluded from the society of those who might have found means of diverting, if not wholly dissipating her melancholy. To add to her misfortunes, she had no friend near her to whom she might complain. Her father, being a widower, had broke up house-keeping soon after her marriage, and was retired, with an intent to pass the remainder of his days with her elder sister, who was settled in a far distant county; so that the only person from whom she received any consolation was Miss Lucia, the sister of Aristus, a young lady of great good-nature, and who believing her truly innocent, used her utmost endeavours to put all chimeras to her prejudice out of her brother's head.

The discourses which continually filled my ears about this family, and the different opinions the world had of the manner of their living together, made me resolve to have recourse to my Invisibility, in order to discover which was in the right. Accordingly, I went one day, equipped as usual, with my Belt and Tablet, to make a visit at their house. Aristus was abroad; but I found Cleora, sitting in a very pensive posture, in her dressing-room. I had not been there above two minutes, before her footman came in, and presented her with a letter, which he told her was left for her by a porter, who said it required no answer, and was gone.

I must confess that, on hearing this, I was guilty of great injustice to Cleora, and began to be apprehensive that her husband's suspicions were founded on too solid reasons; but I was soon ashamed of my rash judgment, when, slipping behind her chair, and looking over her shoulder as she read, I perceived the letter was from Miss Lucia, and contained these lines—

‘DEAR SISTER,  
‘WORDS cannot express how  
‘greatly I am troubled, on  
‘finding myself obliged to send this,  
‘instead of waiting on you in person.  
‘Be assured I love and value your conversation as I ought; and shall no less suffer in being deprived of it,  
‘Heaven knows for how long a time,  
‘than you will do in the knowledge of the cause. Some idle stories, of which,  
‘I dare believe, my brother’s unhappy caprice has been the sole occasion, have reached the ears of my mamma, and made her think it improper for me to be seen with you, while the world continues to judge of you in the manner it does at present.  
‘She heard of your message to me, and strictly forbade me to obey the summons. You know too well, my dear Cleora, what duty is owing from a child to a parent, and also how much my father’s will has left me in her power, to resent the painful proof I now give of my obedience to her. I wish, for my own sake, as well as yours, that she, my brother, and every one that knows us, were as well convinced as myself of your perfect innocence; but, till that happy time arrives, must content myself with the memory of the many happy hours we have passed together, and the hopes of many more yet to come, when once the horrid cloud which now separates us is removed. Farewel! That Heaven may send you comfort under your present affliction, and speedily relieve you from it, shall be the constant prayers of her who is, with the greatest sincerity, your most affectionate sister,  
‘LUCIA.’

Scarce had she gone through half this epistle, before her countenance betrayed the effect it produced. Disdain, rage, grief, seemed now to have united all their force to raise a tempest in her mind; which immediately broke forth in these and the like exclamations—  
‘Deprived of my poor Lucia, too, and on so shocking a pretence! Good Heaven! for what unknown crime of mine, or of my ancestors, am I linked into such a family! Mother and son alike unjust, ungrateful, base, tyrannick! Have I renounced all the gay amusements of life, submitted my temper to the  
‘the



'the will of an imperious husband, and made it my whole study to oblige him, to meet at last with this ungenerous, this barbarous return! My virtue suspected, my reputation traduced, and my conversation shunned as a disgrace! Oh, 'tis too much—too much for human patience to sustain!'

Many other expressions of the same nature did her passion vent; till, at last, recollecting the request Lucia had made in the postscript of her letter, she snatched it hastily from off her toilet, and thrust it into the fire; saying, at the same time, 'Poor Lucia, however, must not suffer for her friendship to me.'

Aristus being returned home, was that instant coming up stairs; which being opposite to the room where Cleora was, and the door open, he had an opportunity of seeing this last action, though not of hearing the words which accompanied it. He flew like lightning to the chimney, in order to save the paper, not doubting but it contained something that might add fresh fuel to his jealousy; but, nimble as he was, the flames were yet more quick, and left not the least part of what he so much wanted unconsumed. This disappointment, joined with what he had seen Cleora do, so much inflamed him, that looking on her with eyes sparkling with indignation, he saluted her with this reproach—

*Aristus.* I perceive, Madam, you will be still too cunning for me. Had I come a moment sooner, I might, perhaps, have discovered enough in that paper, to have silenced all your future boastings of virtue and fidelity.

*Cleora.* Oh, Sir, you need be under no apprehensions on that score. The continuance of your base suspicions deserve not that I should be at any pains to undeceive you.

*Aristus.* No, 'twould be in vain: too well I know you. Nor can you, dare you, now attempt to justify yourself, after the glaring proof I have received of your infidelity.

*Cleora.* What proof?

*Aristus.* That paper, perfidious woman!—that paper, whose ashes, could they speak, would rise up in judgment against you.

*Cleora.* This is madness, or some new pretext to use me ill. Pray, what can the most injurious of your imagina-

tions suggest on the burning of a bit of paper?

*Aristus.* Did I not observe your countenance while throwing the lawd scrawl into the fire? Did not your gloating eyes pursue it as you would the fellow from whom it came? Were not all the marks of guilt and confusion on your cheeks on my approach? But this is not all: I was told below that you had just received a letter by a porter. Answer to that, thou hypocrite! Does it become a married woman, of your rank and circumstances, to receive letters, brought by such messengers?

*Cleora.* A married woman! say rather a married wretch! for such are all who have husbands like Aristus.

*Aristus.* Still you evade the question; but, if you would not deserve to be the wretch you call yourself, be once sincere, and tell me from which of your pretended admirers that letter came.

*Cleora.* From none.

*Aristus.* Perhaps, then, some female agents, some sly promoters of your amorous intrigues. But no equivocations: explain the whole, or, by Heaven, my sword—

*Cleora.* Do! kill me! it is the only act of kindness you can shew, and all I now wish to receive from you.

*Aristus.* So daring in your crimes, abandoned creature! But get out of my sight this moment, lest I be indeed provoked to do a deed I might hereafter repent of.

*Cleora.* Monster!—But to quit your presence is a command I shall always be ready to obey.

It was with an unspeakable haughtiness that Cleora uttered these words as she flung out of the room. I am apt to believe, by the amazement Aristus now appeared in, that this was the first time she had ever testified any great marks of resentment for his ill treatment of her. He stood for some moments in a profound reverie; and, when he came out of it, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, saying—'Good God! nothing but the most perfect innocence, or the most consummate guilt, could inspire a woman with so much boldness. I know not what to think.' Then folding his arms, again seemed lost in meditation; which having indulged a while, the subject of it burst out in these words—'If she were innocent, wherefore



‘fore should she conceal from me the contents of that cursed letter? No, ’tis too plain she is guilty. In vain would my fond heart, that still doats on her, find excuses for her behaviour. Yet it would be some ease to be convinced: but it is impossible; she has too much art. How true, O Dryden, are thy words—

“False women to new joys unseen can  
“move;  
“There are no prints left in the paths of  
“love.  
“All other goods by publick marks are  
“known;  
“But this, we most desire to keep, has  
“none.”

After this, he walked several times backwards and forwards in the room, then ran hastily down stairs, as I imagined, in search of Cleora; but finding he did not, and went out of the house, I also left it too, having an engagement of my own that evening.

## CHAP. II.

IN WHICH THE READER IS REQUESTED TO EXPECT NO MORE THAN A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME NARRATIVE BEGUN IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

THE distress in which I left Cleora, and the knowledge I now had of her innocence very much afflicted me; and I must either have changed my nature, or have lost that happy gift of Invisibility which enabled me to discover almost every thing, not to have flown the next morning to the house of Aristus, in order to inform myself what effects the conversation of the preceding night had produced. I truly pitied the unhappy pair: for though Aristus was unjust and cruel in his suspicions, yet I plainly saw he suffered no less in his own mind than what he inflicted on his much-injured wife; especially when I reflected that he was not guilty through a want of affection for her, but a too violent excess of it; as is observed by one of our best English poets—

‘The greater care the higher passion shews,  
‘We hold that dearest we most fear to  
‘lose.’

Indeed I soon found, how much more than I could even have imagined this offending husband deserved my commiseration. He was abroad, and Cleora not yet risen from her bed, when I made my visit; which, as near as I can remember, was somewhat past eleven o’clock. Resolved, however, not to lose my labour entirely, I had recourse for intelligence to the tattleers of the kitchen; whom, according to my wish, I found busy in discourse on the very point I wanted. Some took the part of their master, some of their lady: and, upon the whole, I found, that a second quarrel having ensued after Aristus came home, Cleora had refused either to sup or sleep with him, but lay in a bed she had ordered to be prepared for her in another room; on which he went not to his own, but had continued the whole night walking about the house, and behaved like a man totally deprived of reason; and that, when morning came, he went out.

On a sudden, hearing the footman say that his master knocked at the street-door, I followed as fast as I could; being more curious to see how Aristus would behave, than to hear what would be the issue of the contest between the servants. Accordingly I got close in the corner of an arch while he passed by, and could see nothing in his countenance of that ferocity the servants had been describing; on the contrary, a perfect composure seemed to me to sit upon all his features, and left not the least traces of dissatisfaction. I attended him to the chamber which Cleora had made choice of for her repose; if it were possible for her to take any, the preceding night. He knocked gently at the door; but finding it not readily opened, retired, and went into the dining-room; where he called a servant, and bid him seek his wife’s waiting-maid, and order her to come immediately to him. The young woman presently appeared; though, I easily discerned, not without some tremor of the nerves; expecting, perhaps, to participate in the effects of her master’s displeasure: her countenance, however, grew more assured, when he spoke in the most courteous accents, saying—

*Aristus.* Is your lady awake yet, Mrs. Betty?

*Waiting-maid.* Yes, Sir.

*Aristus.* Then let her know I am ready

ready for breakfast; and ask if she will have the tea served where she is, or in her own dressing-room, as usual.

She said no more; and, after making a low curtsey, went out of the room, very much surprized at this sudden turn; as indeed was I, after what I had seen and heard; nor was able to determine, as yet, whether the extraordinary complaisance he shewed was real or affected. I was soon convinced, however, when the maid returned with this answer to his message—

*Waiting-maid.* Sir, my lady desires to be excused. She has got a violent head-ache, and begs not to be disturbed.

*Aristus.* Tell her I bring her news that will make her well. No—hold—I will go myself.

With these last words he flew to the chamber; and, pushing open the door, which was now unlocked, found his wife sitting in a very melancholy and dejected posture. She started up at sight of him; and, without giving him leave to speak, accosted him in these terms—

*Cleora.* 'Tis hard that no part of a house, of which I am flattered with the name of mistress, can protect me from the insults of a man who certainly married me with no other view than to make me miserable.

*Aristus.* Oh, say not so! I will soon convince you to the contrary; nor shall you ever more have cause to fly the presence of Aristus. I own I have been to blame; have said and done a thousand things that I am ashamed to think of. But why, my dear Cleora, did you raise my passion to that guilty height? Why conceal from me the author and contents of the letter which gave me so much pain?

*Cleora.* It would be easy for me to justify my refusal.

*Aristus.* I know it would, my angel; full well I know it would: but I am now let into the secret, without your being guilty of a breach of friendship to oblige me.

*Cleora.* What is it you mean, Aristus?

*Aristus.* I have been this morning at my mother's; where, speaking of our unhappy quarrel, and the motive of it, my sister immediately changed countenance; and, after vindicating your conduct with the utmost vehemence, and as

severely condemning mine, confessed that it was herself that had sent that letter to you by a porter, and had desired you to burn it as soon as read.

*Cleora.* Dear Lucia! Oh that the brother had the sister's temper!

*Aristus.* Brother and sister are equally devoted to you. If Lucia were Aristus, she would do as Aristus does; and if Aristus were Lucia, he would act like Lucia. The difference of sexes makes all the difference in our sentiments or behaviour. Her's is a tender friendship, mine a raging love; which, while happy in your possession, trembles at even the most distant possibility of ever being less so.

*Cleora.* Can it be love that suspects my virtue?

*Aristus.* By Heaven! my cooler moments have never set you down as capable of wronging me, or of dishonouring yourself; but when passion rages in the soul, reason has little government over our thoughts or words. I know I have been much to blame; but, O Cleora! forgive a fault occasioned only by an excess of fondnets. So dear I prize you, that I envy the very air that breathes upon your lips; and wish to grow for ever there, and keep out all intruders.

*Cleora.* But do you consider how wretched this causeless jealousy has made me?

*Aristus.* Yes, and could tear out my heart for having ever harboured the least unjust suspicion of you; yet have I suffered torments much greater than was in my power to inflict. Could you be sensible of the agonies I felt during this last whole cruel night, you must, you would forgive and pity me.

*Cleora.* Mine have not been less; yet could I forget all, had my reputation been untouched by your ill-usage: You now know the purport of your sister's letter; and can you think it possible for me to support, with patience, the being looked upon by your kindred as a disgrace to the family I am come among?

*Aristus.* Think not so, my dear Cleora. My sister was always assured of your innocence, and a strenuous vindicator of every thing you did. My mother never thought worse than that some little inadvertencies in your conduct had wrought me up to the follies I have been guilty of, which she has just now se-

verely

verely chid me for. They will both wait on you this afternoon, and give you all the proofs in their power of the sincere respect and tenderness they have for you.

*Cleora.* Well, Ariftus, if I could be certain that this was the laft trial you would make of my good-nature, I might, perhaps, endeavour to think no more on what is paft.

*Ariftus.* If ever I fall back into my former errors, difpife me, hate me, think me the worft of men. No, be affured I am too much afhamed of what I have been, ever to be the like again; and, as a proof of the perfect confidence I now have in you, henceforward keep what company you please. I fhall prefcribe no rules for your conduct; I fhall leave all to yourfelf, and be fatisfied that all you do is right.

*Cleora.* I fhall take the lefs liberty for your granting me fo much. But, if you fhould relapfe, remember what a certain celebrated author of our fex fays on this occafion—

‘ We women to ourfelves this juftice owe,  
‘ That thofe who think us falfe, fhould  
‘ find us fo.’

She fpoke this with fo enchanting a fmile, that Ariftus, though not yet quite fure that what he did would be agreeable, could not forbear catching her in his arms, and holding her for fome time locked in the moft ftrict embrace; then letting her loofe, and looking on her with the extremeft tenderness, cried—

*Ariftus.* Do you then forgive me?

*Cleora.* I do.

With thefe words, fhe threw her fnowy arms about his neck, and put her face clofe to his, returning all the endearments he had juft before given her; after which, that is, as foon as the tranfport he was in would give him leave to fpeak, he faid—

*Ariftus.* My for ever adored Cleora, depend upon it, that the whole ftudy of my life fhall be to requite this goodnefs.

*Cleora.* Treat me but as my actions deferve; I afk no more. But come, let us go to breakfaft.

With this they went arm in arm into the next room, where Mrs. Betty and the tea-equipage waited their approach. I now left this once more happy pair to enjoy the fweets of their reconciliation; and, as I doubted not but the contrition

of Ariftus would be a lafting, as by many indications I had reafon to think it was fincere, expected not that any future events, worthy the attention of an Inviſible Spy, would happen to call me to their houfe again. But, unhappily for the perfons concerned in it, a very few days after convinced me how little I was endowed with the ſpirit of prophecy; and alfo, that when once the fatal fire of jealousy has got poſſeſſion of the mind, though it may lie dormant for a while, yet the leaſt waſting of a feather, or even a ſhadow, is fufficient to give it motion, and kindle the ſmothered embers into a blaze.

I was loitering one morning in the Park. The air was ferene, and not cold, the time of the year confidered; for it was then November. Few people being there, I had an opportunity of indulging contemplation with the wonders of nature; which, even in the moſt barren ſeaſon, affords matter to attract our admiration; and was almoſt loſt in thought, when I was ſuddenly roused from it by the appearance of Cleora; who, in a rich, genteel diſhabille, came tripping down the walk; and, after looking two or three times round her, feated herſelf on a bench juſt oppoſite to St. James’s Houſe. My ſurprize to find a lady of her rank alone in that place ſtopped my farther progreſs, and engaged me to draw near her, in order to obſerve whether chance, or any particular motive, had brought her hither. In leſs time than the taking a pinch of ſnuff would laſt, Ariftus came as from the palace: he ſaw his wife at a diſtance; croſſed over, and came to her, ſaying—

*Ariftus.* What, are you here, my dear, and alone?

*Cleora.* You ſee I am; but I did not expect to be picked up by a gentleman this morning. We are well met, however; and, if you have no buſineſs that requires haſte, ſhould be glad you would give me your company while I ſtay, which will not be long.

*Ariftus.* With all my heart. I was only going to the coffee-houſe. And, in return for my complaiſance, you ſhall tell me by what accident I find you here thus unguarded.

*Cleora.* Can one be unguarded where there are ſo many ſoldiers? But, you muſt know, I have been among the ſhops at Charing Croſs, and made a great many purchaſes. I chuſe to walk  
over



the Park. I had William with me; but, as I knew the centry would not suffer him to pass through with the things, I sent him home the other way. When I came hither, I found the air so extremely pleasant, that I was tempted to sit down and enjoy a little of it; especially as I found nobody here that I thought would take notice of me. And now you have the whole history of my morning's transactions.

*Aristus.* A very concise one. But suppose, my dear, you had met with any of the Bucks, the Bloods, or the Buffs, how would you have escaped their attacks?

*Cleora.* Why, I would have set my arms a-kimbo, and looked as fierce as they. Those sort of squires are never bold but to the fearful.

Finding, by their talking together in this gay manner, that they continued in perfect good-humour with each other, I thought I had no business to be an eves-dropper any longer, and was going to quit the place where I had stood; when, just as I had taken it into my head to do so, two gentlemen came down the walk; one of whom, in passing by the bench, stopped short, looked earnestly at Cleora, started, made a low bow, and then went on. She returned the salute, but with a confusion impossible to be expressed. She blushed; she trembled through every joint; her fan fell out of her hand; and she was ready to sink herself upon the seat. A less observing husband than Aristus must have taken notice of this sudden change; but the alarm it gave his jealous heart, was such as compelled him to be speechless for some moments. Cleora in vain endeavoured to recompose herself; all the efforts she made to suppress or to conceal her agitations, rendered them but the more violent, and consequently the more visible. Aristus, at last, broke silence with these words—

*Aristus.* You seem disordered, Madam. The sight of these gentlemen has had a strange effect upon you.

*Cleora.* I was a little surprized at the sight of one of them. But that is not all: I am not well.

*Aristus.* I see you are not, either in mind or body. My coming was unlucky. Had I been absent, you would doubtless have retained your former gaiety. But this is no place to expatiate on the cause of your disorder: I

will get one of the soldiers to call a chair; 'tis fit you should go home.

He waited not to hear what answer she would make, but rose hastily up, and spoke to one who was not upon duty. The fellow ran to do as he was desired, and presently returned with a chair. While he was gone, Cleora had recovered herself enough to say to Aristus—  
'I perceive you are beginning to entertain sentiments to my disadvantage; but have patience till we get home, and I shall easily make this matter clear.' As he was putting her into the chair, she added—'You will follow presently.' To which he replied—'I shall not be long after you; though I believe your own meditations, at this time, will be more agreeable to you than the company of a husband.'

I perceived very plainly, by the countenance of Aristus, that a storm was gathering in his breast, which I doubted not would break forth in thunder. I could not help also being of opinion, that there were some appearances, on the part of Cleora, not much to her advantage. I thought, however, that the best way to form a true judgment of the accidents of that morning, were to see them when they were together; so forbore following either of them, and restrained my impatience till near the hour in which they usually dined, as being the most likely time to find Aristus at home. On my coming to their house, I found the door open, and a footman, in a laced livery, sitting on a bench in the hall, as waiting for an answer to some message he brought. I went directly up to the dining-room: no person being there, I passed on to Cleora's apartment, and found her writing at her bureau. A letter lay open before her, containing these lines—

' TO CLEORA.

' MADAM,

' I Heard not of your marriage till some weeks after it was consummated; and when I did, the hurry of my affairs, being then just going to Paris, prevented my congratulating you upon it. I returned to England but three days since; and the first enquiry I made, was concerning your health and place of abode: but the answers I received to these interrogatories were

K

' mingled



'mingled with some other informations, which make me not quite sure that a visit from me might not give offence to that happy gentleman who is now your husband. I would not therefore take the liberty of waiting on you till I had first received your permission. It is a blessing I ardently long for; but, whether proper for you to grant or not, beg you will believe that I am, with an esteem too justly grounded for change of circumstances to alter, Madam, your most faithfully devoted, and most humble servant,

'LEANDER.'

The answer given by Cleora to the above billet was as follows—

'SIR,  
'THAT I still retain a place in your remembrance, demands my grateful acknowledgments; and am sorry to tell you, that it is at this distance only I can pay my thanks. It is easy for me to guess of what nature the informations you mention have been, and think myself obliged so far to confirm the truth of them, as to let you know the favour you intended me is wholly improper for me to receive; and to desire you will attempt no future correspondence of any kind with her who is no longer mistress of her actions, but who must always preserve in her heart the best wishes for your welfare.

'CLEORA.'

Having sealed this, she called her maid Betty, and bid her deliver it to the man who waited for it; then took up Leander's letter, and read it two or three times over to herself, with very disturbed emotions; after which, she rose hastily from the posture she had been in, whether with a design to burn, or lay it carefully up, I cannot pretend to say, for her husband that instant flew into the room, and snatched it out of her hand. She shrieked; and, in my opinion, very imprudently endeavoured to wrest it from him. His stature, as well as strength, being much superior to hers, he held it at arm's length, and read the contents, in spite of all her weak efforts to hinder it; which done, he clapped it into his pocket, stamped, bit his lips, measured the room with wild unequal paces, still as he

turned darting revengeful glances at the trembling Cleora. These, and other such like frantick gestures, introduced the following dialogue between them—

*Cleora.* What is there in that letter can have moved you thus?

*Aristus.* Was it not sent by him whose sight this morning threw you into such disorder?

*Cleora.* I was a little surprized at the sudden appearance of a person I had not seen for a long time; but know not that the disorder I was in proceeded from that cause.

*Aristus.* He knew it did, and I suppose sent you this by way of consolation.

*Cleora.* You put an odd interpretation on his words, as well as on my looks. Is this, Aristus, the effect of all those promises you so lately made?

*Aristus.* When I made those promises, I was so weak as to believe there was a possibility of your being faithful: but am now convinced of what you are; know that you are the most vile of women, and I the most accursed of men!

*Cleora.* You make yourself indeed the one, by your unjust suspicions; but no action of mine shall ever prove I am the other.

*Aristus.* Death and furies! Did I not meet the villain's servant with a letter from you in his hand!

*Cleora.* Suppose you did. I wrote to forbid his coming hither.

*Aristus.* Yes, and no doubt to appoint a place more convenient.

*Cleora.* 'Tis false; nor would the man whom your suspicions wrong me with, harbour a thought to the prejudice either of my virtue or my reputation. No, if you had half his honour, or his love, I should not be the wretch I am.

*Aristus.* Then you confess he loves you?

*Cleora.* He loved me once; and though Heaven thought fit to break off our intended union, I believe still preserves an esteem for me.

*Aristus.* As you for him. Hell and vengeance! Dare you avow this to my face! Have I then only the leavings, the refuse, of a beloved rival! Audacious strumpet!

In speaking this, he struck her so violent a blow over the face, that the blood gushed from her nose and mouth; on which she cried out—'Villain! there  
'wanted

‘ wanted but this to prove the baseness  
 ‘ of thy abject soul! But think not the  
 ‘ name of wife shall make me tamely  
 ‘ bear such usage; no, if the laws of  
 ‘ England should refuse me justice, I  
 ‘ will fly to the remotest corner of the  
 ‘ earth, and seek refuge among the less  
 ‘ barbarous Hottentots, rather than live  
 ‘ beneath the roof with such a mon-  
 ‘ ster!’

How Aristus would have behaved on this is uncertain; a servant that moment entered the room, and told him that a gentleman, who it seems he had sent for that morning upon business, was now come to wait upon him. Whatever was in the mind of this distracted husband, he had no farther opportunity of showing it at present; and only giving a furious look at Cleora, and muttering some inarticulate curses between his teeth as he went out, left her to ruminate on what was past. She no sooner found herself alone, than she rung the bell for her maid, who appeared quite frightened on seeing her lady in such a condition. The girl’s exclamations made her turn to the looking-glass; and the injury that had been done her, it is probable, gave strength to her resentment, and she resolved to put in immediate execution what she had threatened Aristus with doing.

Betty had lived with her before her marriage, and was no stranger to the love that had been between her and Leander. The enraged fair-one, therefore, scrupled not to make her the confidant of the motive of this last quarrel with her husband, and the intention she had of quitting him for ever; then, after considering a little in what manner she should manage this affair, gave the following orders—‘ I would have you take a  
 ‘ hackney-coach for expedition sake,  
 ‘ and go to Mrs. Clip’s the firewoman:  
 ‘ I know she lets lodgings. If she has  
 ‘ any apartment ready, hire it directly;  
 ‘ but if her house happens to be full, do  
 ‘ not return without procuring one for  
 ‘ me in some other; for I am determined  
 ‘ to go this very day, and shall think  
 ‘ every moment an age till I am out of  
 ‘ this detested place.’

While the maid was gone, Cleora set about packing up her cloaths and jewels; which she did with such adroitness and dispatch, that in less than an hour every thing belonging to her was ready to be sent away. In a little

more than that time Betty returned, and told her that Mrs. Clip’s first floor being let, she had agreed for the parlours, which she said were very handsome, and she believed her ladyship would approve of, at least till a better apartment could be provided. Cleora was satisfied; another coach was called to carry her, and the maid followed in the other with the luggage. Aristus was all this time abroad: he went out with the gentleman who had called on him, and his absence very much facilitated the execution of his wife’s design; for, had he been at home, ’tis certain that either his love or anger, or perhaps a mixture of both, would have attempted to detain her. But what effects the steps she had taken produced, both on the one and the other, must be left to the succeeding chapter.

### CHAP. III.

IN WHICH THE CONSEQUENCES OF  
 CLEORA’S ELOPEMENT ARE FULLY  
 SHEWN, AND AN END PUT TO  
 THAT SUSPENSE WHICH THE  
 FORMER PAGES MAY HAVE EXCITED  
 IN THE MIND OF EVERY  
 INTERESTED AND CURIOUS  
 READER.

I Staid some hours at the house of Aristus, expecting to be witness of something extraordinary in his behaviour, when he should be told of the departure of his wife; but he returning not in all that time, I grew weary of the tedious attendance, and quitted my post in order to go home; for as to Cleora, I had no thoughts of visiting her in her new apartment till next morning. It not being late, however, I took it into my head to call at a great coffee-house in my way, and lucky was it for the gratification of my curiosity that I did so. I found Aristus there; he was sitting at a table, in one corner of the room, some distance from the other company, with paper and a standish before him. I advanced with all the speed I could towards him, and saw him write the following billet to Leander—

‘ SIR.  
 ‘ YOU are a villain, and have en-  
 ‘ deavoured to wrong me in a  
 ‘ point too tender to be forgiven. I  
 K 2 ‘ need

‘ need only tell you that I am the husband of Cleora, to inform you both of what I mean, and what sort of satisfaction my honour demands from you, which I expect you will give me to-morrow morning at seven, in the Artillery Ground, Tothill Fields. The bearer has orders to wait your answer to.

‘ ARISTUS.’

This he sent by a porter to the Braund’s Head in Bond Street; at which house, as I afterwards discovered, he had, with a good deal of pains, got intelligence that Leander constantly supped every night. I waited behind Aristus, with an impatience, perhaps, not inferior to his own, to see what reply Leander would make to the above, till the porter returned from him with these lines—

‘ SIR,

‘ **T**HOUGH your telling me that you are the husband of Cleora, cannot make me in the least sensible how I deserve the name of villain, yet I can easily guess at the satisfaction you require, and shall not fail to meet you at the hour and place appointed, in hopes of being better informed for what imaginary cause you treat in this manner a person who neither knows, or ever had any design to injure you.

‘ LEANDER.’

Aristus, after having read this, staid no longer than to drink one dish of coffee. As I perceived he turned that way which led to his own house, I could not forbear accompanying him thither; and I believe, by what I have to relate, the reader will think I had no reason to repent the pains I took. He was no sooner entered, than he asked hastily for his wife, doubtless with an intention to renew his reproaches, and give a vent to some part of the fury he was possessed of: but never certainly did astonishment work a more strange effect. On being told she was gone, and the manner in which she went, the sudden shock at once deprived him both of speech and motion; his face grew pale as ashes; his eyes were fixed in a stupid stare; and had he been buried for three days, scarce could he have appeared more the ghost of what he was the moment be-

fore. His deadened faculties by degrees reviving, the first use he made of them was to call up all the servants; asking first one, and then another, why she was suffered to depart, why they did not stop her. To which they answered, that having no order from him, they durst not presume so far; and besides, they knew nothing of her going till they saw the coaches at the door, and the portmanteaus carried out.

He next demanded to what place she had directed herself to be carried: but both Cleora and her maid having taken the precaution to give no order to the coachman till they were got some distance from the house, no one of them was able to give him any information; on which he sent them out of the room, not without some curses on their indolence in not following the coaches: then, thinking himself alone, began to give a loose to the dictates of his despair and rage in these expressions—‘ Then she is lost, for ever lost to me! for if she should return, my honour, after this, would not permit me to receive her. Why did I ever marry! What demon tempted me to become the husband of a woman whom I knew all mankind must love as well as I! Curse on my fond passion! curse on her fatal charms! Oh the deceiver! the vile hypocrite! There is no longer any room for doubt; her flight has proved her guilt. Revenge is now my sole relief: she for the present has escaped my reach, but I will stab her image in Leander’s heart. Oh that it were morning!’

While uttering the latter part of this exclamation, he flew about the room as if totally bereft of reason; till his spirits, at length exhausted by the violence of his rage, sunk into the contrary extreme, that of dejection: he folded his arms, sighed, and, with tears bursting from his eyes, cried out—‘ Oh Cleora, Cleora! lovely, perfidious wanton, to what hast thou reduced me!’ He then threw himself down on a settee, with groans like those which issue from the breasts of men dying in their full vigour; whence, after having lain some time, he started up, saying—‘ I will think no more! To hear of my distractions would but soothe her pride.’

He seemed now a little more composed, and called for something to eat; but, on it’s being brought, could not put one



one morsel into his mouth; so rose from table, and went up to his own chamber; where I did not think fit to pursue him, as having already seen enough to make me know the present disposition of his mind. It was my full intention, however, to go in the morning to the Artillery Ground, to be spectator of the combat between him and Leander; but was disappointed, by sleeping beyond the time they were to meet. This a little vexed me; but I consoled myself with the thoughts of being able to hear the event, by calling some part of the day at the house of Aristus, for I knew not where Leander lived. But my concern for Cleora carrying me first to her lodgings, there I got all the intelligence I wanted. I found that lady, as I believe, just risen from her bed, for she was in a loose entire deshabille. She seemed very pensive, and had the marks of her jealous husband's resentment still flagrant on her lovely face. Betty was not with her when I came in, but entered immediately after, and surprized her with these words—

*Betty.* Oh, Madam, I have the strangest thing to tell you!—Who does your ladyship think I have seen?

*Cleora.* Nay, I know not. Who, pray?

*Betty.* The very footman that brought your ladyship the letter yesterday, and put my master into such a rage. I was never so confounded in my whole life.

*Cleora.* Confounded, for what?—Where did you see him?

*Betty.* In the kitchen, Madam. When I went down, just now, to put on the tea-kettle for breakfast, who should I see there but him talking to Mrs. Clip! His master lodges here in the apartment above.

*Cleora.* Good Heaven! Was there ever so unfortunate an accident! To come to lodge in the same house with the man whom at present it most behoves me to avoid! Do you think he knows you?

*Betty.* O yes, Madam. Your ladyship may remember it was I that took the letter from him, and carried down your answer. I warrant he knows me again; but if he did not, I find Mrs. Clip has been babbling to him about your ladyship, for I heard her mention your name as I was upon the stairs.

*Cleora.* Sure I was infatuated not to forbid that woman telling anybody I was here. But I must remove immediately: it would be my utter ruin if my husband, or any of his friends, should hear I had lain in this house but only one night.

*Betty.* Very true, indeed, Madam; and as soon as your ladyship has had your breakfast, I will go out and get another lodging.

*Cleora.* Don't talk of breakfasting, I will have you go this instant; I am distracted to think where I am.

*Betty.* Dear Madam, I beg you will not put yourself into such a hurry of spirits. It seems Leander is gone abroad; and these gay gentlemen, when once they go out, seldom return all day. I will engage your ladyship shall be removed before he knows any thing of your being here.

*Cleora.* You talk like a fool. As he went out so early, he is the more likely to come home to dress; therefore get away. I would not have him see me here for all the world.

*Betty,* finding her lady so resolute, made no farther delays, but went into the next room, and huddled on her capuchin and gloves; which done, she returned, and asked what part of the town would be most agreeable to her; to which Cleora replied, that all situations were alike to her, but should chuse some one or other of the streets that turned out of the Strand, as she must be private for a while, and had fewest acquaintance that way; and then bid her send Mrs. Clip to her. The maid went out, and Mrs. Clip entered the room presently after. Cleora told her the circumstances of her affairs laid her under a necessity of removing from her house, and intreated she would not make mention of her having been there to any one who might enquire for her. The other expressed a good deal of concern for losing so good a lodger, and assured her of observing secrecy in the point she desired.

While they were talking, a loud knocking at the door made Mrs. Clip run to the parlour window; and seeing who it was, cried out—'Bless me, 'tis 'Leander! His cloaths are all bloody, 'and his arm in a scarf! He has been 'fighting, that's certain! I thought 'there was some such thing in hand, by 'his going out so early this morning.  
'I beg



‘ I beg your ladyship’s pardon; I must run and see if he wants any thing I can do for him.’

Cleora was too much confounded at the name of Leander, and the condition she heard he was in, to offer to detain her; and, after she was gone, fell into a profound reverie, which held her for half an hour; and perhaps might have done so longer, if she had not been roused from it by a gentle knock at the parlour-door: but how greatly was she surprized when, on her calling to the person to come in, she saw Leander enter! she started, trembled, and, with a faltering voice, spoke thus to him—

*Cleora.* Oh, Sir, a visit from you is wholly improper at this time!

*Leander.* I hope not so, Madam; since I would not have so far intruded, but to acquaint you with something which it may be convenient for you to know. I have seen your husband this morning.

*Cleora.* Oh my foreboding heart! I dread to ask the consequence of such a meeting!

*Leander.* You need not, Madam. Aristus is unhurt, and I bear only one slight token of his intent to take my life.

*Cleora.* Then you have fought?

*Leander.* It was with the utmost regret I drew my sword against the husband of Cleora. But be pleased, Madam, to peruse this billet; and you will see the necessity that compelled me to it.

With these words he presented to her the challenge he had received the night before from Aristus; which, as soon as she had looked over, she returned to him again, saying—

*Cleora.* Unjust Aristus! But I thank Heaven nothing worse has ensued.

*Leander.* Heaven, Madam, has indeed alone the praise; since it was not to any superior skill of mine, or to any generosity in my antagonist, that I am indebted for my preservation, but to a kind of miracle.

*Cleora.* As how? Pray, Sir, inform me.

*Leander.* I know not, Madam, whether I can make you sensible how the thing happened, as your sex are ignorant of the terms made use of in the description of such rencounters; but I will do my best. When first we met, I would have endeavoured to reason him

out of a mistake so injurious to you and his own peace of mind, as well as to myself; but he refused to listen to any arguments I had prepared, and flew upon me with the rage of an incensed lion. By the manner of his fighting, I easily perceived he came with a resolution either to kill or be killed; so, as I was desirous of avoiding both the one and the other, I only stood upon my defence, and parried the pushes he made; though, in aiming at my breast, he several times exposed his own. The moderation I observed but enraging him the more, he attempted to close with me; and in that action I received a wound in my right-arm, a little above the bend, which hindered me from making any use of that wrist, I shifted my sword into the other hand; saying to him, at the same time—‘ You see, Sir, I am disabled; we must leave the decision of this affair till some other time.’—‘ No,’ cried he, ‘ I am not so weak as to lose the advantage I have gained.’ On this I retreated some paces; and then redoubling his attacks, the awkward opposition I could now make would not have protected me one moment longer, if, in the very crisis of my fate, when the point of his weapon was just ready to transfix me to the earth, we had not fortunately been separated. Some people, whose windows had a prospect of the Artillery Ground, saw the first of our engagement; and making all the haste they could to prevent the threatened mischief, arrived in the instant I have mentioned, beat down the sword of Aristus, and placed themselves before me as a shield.

*Cleora.* Pray, Sir, what then did Aristus do?

*Leander.* Walked sullenly away, pursued by the reproaches of my deliverers till he was out of hearing; and it was with much ado that I prevailed with them to offer him no farther insults. But, Madam, while I am giving you the history of my ill-treatment, I fear it is in your power to present me with a more shocking detail of the cause that brought you hither.

*Cleora.* It is such a one, indeed, as, if the world be not as unjust as Aristus, will easily absolve me for the resolution I have taken of never living with him more. But it would happen very unlucky for my reputation, should it be known I have seen you even this once; I therefore

therefore intreat that, after I go hence, you will not think of making me any future visits.

*Leander.* Though it is hard to suffer for the faults of another, yet, Madam, he assured I shall never desire any thing that may give Aristus a pretence for his ill-treatment. I flatter myself, however, that the remembrance of our former tenderness is not so totally obliterated, but that friendship may subsist between us: you may, at least, permit me to write to you sometimes.

*Cleora.* I know not whether even that would not be too much.

*Leander.* Neither virtue, nor duty to the best of husbands, could set down as a fault the favour I request; and, to prevent all misinterpretations of our innocent correspondence, I shall take such precautions as will keep it a secret from all the world.

*Cleora.* Well, Sir, I cannot refuse this proof of your compassion for me, and think I ought not to deprive myself of any innocent consolation under my present affliction; you may therefore be assured, that I shall receive and answer your letters, with all the satisfaction a woman in my circumstances can or ought to feel.

He was going to make some reply, when Betty returned from her errand. She was a little surprized at seeing him there; and said nothing till her lady, impatient to know the success of what he had been about, spoke thus to her—

*Cleora.* Well, Betty, have you done the business I sent you on?

*Betty.* Yes, Madam. Please to step into the next room, and I will give you an account.

*Cleora.* No, you may tell me here. I dare trust this gentleman's discretion.

The maid then informed her that she had agreed for lodgings at the house of a great taylor, whom she named, in Norfolk Street. On this Cleora desired Leander to retire; saying she must get herself ready, for she was determined to depart immediately. He offered not to oppose her design; but though the love they took of each other now was accompanied with the greatest respect on his side, and reserve on her's, I could easily perceive that this interview had rekindled in both their hearts those flames affection they before had felt.

After he had left the room, Cleora's things not having been unpacked, there needed little preparation for her going. She sent for Mrs. Clip, and made her a handsome present for the trouble she had given her house; but finding her a tattling woman, acquainted her not with that to which she was removing. I saw both the mistress and maid, with all their luggage, depart in the same manner they had come; but did not accompany them to their new habitation, as I could not promise myself with finding any thing there as yet worthy my enquiry. The discourse of the town afterwards informed me, that Cleora had employed a lawyer, and was soliciting either to have her whole fortune returned, or an annual allowance to the amount of the interest of it. Aristus was at first refractory to all proposals of this nature; but all his friends, and his mother in particular, joining their persuasions, he at last was prevailed on to sign articles of a final separation; by which it was agreed, that she should have a pension of three hundred pounds a year during his life; and, in case he died before her, her whole fortune restored.

I frequently called upon Cleora, and found that, during this negociation with her husband, she kept her resolution of not seeing Leander; but that affair was no sooner over, than he visited her every day: the consequence of which may easily be guessed at, and was in a short time proved; for they went to Paris together, and still continue to reside there. This last action of Cleora's has doubtless given the world room to believe she had not been wronged by the suspicions of Aristus; but whoever is of this opinion does her a great deal of injustice. The Invisible Spy is a witness for her, that her inclinations were virtuous, her disposition grateful and sincere; and, had she been treated with that confidence a good wife ought to have been, no temptation would have had the power to have made her otherwise. Let all husbands, therefore, beware how they provoke, by ill-usage and distrust, the fate they would avoid; and observe this maxim of the poet's—

‘He that would keep the fair-one true and  
‘kind,  
‘By love must clasp a padlock on her  
‘mind.’

## CHAP. IV.

PRESENTS A FULL VIEW OF THE MUCH CELEBRATED SABINA, IN AN IMPARTIAL DESCRIPTION OF HER PERSON AND CHARACTER; WITH SOME PARTICULARS IN RELATION TO HER TWO AMOURS, AND THE CONSEQUENCES WHICH ATTENDED AN ASSIGNATION WITH HER FAVOURITE YOUNGLY.

**T**HAT children do not always behave in the same manner with their parents, is not so much owing to their being born with different propensities, as to their education, and the company they may happen to fall into, at an age when nature is most liable to be swayed by example. We often see the most virtuous couples unhappy in a degenerate offspring, but we rarely see good branches sprout from a vicious stock. An evil disposition may be corrected by advice, by persuasion, by example; and a good one perverted by the same means: but when a person is so unfortunate as to be descended from base and wicked parents, is brought up under them, is witness of all their actions, and has companions of the same cast, it is scarce possible that such a one can have a mind enriched with any noble or moral principles.

What other could the once-doting, deceived Germanicus, expect in his marriage with Sabina, than the vexations he has fatally experienced? Can all the beauties of her person now make atonement for the blemishes of her mind? No; he rather curses than admires those charms that drew him in, and wishes himself any thing, so he were not a husband. Yet ask him why he married, he will tell you he married a woman of fortune, quality, and an uncommon share of beauty. All this is true; but a man not blinded by passion, would have examined by what means the two former were obtained; and, above all, what sort of disposition was hid beneath the varnish of an outside loveliness. Was not her family amongst the lowest rank, till one of them raised himself to opulence by actions which ought to have brought him to a gibbet; and, instead of ennobling his

posterity, entailed on them perpetual infamy? Was she not trained up under a mother whose bad conduct has been equally notorious? Was she not, from her most early years, soothed in every vanity, pampered in every luxury, and taught to think that appetites and passions were never given but to be indulged?

Could Germanicus be ignorant of these glaring truths? If he were not, yet rashly ventured on so unpromising a union, who can pity the misfortunes, the disquiets, the disgrace, it has involved him in? The many proofs she gave of too warm an inclination before marriage, as also several of the many amours she had after she became a wife, I shall pass over: the first that made any great noise was that with Miramour, perhaps owing to the manner of its commencement; which he thinking himself under no obligation to conceal, has since made no secret of in all companies whenever her name comes upon the carpet.

This gentleman had a mistress, who, on account of a certain haughtiness in her temper and behaviour, he called Roxana. He supported her in so genteel a manner, that, had her reputation been equal to her appearance, she might have been entitled to the best company. Character, however, was the least thing considered by Sabina in the choice of her acquaintance. She accidentally met with this lady at a milliner's, fell into discourse with her, liked her, invited her to her house, and there soon grew a great intimacy between them. That Roxana was kept by Miramour was no secret to the town, nor did she attempt to make any of it to Sabina; on the contrary, she talked freely to her of their amorous correspondence. But how dangerous is it for one woman to boast too much of the perfections of her lover, to another no less sanguine in her constitution? Sabina, who had often seen Miramour without taking any notice of him, now became so fired with the rapturous description given of him by his mistress, that she instantly became her rival, and languished to experience in reality that happiness which the other had given her so high an idea of. As she never took any thing of this nature into her head without attempting to accomplish it, and had no regard to decorum in the manner



manner of her doing so, she sent a billet to him by a porter, containing these lines—

‘SIR,

‘IF your attachment to the charms of your kept mistress makes you not look on the rest of womankind as insipid creatures, the invitation this brings you will not be unwelcome. A woman of quality, young, and in most men’s eyes handsome, has found something in you that excites in her the desire of a private interview, and to that end will call on you this evening about seven, at White’s; till when must remain, with a great deal of impatience,

‘Your INCOGNITA.’

The messenger who carried this had strict orders not to tell from whom it came: curiosity, however—for it could be called no other passion as yet—made Miramour punctual to the time, nor was Sabina less so. He had not waited many minutes before she came. On his coming into the coach, he found her face entirely hid under her hood; which she told him, laughing, he must not expect to see, till they were in a place more proper for him to give her proof how agreeable it was to him. On this he ordered the coachman to drive to an adjacent tavern; where being shewn into a private room, the lady soon threw off her disguise. He had not enough depended on the character she had given of herself, not to be surprized and transported on finding Sabina in the person of his incognita; and expressed the sense he had of the honour she did, and the happiness he hoped their meeting would bestow on him, in terms so warm and so passionate, as infinitely charmed her. They passed some hours together to their mutual satisfaction; nor parted without an appointment to see each other the next day: but Sabina, not thinking it safe to come often to so publick a place as a tavern, undertook to provide a more proper scene for the continuance of their intrigue.

As indolent as this lady is in most other affairs, it must be confessed that no woman was ever more punctual, or more indefatigable, in every thing relating to love. On consulting with a female acquaintance, who had been often necessary on such occasions, she was

advised by her to hire a private lodging by the quarter, in some obscure nook of the town, to which she might retire whenever she had a mind, as it would be always ready, and neither herself nor the friends she should bring with her be taken any notice of. Sabina highly approving of what she said, the project was put in immediate execution. The woman took upon herself the accomplishment of what she had proposed, and easily found a place every way suitable for the business it was designed. The chamber was neat, spacious, and well furnished; there was a back-door to the house, through which any one might slip out in case of any danger of discovery; and the landlady knew perfectly well the decorum she ought to observe in regard to her guests. The heroine of this adventure was very well pleased with the accommodation procured for her; and having got this recess, which, according to the French, she used to call her *petit maison*, henceforward never met Miramour at any other place.

But there was one thing I forgot to mention in giving the character of this lady, which is the uncertainty of her temper. She is no less inconsistent than she is amorous; and changes her lovers almost as often as she does her cloaths, and never keeps either till they are worn out: a new friend, like a new fashion, is always charming to her; but a very little time serves to make her equally grow weary of both. She loved Miramour till she saw Youngly; but there was something in the person and conversation of this last gentleman, that making reason coincide with passion, it is not to be wondered at that she gave him the preference; and a woman of a less mutable disposition might have been easily absolved for transferring her affections to an object so much more worthy than the late engrosser of her heart.

On her first acquaintance with him, she made advances to him; which he is too much a man of pleasure to resist from any fine woman: he returned those of Sabina in a manner which made her think him as much devoted to her as she could wish; and it was not long before she gave him an invitation to drink tea with her at her private apartment, where she told him they might laugh away an hour without interruption. He took the hint, and flew to the place of rendezvous; where it was not to be

L

doubted



doubted but he found all the welcome he could wish or expect from the obliging fair. They had many interviews; but Youngly having by some accident heard of her intrigue with Miramour, he not only frequently reproached her with it, but also was far from feeling for her that affection in his heart, which otherwise her beauty might have inspired him with.

In the mean time Roxana, who from the commencement of Miramour's acquaintance with Sabina had seen him less often than she had been accustomed, and had also some other reasons to suspect a decrease of affection, began presently to imagine some new face had supplanted her. She complained to him of his unkindness, but he absolutely denied having given her any cause, and made a thousand excuses for his late behaviour: but this did not satisfy her, she was not to be deceived in matters of which she was so good a judge; and convinced that she had a rival, bent her whole thoughts on discovering the person. By an emissary whom she employed to watch Miramour wherever he went, she soon found out the place where he met the object of his new attachment; but as that lady was carried into the house in a chair, with the curtains close drawn, was still as far as ever from knowing the face that had undone her. Upon enquiry among the neighbours, she was informed that the house was noted for giving reception to people who liked each other more than they were willing the world should know; and this put a stratagem into her head, which was crowned with all the success she could wish or hope; not only for exploring what at present was a mystery to her, but also for being amply revenged on her fair rival.

The mistress of Miramour knew the town long before she knew him, and was not unacquainted with the customs of such houses. She went one morning to the governante of this; and, after saying she had been recommended by a person who knew her, told her she should be glad to have a chamber, to which she might sometimes come with a friend whom it was not convenient for her to see at home. The old gentlewoman replied, that her best room was rented by the quarter, by a lady who came often thither; and that the next, which was the only one she had to spare, she feared

would be too small. Roxana cried she did not regard how small it was, provided it was otherwise commodious. On this she was shewed up to it; and finding it was divided from the other only by a thin wainscot partition, presently agreed for it; giving the old woman so good a premium in hand, that she was highly satisfied with her new incumbent.

Having accomplished so far of her design as to get possession of the very next room to that where her lover and his new mistress met, she began to consider, that to go thither alone might raise some suspicions in the woman of the house, and was a little at a loss what man she should take with her, and make pass for a gallant; as, whoever went, he must be made the confidante of the whole affair. At last she pitched upon the fellow she had employed as a spy upon Miramour. His appearance, indeed, was very mean; but that she thought might not be regarded: accordingly she went the next day, accompanied by her pretended gallant. They were there some time before the hour in which he had told her he had seen Miramour go in, in order to prepare things for a more perfect discovery. This was done by the young fellow's boring holes through the wainscot, in so dexterous a manner, that they could see all over the room without being seen themselves, though they stood close to the orifice. No one, however, came that night; and the impatient Roxana was obliged to return home as dissatisfied as ever.

The next day she repaired thither again, attended as before, and met with the same disappointment; but on the third was more successful. She had not been many minutes in the chamber, when a rustling of silks upon the stairs made her know somebody was coming up; on which she ran hastily, without making any noise, to one of the peep-holes. But how great was her astonishment when she saw Sabina enter! Scarce could she refrain exclaiming aloud against the treachery of a woman who, after being made her confidante, had robbed her of the affections of her lover. But soon the current of her passion turned a different way; when, instead of Miramour, she saw Youngly push open the door, and throw himself into Sabina's arms; on which, withdrawing from her post—'You fool,' cried

cried she to her emissary, 'to what a fruitless labour have you exposed me! It is not Miramour that I have all this while paid you for following. How could you be so mope-eyed as to mistake him!'—'Nay, Madam,' replied the fellow, 'I am sure I know Mr. Miramour, and I will swear that it was him I saw come into this house, and presently after a lady in a chair, as I then told you.' Roxana knew not what to think of this, and said no more; but listening attentively to the conversation within, was presently assured by it that her agent had neither deceived her, nor had been deceived himself, as will appear by the following dialogue—

*Sabina.* My dear, dear Youngly, I hope you will now believe that I love you above all the world.

*Youngly.* I know you love me enough to make me happy, and I ought to content myself with the share I have in your affections.

*Sabina.* Do not talk of a share: by Heaven, you engross me all! my soul and all it's faculties are devoted to you.

*Youngly.* And yet the letter Miramour accidentally dropped in the Park, and I took up, flattered him with the same assurances you now give me.

*Sabina.* As I unfortunately played the fool with him before I saw you, it was necessary I should break with him by degrees.

*Youngly.* You had once, however, a real passion for him.

*Sabina.* No, it was all in imagination; I only fancied I loved him. You must know, that silly, vain creature, his kept mistress, was always filling my ears with stories of the violence of his affection for her; and it was more to shew him the difference between such a wretch and a woman of quality, than any extraordinary liking I had to his person, that induced me to grant him the favours I did.

This was enough to let the listening Roxana into the whole affair. It was with much ado she restrained herself from flying into the next room, and returning the contempt thrown upon her by the last words of Sabina; but just as she was at the door, and ready to burst in on the unsuspecting pair, a sudden thought made her turn back. 'All I

'can say to this perfidious woman,' cried she to herself, 'will avail me nothing; the wrongs I have received demand a vengeance more compleat.' She then sat down again; and, calmly meditating on what she had to do, the fertility of her invention soon supplied her with the means of repaying, with interest, the double affront Sabina had given both to herself and Miramour, whom it is certain she loved with more sincerity than is commonly found among women of her profession. She staid till the lovers took their leaves of each other, and heard an appointment made between them to meet again on the ensuing Thursday.

Having fully perfected in her mind the design she soon after put in execution, she called for the woman of the house, and said to her—'Madam, I know not but some gentlemen may pass an hour or two with me here next Thursday. They may possibly come before me: but I desire you will give them admittance; and, to prevent mistakes, as the furniture of the room is yellow, they shall ask for the key of the yellow chamber.' The other replied, that she might depend on her punctuality in observing her commands. After which Roxana went away; but what she meant by the orders she had given must be left to the next chapter to explain.

## CHAP. V.

CONTAINS THE CATASTROPHE OF AN ADVENTURE, WHICH THE AUTHOR THINKS FIT TO DECLARE IS INSERTED IN THESE LUCUBRATIONS LESS TO AMUSE HIS READER, THAN FOR THE SAKE OF SETTING IN A TRUE LIGHT THOSE FACTS WHICH SOME PEOPLE HAVE ARTFULLY ENDEAVOURED TO MISREPRESENT TO THE PUBLICK.

ROXANA being now fully furnished with materials for her revenge on Sabina, without exposing her beloved Miramour to the resentment of an injured husband, wrote to the latter, the next morning, in words to this effect—

## ' TO GERMANICUS.

' SIR,  
' THIS brings you a very ungrateful  
' piece of intelligence: but, in  
' my opinion, whoever sees a person  
' wronged, and conceals it, takes part  
' in the offence; and, though innocent  
' of the commencement of the crime, is  
' accessory to the continuance of it. It  
' would certainly be the utmost injustice,  
' that you should be the last person to  
' know what concerns yourself alone;  
' and I therefore think it my duty to in-  
' form you of what chance has discov-  
' ered to me. Your wife, Sir, is false  
' to your bed, and lavishes on Mr.  
' Youngly all those favours which you  
' have a right to engross. The guilty  
' pair meet twice or thrice every week,  
' at a lodging she rents by the quarter  
' for that purpose. But to say your  
' wife is guilty of so foul a crime, is do-  
' ing nothing, without putting it in  
' your power to prove her so: the thing,  
' Sir, is easy, if you will follow my di-  
' rections. The lovers have appointed  
' to meet to-morrow, about seven, at  
' their usual rendezvous; if you go at  
' that time, or rather before it, to the  
' third house on the left-hand in \*\*\*\*  
' Lane, on your asking for Mrs. \*\*\*\*,  
' who is the keeper of this private bro-  
' thel, and telling her you want the  
' key of the yellow chamber, she will  
' presently conduct you to a room ad-  
' joining to that which is the scene of  
' your wife's loose pleasures. There are  
' holes already bored through the wain-  
' scot, through which you may plainly  
' discern all that passes. It is at your  
' own option whether you will have any  
' other witnesses of your wife's trans-  
' gression than your own eyes and also  
' how to behave towards her after de-  
' tection. I have discharged the dic-  
' tates of my conscience in giving you  
' this information; and am, Sir,

' Your unknown Friend.'

' P. S. Be careful to drop no words  
' that may give the woman of the  
' house the least cause to suspect  
' either who you are, or the motive  
' of your coming.'

It is convenient I should now acquaint  
my reader, that all I have hitherto related  
of this story has come to my knowledge  
entirely by the report of the persons

chiefly concerned in it, and without the  
least assistance from my Belt of Invi-  
sibility. What yet remains to be told,  
I have the testimony of my own eyes  
and ears to avouch. The many odd ac-  
counts I have heard, from time to time,  
in relation to Sabina's conduct, made  
me resolve to go one day to the house of  
Germanicus, in order to satisfy my cu-  
riosity with seeing in what fashion this  
couple behaved to each other.

The lady was abroad when I came,  
and I found him up in his dining-room,  
diverting himself with playing on the  
flute; but soon after roused from that  
amusement by the above letter being de-  
livered to him by his man, saying it  
was brought by a fellow who the mo-  
ment he had put it into his hands van-  
ished like lightning from the door. The  
emotions with which he read it were  
very great, yet much less than  
might have been expected on such an  
occasion. He paused, then read again,  
examined every line with heedful eyes,  
and seemed extremely divided in his  
thoughts what credit he should give to  
the information: at last, said he to him-  
self—' If any one had formed this con-  
' trivance, through a malicious design  
' of ruining her reputation, or my peace  
' of mind, they would certainly have  
' taken other methods, and not, by  
' pointing out the place, the hour, put  
' it in my power to prove at once the  
' falseness of the accusation.'

After this, he threw himself into an  
easy chair, leaned his head upon his  
hand, and in that posture continued  
musing for a considerable time; then  
seeming more resolved, started up and  
cried—' It is easy for me to make en-  
' quiry if there be such a house, if kept  
' by a woman of the name mentioned  
' in the letter, and what character it  
' bears. Yet, why should I do this?—  
' No, it is better to follow the instruc-  
' tions given me, and be at once as-  
' sured. It shall be so. As Shake-  
' speare makes Othello say—

" I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt,  
" prove:  
" And on the proof there is no more but  
" this—  
" Away at once with love or jealousy."

He had scarce done repeating these  
lines, when Sabina came in, singing an  
Italian air. Germanicus endeavoured



to recompose his countenance, but could not do it so well as not to make her take notice of the change, and ask if he were out of humour; to which he replied—

*Germanicus.* Out of humour, Madam? No, I have no cause; none in the world.

*Sabina.* I think not, indeed; but men will be peevish sometimes, cause or not cause.

*Germanicus.* I reserve all my gaiety for to-morrow, and would have you do so too. A kinsman of mine makes an entertainment, and has sent an invitation for us to be partakers of it.

*Sabina.* What, to-morrow?

*Germanicus.* Yes, my dear, to-morrow evening: so I desire you will not engage yourself elsewhere.

*Sabina.* Indeed I have engaged myself already to Lady Gape's assembly.

*Germanicus.* You have time enough, then, to send to excuse yourself from going.

*Sabina.* Indeed I shall not. I would not disappoint my dear Lady Gape for all the kinsmen in the world. But I would have you go: you may say I am not well, and then my absence cannot be taken amiss.

It was very plain to me, that Germanicus made this pretended invitation only as a trap to discover whether she had really any engagement on her hands that she would not be willing to break; and it is also as little to be doubted, but that her answers very much corroborated the contents of the epistle he had just received. He forced himself, however, to tell her, with a smile, that every thing should be as she would have it, and that he would no farther press her. Some company presently after coming in, I found there was nothing more to be learned at that time, so took the first opportunity of quitting the house; and went again, the next afternoon, in hopes of discovering something more.

On my arrival, the husband and wife were sitting together in the most seeming amicable manner. After some little time Germanicus rose up, and put on his hat and sword, in order, as he said, to go to his kinsman; on which Sabina, with a great deal of complaisance, said to him—

*Sabina.* You will not walk, sure, my dear! Have you ordered the horses to be put to?

*Germanicus.* No, my dear; I leave the coach for you.

*Sabina.* There is no occasion. I always chuse to go to these places in a chair.

*Germanicus.* That is as you please: but I shall walk, as I have three or four places to call at in my way to my cousin's; so farewell, my dear. I hope you will be as merry at the assembly, as I hope to be at the entertainment.

As I imagined Germanicus had something in his head more than I knew of, by his being so hasty to be gone, I followed him close at his heels, and found I had not been mistaken in my supposition. He went into a tavern, where two gentlemen, whom he had desired to meet him there, waited for him. The business he had with them, was to communicate the letter he had received from the unknown friend; and, after having considered a little on the matter, they agreed that they should all three go together; not only to prevent any indiscreet effects of his rage on the persons who wronged him, in case the affair should prove as the letter had represented, but also to be his witnesses, if he thought proper to bring it before a court of judicature. They staid till a little before seven; then went, according to the directions given by Roxana, and found every thing answered the description. They were shewn up into the yellow chamber: I still accompanied them; and made a fourth person, unfelt, as well as unseen, by any of them.

They had not been there above half an hour, before Sabina came into the next room; Youngly soon after joined her; and the much-injured husband, and his two friends, saw enough, from the peep-holes in the partition, to convince them of the truth of that information which had brought them thither. Difficult was it for Germanicus to restrain his fury on so shocking a spectacle; but his two friends reminding him that there was a much better way for him to shew his resentment, he was at length prevailed on to retire. They both went home with him, as did myself; resolving to see what farther events this night would produce. Sabina came not home till near two hours past midnight: but Germanicus had ordered that the door should not be opened; and, after her chairmen had knocked two or threetimes, he went himself to the parlour-window, and spoke to her in these terms—

*Germanicus.*



*Germanicus.* Please, Madam, to return from whence you came, or wherever else you shall think proper. My house shall no longer be the shelter of a prostitute.

*Sabina.* What, is the man mad! Sure you have been drinking bad wine to-night!

*Germanicus.* No, Madam, the best I ever drank in my life; it has opened my eyes, and shewn me the viper I have so long cherished in my bosom, and now throw off for ever. But I would not wish you to stay longer in the cold; you can have no entrance here; Mr. Youngly will doubtless afford you a part of his bed.

With these words he shut the window; and Sabina, finding herself detected, and that her husband was resolute, ordered her chair from the door; and after some little consideration how to dispose of herself, thought it best to take her husband's advice, and return to the place from whence she came, as it was

the only asylum to which she could have recourse at so unseasonable an hour.

In the several visits I afterwards made to Germanicus, I perceived he behaved with much more moderation than some husbands would have done. Philosophy had taught him to support with patience a misfortune which was irremediable; he contented himself with taking such revenge as the laws of England have provided in these cases. Youngly was summoned before a court of judicature, and a penalty inflicted on him for his offence; but it would have been larger, had it not been proved, by incontestible evidences, that he had not been the first who had seduced Sabina from her marriage-vows. As for the lady, she is now abandoned and despised by both her lovers; and if there be a possibility that any thing can bring her to a just sense of the faults she has been guilty of, it must be the contempt she is treated with by all degrees of people.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



THE  
INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR CONFESSES  
HAVING BEEN GUILTY OF PETTY  
LARCENY; BUT HOPES THAT  
IT MERITS FORGIVENESS FROM  
THOSE INTO WHOSE HANDS THIS  
WORK MAY FALL, AS THE CHIEF  
MOTIVE FOR COMMITTING IT  
WAS TO OBLIGE THE PUBLICK.



I Have been intimately acquainted with Belinda for a considerable time in my visible capacity, yet never once took it into my head to make her a visit under the cover of my Belt, till her return from Bath this last season; nor perhaps had done it then, if I had not been told that she suffered herself to be conducted to that place by a certain gentleman whom I thought it highly improper for her to continue any conversation with, as he was a married man, and the same Philander hereafter mentioned in some of Selima's letters. On my entering her apartment, I found her busy with her waiting-maid in unpacking her baggage; which coming by the waggon, it seems had arrived in town but the night

before. As I could promise myself but little entertainment from the assortment of ribbands, jewels, &c. I was thinking to quit the place, and return at a more fit season; when the maid, pulling out a satten bag full of papers, asked her where she would have those writings laid; on which Belinda turned her head that way, and replied—'They are a heap of letters I received at Bath, of no manner of consequence. I have no room for such rubbish; take and throw them all into the fire.'

The maid was just going to do as she was bid, but was stopped by Belinda, who suddenly screamed out—'Hold! hold! I had forgot, that one day, in a hurry, I stuffed two or three letters and poems of Philander's among them; and I would not have one line of that dear witty creature's destroyed for all the world. Pour them all out of the bag, and look on the names subscribed, that I may direct you how to separate the wheat from the chaff.' The maid then threw them all down upon the carpet, and opened them one by one; which done, Belinda added—'You need search no farther; I have found all Philander's letters and poems in this drawer; so cram together all you have there, and thrust them into

'into the fire.' This sentence was punctually executed, according to the best of the maid's belief; but the poor girl knew not there was an Invisible Thief, who stood close at her elbow, and while she turned her head another way, had the dexterity to preserve some part of the condemned cargo, and slip it into his pocket.

Selima at that time engrossed great part of the conversation in town. She was a young woman of no fortune, and few other endowments besides her beauty, of which, in the opinion of most people, she has an uncommon share; though to me there is a certain fierceness in her eyes, and a boldness diffused through all her features, which rob them of that loveliness which they would otherwise have. Such as she is, however, she captivated the hearts of two persons who might have carried their addresses much higher without danger of a refusal: the one is born to a title, and the other possessed of wealth which, whenever he pleases, may procure him one; and neither of them can be thought deficient in any of those qualifications which constitute the fine gentleman. Yet Selima was still unmarried; both her lovers were equally in suspense, and nobody could tell which, or whether either of them, would be the happy man. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that a person of my humour should be extremely desirous of being let into a secret which seemed so impenetrable, even to those who pretended to be most knowing in other things; nor that I gladly embraced an opportunity which bid so fair for the satisfaction of my curiosity, as the getting her letters into my possession, Belinda having said they contained the whole history of this affair.

Behold now my theft! Belinda's maid had no sooner laid down the packet, by her lady's orders, than I kept my eye constantly fixed upon it, till a convenient moment offered for conveying it from among the others, which I did with great adroitness. After this I staid no longer with Belinda, not doubting but I had now about me better materials for my entertainment, than any I could expect to be furnished with in her apartment, at least for the present.

The distance between Belinda's lodgings and my own seemed now to be twice as long as usual, though I believe I measured much fewer paces than ever

I had done before, so great was my impatience to be at home, and examine the treasure I brought with me. To avoid confusion, I examined the dates of every letter, and shall present them to my readers in the order they were sent to her while at Bath.

## LETTER I.

'DEAR BELINDA,

I Received the favour of yours with a double satisfaction; first, as it brought me news of your safe arrival at that agreeable place, and that every thing in it answered your wishes and expectations; and secondly, as it assures me of your friendship, by the kind concern you are pleased to express for my welfare. As to my health, I have quite lost that ugly cough which so much persecuted me when you left London; but as to my affairs, they are still in the same fluctuating and unsettled condition as ever. Dorantes still continues his addresses, Vanucius does the same. How happy might I be if I was loved but by one of them! but both equally pursuing me, impedes all the good fortune I might enjoy with either.

You may remember how much my mamma was transported when Dorantes first declared himself my lover. Vanucius, though not quite dropped, was then little regarded either by myself or her: but now the case is altered; she charges me to treat both with an equal freedom; and, indeed, I think it would be highly impolitick to do otherwise. The truth is, Dorantes does not come so directly to the point as could be wished: his courtship is passionate, tender, and full of fire; he swears I am the idol of his soul, that he could not live without me, and that all his hopes are centered in being one day happy in possessing me; yet, among all these fine speeches, he seldom mentions marriage; and when he does, it is in so slight and evasive a manner, as to give me sometimes cause to fear his designs are rather on my heart than hand. If this should be his intention, and I were weak enough to have fixed my affection on him, how miserable should I be! But, thank Heaven, I have none of that soft folly in my composition by which

'I have

‘ I have seen so many of our sex misled; my ruling passions are interest and ambition; and I would not hesitate one moment to give myself to Vanucius, if the rank and title of Dorantes did not tempt me to wait awhile the result of his pretensions.

‘ I was yesterday morning in the Mall with Vanucius: Dorantes was walking there with some company; he changed colour, and seemed in some agitation on meeting us together. This I looked upon as a good sign; but in the afternoon, when he came to visit me, and I expected he would either have complained of my indifference to him, or reproached me for the public encouragement I had given his rival; he did neither, but behaved the whole time with all the calmness and inflexibility of a Stoick. I must confess, I was never more disappointed in all my life, as I had frequently seen him kindle into jealousy on a less occasion; and could not help thinking that the violence of his passion was in a great measure abated, according to this maxim of Mr. Dryden—

“ Distrust in lovers is too warm a sun;  
“ But yet ’tis night in love when that is  
“ gone.”

‘ On consulting with my mamma, I found she was of the same way of thinking; and it was agreed upon between us, not to suffer ourselves to be trifled with any longer, but that the next time Vanucius made an offer of his hand, I should accept it. But, my dear Belinda, this morning has put a stop to the resolution of last night. I was scarce out of bed, when I received from Dorantes the most passionate billet that ever was dictated by the heart of man; occasioned, as he says, by dreaming he had me in his arms. If his love be half so impatient to have me there as he pretends it is, he will certainly be now more pressing to make me his own than hitherto he has been.

‘ My next, perhaps, may bring you the decision of my fate: mean time, I should be glad to hear what is doing at Bath, and what new conquests you have made there; for how much sooner you may be envied by some of your acquaintance, be assured that every thing that contributes to your

‘ satisfaction, will always afford a secret pleasure to her who is, with the most perfect amity, &c.

‘ SELIMA.’

## LETTER II.

‘ DEAR BELINDA,

‘ I Am sorry to tell you, that the perplexity of my own affairs has hindered me from being inquisitive enough into those of other people, for me to be able to send you the intelligence you request; but as I flatter myself, that what regards myself will be always most interesting to you, I shall give you a brief detail of what has happened to me in relation to Dorantes, since his last kind letter mentioned in my former.

‘ He came the same evening. The discourse he entertained me with was of a piece with his epistle, all love and transport. He begged I would favour him with my company to the theatre in Drury Lane, where he had already sent a servant to keep places in the box; I consented, and went with him in his chariot. The play was Romeo and Juliet: he applied all the tender things spoke by the former of these lovers to his own passion, and pressed my hand with a vehemence of fondness, whenever he had an opportunity of doing so unperceived by the audience.

‘ I saw him again next day. We were alone together in the dining-room; and my gown being a little more off my shoulder than ordinary, he laid his face upon my bare neck, crying—“ Oh, I could dwell forever here!” On this I took courage to say to him—“ Yet, Dorantes, when once I become your wife, these ardours will perhaps sink into a cold indifference.”—“ No, my angel!” returned he, “ desire will rather increase by enjoyment of your person; the sweets contained in this dear frame are of too divine a nature ever to satiate.” In speaking these words, he caught me suddenly in his arms, held me to his bosom, and joined his lips to mine with so newhat, I thought, of an unbecoming warmth. I struggled to get loose; and when I had done so, retired some paces from him, and said, with all the haughtiness I

M

‘ could



‘ could assume—“ Forbear these liberties, Sir, till authorized by law to take them.” He asked my pardon, apologized for what he had done by the violence of his passion, and then sat down; but appeared more than ordinarily pensive afterwards, spoke little, and made his visit much shorter than usual.

‘ On my acquainting my mamma with what had passed between us, she did not at all like it, and went directly to her old friend, you know who I mean, to be advised by him how to proceed in a circumstance at once so intricate and critical. He told her, that my father ought to appear in this business; that it was his place, and his alone, to demand of Dorantes an explanation of his designs in regard to the courtship he so long had made to his daughter. My mamma had always been of his opinion; but knowing the indolence of my father’s temper, had forbore mentioning it to him; however, she urged it to him, but all she could say or offer has been ineffectual; his answer was, that he did not know how to speak to a person of Dorantes’s quality on any such matter; that he would not interfere in it, and we might act as we thought proper ourselves.

‘ This, you will own, is very vexatious; but there is no turning him out of his own way. Mamma is now resolved, since there is no other remedy, to take the task upon herself, as soon as Dorantes comes to town: he is at present gone on a hunting-match with some gentlemen, but is expected to return in two days at farthest, and we shall then see the event. For my part, my spirits are so much fatigued and harassed with this suspense, that there is but one thing hinders me from putting an immediate end to it by marrying with Vanucius. The persons of the men are equal to me; but, O Belinda! I am passionately in love with the title of Dorantes! Would he were half as much so with my person, he would not then delay one moment giving me the one in exchange for the other.

‘ The faithful Vanucius, whom I have flattered with the belief of not being indifferent to me, is every day soliciting me to fix a time to make him

‘ happy, while Dorantes seems to dally with my expectations; yet can I not resolve to reward the constant services of the one, nor to renounce for ever the charming hope of rank, precedence, the thousand dear appendages of a woman of quality, which the other has it in his power to bestow on me. But I will trouble you no farther, than to assure you, that in whatever station my fate shall place me, I shall be ever, with the best wishes for your happiness, &c.

‘ SELIMA.

‘ P. S. I am obliged to Philander for the part you tell me he takes in my concerns. Pray be so good as to make my grateful acknowledgments acceptable to him.’

### LETTER III.

‘ DEAR BELINDA,

‘ I Would not let this post escape without writing. What I have now to say to you, though greatly to the purpose, must be comprized in a few words. I am engaged to go this evening with Dorantes, and some other company, on a party of pleasure, and am every moment expecting his landau at the door, so can but just snatch time to inform you, that my mamma has talked to him on the affair in question, and that his answers have been conformable to our utmost wishes. Yes, I am now convinced that all my apprehensions were groundless, that he never meant to act otherwise than honourably with me: he has assured both her and myself, that every thing shall soon be settled for my future happiness. Rejoice with me, my dear creature! I have now a heart and head perfectly at ease; and nothing to employ my thoughts, but how to behave becoming of the dignity to which, I flatter myself, a few days will raise me. Farewel. The author of my joys is already come; they call me to receive him; and I can add no more, than that I am, as ever, with unfeigned regard, &c.

‘ SELIMA.’

LETTER

## LETTER IV.

‘ DEAR BELINDA,

‘ **L**ITTLE did I expect, and little  
 ‘ ‘ is it in your power to imagine,  
 ‘ what I have now to acquaint you with.  
 ‘ So strange a reverse, so sudden, so  
 ‘ shocking a revolution, sure never any  
 ‘ woman but myself experienced! But  
 ‘ I will keep you no longer in suspense:  
 ‘ I have lost Dorantes, irrecoverably lost  
 ‘ him! not through any mismanage-  
 ‘ ment of my own, nor any want of af-  
 ‘ fection in him, but through a previ-  
 ‘ ous, much worse, and more irreme-  
 ‘ diable accident. This is the sum of  
 ‘ my misfortunes; I will now relate to  
 ‘ you the particulars.

‘ He came to me the other day; and  
 ‘ though the salutations he approached  
 ‘ me with had their accustomed tender-  
 ‘ ness, yet I thought there was some-  
 ‘ what in his countenance, and the  
 ‘ whole air of his deportment, very dif-  
 ‘ ferent from any thing I had ever seen  
 ‘ in him before. He had not been in  
 ‘ the room many minutes, before he told  
 ‘ me that he had something of conse-  
 ‘ quence to impart to me, and desired I  
 ‘ would order myself to be denied to  
 ‘ whoever should happen to come. I  
 ‘ readily did as he desired; after which,  
 ‘ he drew his chair close to mine, sighed,  
 ‘ and, looking me full in the face, sur-  
 ‘ prised me with these words—“ My  
 ‘ dear Selima,” said he, “ I have de-  
 ‘ ceived you; have you love enough for  
 ‘ me to forgive it?”—“ First let me  
 ‘ know the nature of your offence,” re-  
 ‘ turned I. “ ‘Tis death to me to de-  
 ‘ clare it,” answered he; “ yet can it  
 ‘ be no longer hid. I have imposed  
 ‘ upon you by a false pretence, pro-  
 ‘ mised what is not in my power to per-  
 ‘ form—I cannot marry you!”

‘ Judge, Belinda, of my confusion.  
 ‘ But it is as impossible for you to con-  
 ‘ ceive, as it is for me to describe, what  
 ‘ I felt in that dreadful moment. Scarce  
 ‘ could a thunderbolt have transfixed  
 ‘ me more: I had no breath, no voice,  
 ‘ but to echo part of his last words—  
 ‘ “ Cannot marry! cannot marry!” cried  
 ‘ I; and this I repeated several times  
 ‘ over.

‘ He seemed all this time in very great  
 ‘ agitations; and, after taking one of  
 ‘ my hands, and tenderly pressing it to  
 ‘ his lips—“ Heaven knows,” said he,

“ how earnestly I desired the union I  
 “ proposed! Gladly would I resign the  
 “ one half of those years fate has al-  
 “ lotted for my life, to have the other  
 “ blessed with the possession of my Se-  
 “ limma in the way she expects from me;  
 “ but, alas! that hope is vain. The  
 “ fatal secret is this: I am already mar-  
 “ ried; my heedless and unwary youth  
 “ was ensnared to give my hand to a  
 “ creature who, though I never did,  
 “ nor never will, live with as a wife,  
 “ will not, on any consideration, be  
 “ prevailed upon to resign the cursed  
 “ claim she has to me as a husband.”

‘ Overwhelmed as I was with various  
 ‘ passions, I at last assumed resolution  
 ‘ enough to tell him that he had acted a  
 ‘ most ungenerous and dishonourable  
 ‘ part in making his addresses to me,  
 ‘ knowing himself under so indissoluble  
 ‘ an engagement to another. To which  
 ‘ he replied, that at first he hoped to  
 ‘ have got quit of his unfortunate tie;  
 ‘ and that after he found all the offers  
 ‘ he had made to that end were fruit-  
 ‘ less, the passion he had for me would  
 ‘ not suffer him to restrain himself from  
 ‘ seeing me, conversing with me, and  
 ‘ telling me how much he adored me.  
 ‘ He then made a long harangue on the  
 ‘ resistless power of my charms, and the  
 ‘ violence of that flame they had in-  
 ‘ spired him with; swore a thousand  
 ‘ oaths, that the world had nothing in  
 ‘ it but myself worth living for; and  
 ‘ concluded with a proposal, that since  
 ‘ he could not make me his wife, he  
 ‘ would settle a thousand pounds a year  
 ‘ upon me to be his mistress; and that if  
 ‘ should be at my option either to live  
 ‘ publicly with him as such, or to  
 ‘ continue with my mamma, and re-  
 ‘ ceive his visits in a private manner.

‘ This offer I rejected with more dis-  
 ‘ dain than I had shewn to any of the  
 ‘ like nature which had ever been made  
 ‘ to me since my first being in the way  
 ‘ of temptation; nor will you wonder  
 ‘ that I did so. To be courted for  
 ‘ a mistress by the very man who had so  
 ‘ lately flattered me with the hopes of  
 ‘ marriage, made me now look upon  
 ‘ that as an affront, which, before my  
 ‘ expectations had been raised to the  
 ‘ height they had been, I might perhaps  
 ‘ have taken as a proof of his affection.  
 ‘ I ranted, stormed, concealed no part  
 ‘ of the spite I was possessed of: but all  
 ‘ I said seemed to make no great im-  
 ‘ pression

‘ passion on him; he bore it with a temper which I thought not at all consistent with the violence of the passion he had pretended; and, on his going away, calmly told me, that he would make the same proposal he had done to me to no other woman in the world; that it was no inconsiderable one; and that, as he could do no more, he hoped my cooler moments would represent it as a thing worthy my attention.

‘ Indeed, my dear Belinda, I was half mad; and believe I gave myself some airs not any way becoming in me to a man of his quality. I met him in the Park this morning; but though he was alone, and I had only Flavia with me, he never offered to join us, but passed by with a slight bow. I suppose he resents my behaviour; but it is no matter, since he is married. Vanucius is now my last resource. If I could persuade the man to purchase a title, he would be full as agreeable to me as Dorantes; but he is an unambitious creature, and I almost despair of it: I shall try, at least, how far the love he has for me will prevail. My next will bring you news of what success my endeavours will meet; till when I am, even in the midst of my perplexity, &c.

‘ SELIMA.’

## LETTER V.

‘ DEAR BELINDA,

‘ IT is almost a sin to disturb the felicity you enjoy with any melancholy accounts: but fresh calamities will always occasion fresh complaints; and while I am giving you a detail of my misfortunes, methinks I am eased of some part of the weight of them. You may say, indeed, that this is a selfish consideration, and I cannot deny the accusation; but have this to answer in my defence—“ However disagreeable the purport of my letters are, they shew, at least, the perfect confidence I have in your friendship and good-nature.”

‘ I am apt to think that, before I tell you, you will suspect I am also deserted by Vanucius; and though I cannot be positive that such a conjecture would be entirely groundless, yet

‘ I have little reason to flatter myself with the contrary. I have neither seen nor heard from him for five whole days; and this morning he set out for Tunbridge, without taking any other leave of me, than sending a slight excuse for not waiting on me before he went. But this is not all: a relation of his, who I know has always looked upon his courtship to me with an evil eye, and had, not long ago, so great a quarrel with him on the occasion, that he was forbid his house, is now so far reinstated in his good graces, as to be gone with him into the country; and I do not doubt but will take this opportunity of filling his ears with a thousand stories to my disadvantage, as he has ever done since my first acquaintance with him.

‘ Thus, my dear Belinda, from having, as I thought, my choice of two of the best matches in town, I am likely to lose all hopes of both, and also to fall into the contempt and ridicule of those flirts who so lately envied my good fortune. This last circumstance is above all so truly mortifying, that after it I know not whether I shall ever be able to shew my face in any publick assembly, but rather take the same pains to conceal myself, as I once did to be conspicuous. But farewell. The more I reflect on these accidents, the less I am capable of restraining my passion enough to assure you, with how much sincerity, &c.

‘ SELIMA.’

## LETTER VI.

‘ DEAR BELINDA,

‘ I Expected no less, from your known goodness, than the consolatory ideas you endeavour to inspire me with. You would fain persuade me that I have no reason for despair; and that the same beauty which attracted the hearts of Dorantes and Vanucius, will also gain others of equal estimation; but, alas! I have too much experience of myself, and of what the world thinks of me, to entertain so flattering a hope. You know very well, my dear, that on my first setting up for conquest, I shewed myself in all publick places, and exposed to the view of all who saw me, almost every  
‘ charm



charm nature has bestowed upon me; yet never was addressed, on the score of marriage, by any but those two whom I have now lost. Besides, I am now what they call blown upon: that admiration which my first appearance excited, wears off by my being so often seen; and I begin to be convinced, that it was more owing to the peculiarity of my dress, and manner of behaviour, than to any real perfections of my person, that I was so much followed by a gaping multitude.

You see how I am humbled; and, by what I have said, may perhaps imagine that I have so far done with the pride and vanities of the world, as to take up with a little mercer or wool-len-drapeer, if such a one should offer. But do not harbour so despicable an opinion of your friend: no, I will never sit behind a comptor, or be the wife of one that does. But I need not make this declaration; as matters stand, I am not likely to be the wife of any body: but still, with an inviolable respect, &c.

‘SELIMA.’

## LETTER VII.

‘DEAREST BELINDA,

NOW may all the gods of love and wit inspire my pen, to describe to you, as it deserves, the blessed reverse in my condition since the last melancholy epistle you received from me. I was then plunged in the lowest pit of despair, and am now raised to the highest summit of human felicity. In a word, I am the contracted spouse of Dorantes; and, as soon as the preparations for our wedding can be got ready, I shall be the declared \*\*\*\*\* of \*\*\*\*\*. Methinks I see the surprize I put you in. You will doubtless cry out—“How can this be, when Dorantes has already confessed himself the husband of another?” It seems, indeed, a paradox; yet stands in no need of school-learning to be explained, as you will presently discover.

After the loss of both my lovers, as I then imagined, I scarce did any thing but lie upon the bed and weep for two whole days together. My father, instead of saying any thing to

console my afflictions, added to them by his reproaches. He told me that he knew what it would come to; that dressing myself up like a Bartholomew baby would never get me a husband; and such like stuff, as you know his low way of expressing himself: but, thank Heaven! the tables are now turned upon him; and if respect for my mamma did not restrain me, I should return his flouts with interest.

One afternoon, as I was sitting at the window, with the fast up, musing on my unhappy fate, I saw Dorantes’s chariot at the door. While his footman knocked, he looked out, and made me a very respectful bow. I was amazed; but thought it would be too gross an affront to a man of his quality to be denied to him, as he saw I was at home; nor had I time for such a thing, if I would have done it; for the maid, who opened the door, shewed him directly up stairs. On his entrance, I assumed one of those haughty airs, which vulgar, low-bred people, are apt to call impudent and saucy; and, with my head half turned another way, said to him—“I am surprized to see you here, Dorantes, after the conversation you entertained me with at your last visit.”

“Oh, Selima,” replied he, “I came not now to repeat the audacity I was then guilty of, nor to offend your ears with any future discourses of the like nature, but to beg pardon for the past; and hope that what I have to offer will make some atonement.”—“I do not comprehend your meaning,” returned I; “but, whatever it may be, cannot think it becomes me to continue any correspondence with a married man, who has pretended to make his addresses to me.”—“I am not married,” rejoined he eagerly; “and the trial I made of your virtue, adds a double lustre to the beauty that first inflamed me, and I am now much more your slave than ever.”—“Not married!” cried I; “why then did you tell me so?”—“Pardon the innocent imposition I practised on you,” said he, kissing my hand: “I was willing to see in what manner you would resent it; your behaviour has answered to my wish, and I now offer you a hand  
“which



“ which I never had one thought or wish to dispose of to any other woman.”

“ Oh, Belinda, how did my heart flutter at these words ! As Semandra says in the play—

“ I took them all, and died upon the sound :  
“ To the driv’n air my flying soul was  
“ fasten’d.

“ Each charming syllable he spoke was  
“ mine.”

“ The many passionate and endearing things he said to me would not come within the compass of twenty letters : you must therefore, till I have a better opportunity of relating the particulars, content yourself with a brief summary of the whole, which is this ; that he is entirely at liberty to marry me, and he is resolved to do so ; that an agreement the same night was made between us for that purpose ; and that mamma and her good friend, who luckily happened to be with her, were called in to be witnesses of it.

“ Since every thing has been settled thus happily for me, some people have been impertinent enough to assure me, that to their own knowledge Dorantes was married several years ago, and that his wife is still alive ; but this gives me no manner of concern. If there be any woman who has a claim of this nature on him, he has doubtless found means to prevail on her to relinquish it ; so I look upon it as none of my affair. He marries me in the face of the world ; has promised to present me at court ; and while I enjoy the title of \*\*\*\*\* of \*\*\*\*\* and the grandeur annexed to it, shall not trouble myself with any whispers that may go about the town in relation to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of my marriage.

“ It is no inconsiderable addition to my contentment, to hear that you design to return to town in a short time. I long to see you, and to give you an airing in my own coach and six, with three flaunting footmen on the back of it : we shall cut a better figure, Belinda, than when we made our little excursions together in a mean, dirty hack. O, Fortune ! Fortune ! dear, propitious Fortune, how am I bound to praise thee ! But no more at present,

‘ than that I am, with the greatest good wishes, &c.

‘ SELIMA.

‘ P. S. I need not desire you to tell Philander what has happened ; I know you will, and also that his regard for you will make him participate in the happiness of your friend. Once more, adieu.’

Here end the letters of this celebrated lady, who in a very little time after married Dorantes.

## CHAP. VI.

CONSISTS CHIEFLY OF SOME REFLECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR'S OWN ON FALSE TASTE, THE MISTAKEN ROAD IN THE PURSUIT OF FAME, AND THE FOLLY OF AN ILL-DIRECTED EMULATION. TO WHICH ARE ADDED, A FEW FAINT SKETCHES TAKEN FROM THE MOST AMIABLE ORIGINALS IN MODERN LIFE.

THE celebrated Dr. Buffy tells us, than when we say a man has a fine or true taste, no more is meant by those words, than that he has a sound judgment, a clear head, and a nicely distinguishing capacity in judging of what is really worthy and becoming, and what is not so ; whether it be in the choice of his amusements, his equipage, his apparel, the furniture of his house, the covering of his table, or whatever else depends on the direction of the will and fancy. Now, as every thing is best shewn by it's opposite, if the definition given us by the French author of the true taste be just, as I believe most people will allow it is, to think and act contrary to what he describes, is what we call false taste : but, in my opinion, to think and do always what is wrong, and at the same time imagine that all we think and do is right, is not of itself sufficient to take in the meaning of the phrase in it's fullest extent ; there must always be added an affectation of being singular, over curious, over delicate, over elegant, somewhat above the common level of mankind ; in fine, the man of a false taste must not be a fool of Heaven's making.

making, but his own. The late witty Earl of Rochester has presented us with a very picturesque character of the man of false taste, in the following lines—

- ‘ He was a fool through choice, not want  
‘ of wit;
- ‘ His foppery, without the help of sense,
- ‘ Could ne’er have risen to such an excel-  
‘ lence.
- ‘ Nature’s as lame in making a true fop
- ‘ As a philosopher: the very top
- ‘ And dignity of folly, we attain
- ‘ By studious search, and labour of the  
‘ brain;
- ‘ By observation, counsel, and deep thought.
- ‘ God never made a coxcomb worth a groat:
- ‘ We owe that name to industry and arts;
- ‘ An eminent fool must be a man of parts.’

A person may be endowed with great talents, yet, through a false taste in the manner of displaying them, be rendered ridiculous instead of respectable; and, while he aims at attracting universal admiration, become the object of universal contempt. Hippias is profoundly learned, is well skilled in the most useful sciences, and endowed, both by nature and education, with every requisite to render him a worthy member of society; yet, by some unaccountable oddities of manners and behaviour, he makes himself hated where he might be loved, despised where he might be respected, and a mere cypher in a world where he might be a figure of the greatest consequence. He is not at all dissatisfied that every one knows and speaks of him as a man possessed of a very opulent fortune, yet affects to look down with scorn on all the pleasures, and even innocent amusements, it might afford him; and to such an excess does he carry this humour, that whatever is beyond the necessities of nature he treats as luxury and epicurisms; vainly imagining that the wearing of a threadbare coat, and a wig that the head it covers scarce remembers ever to have had a curl, entitles him to the character of a philosopher.

But this ostentatious humility, as I think it may be justly called, is not the most unpardonable error into which Hippias is led by his false taste: this serves only to make him ridiculous, but there is another which makes him hateful. The ambition he has of being revered as a Stoick, renders him deaf to the dictates of humanity, and wholly insensible of all social feeling for his fellow-

creatures. He partakes not in the joys or griefs of even those he calls his friends; nor would lift a finger, move a step, or speak a syllable, either to promote the one, or dissipate the other. The most distressful circumstance has not the power to touch his heart; and if any one knows him little enough to employ his assistance or advice in the extremest exigence, he replies, with a solemn and magisterial air, that he can say nothing to their complaints; that pity is a passion; and that, by the force of his reason, he has divested himself of all passions, of what kind soever. Thus does Hippias, by indulging one unhappy propensity, forfeit all the love and esteem the qualities he is possessed of would otherwise attract. The manner in which he is now looked upon gives me room to suspect that, whenever he makes his exit from this world, he will have an epitaph somewhat like what I read on a tomb-stone in a country church-yard—

- ‘ Here \*\*\*\*\* stretch’d at his full length,  
‘ is laid;
- ‘ Whom, living, no one lov’d, nor mourn’d  
‘ when dead.’

Numberless are the instances might be given to prove the best capacities may be, and frequently are, perverted by false taste and misapplication. As one of our most eminent authors tells us, the love of fame is the universal passion; it is imprinted, in a more or less degree, on every human heart. Those who have great talents, are apt to think they can never render themselves sufficiently conspicuous; and those of weaker intellects, yet possessed of the same vanity, are sometimes so infatuated, as, rather than not to make a noise in the world, to do things which may incur a lampoon, since they cannot deserve a panegyrick. A private life, or, as they term it, a life of obscurity, is to some people the severest misfortune they can labour under: they will tell you, that they may as well be out of the world, as of no consequence in it; and few there are who will take the poet’s word for a contrary passion—

- ‘ Th’ unknown, untalk’d of man, is only  
‘ blest;
- ‘ No anxious doubts his peaceful breast an-  
‘ noy,
- ‘ From praise and censure equally remote;  
‘ Nor

‘Nor hope, nor fear, his happiness de-  
 stroys,  
 ‘But safe within himself, himself enjoys.’

There are also people who, having no peculiarities of their own, affect to imitate those they may see in others; especially if the person they copy after be of a superior rank, or has the reputation of a wit. These may properly enough be called second-hand fools; for they generally take up the follies just when they are left off by the persons they would be thought exactly to resemble: according to a vulgar adage—‘The fool will sometimes peep out of the wisest man.’ The least failing in a person of distinguished character is presently adopted by his inferiors, till it becomes a fashion. Emulation, however, when well-directed, is one of the most noble propensities of the mind; nothing can be more truly laudable than an endeavour to square our actions by a praise-worthy model: but I am sorry to say, that this is not so often the case as every good man would wish it were.

There are some people so unhappy, as to take for a pattern all the bad they can find, and neglect all the good; and this, too, without design, or any untoward inclination, but through mere carelessness: and, provided they do something such a one or such a one does, give not themselves the trouble to examine whether what they imitate be a beauty or a blemish; or, indeed, whether it be either, or only a matter of indifference, and altogether unworthy of regard. And, now I am upon this head, I cannot forbear relating an example of the sort I last mentioned; which, though it happened some years ago, and is extremely trifling in itself, may serve to shew how little care people sometimes take in their choice of an object for imitation.

A young gentleman of my acquaintance, who passed in the world for a very pretty fellow, either was, or affected to be, because it was the mode, a prodigious admirer of the late deservedly famous Sir Isaac Newton. He had the honour of being known to that truly great man, frequently visited him, and had the opportunity of hearing many things from him, which doubtless were well worthy of being treasured in his memory; yet I could never find he took particular notice of any thing but this I

am now going to repeat. Sir Isaac had him at his table one day, and happened casually to say, that he thought nothing sweeter than a bacon bone. My friend immediately caught up the word, and from that moment made it his own, and on all occasions quoted it. If any one asked him to eat with them, he would reply—‘Yes, if you have any bacon; for, as Sir Isaac Newton says, there is ‘nothing sweeter than a bacon bone.’ In fine, he went to no place, mingled in no conversation, without finding some means to introduce the sweetness of the bacon bone; and repeated the above-mentioned expression so often, and so impertinently, that at last he became the jest of all his companions, who, in derision, called him by no other name than the Bacon Bone. Ridiculous as this may appear, I can assure my reader, that the gentleman I have been speaking of does not stand alone, but has many parallels in my catalogue of observations on a misguided imitation, as I could easily prove; but my humour has on a sudden changed its vein, and I begin to grow too serious to recite any farther instances of so ludicrous a nature. Degenerate as we mortals are said to be, yet even now there are not wanting some few illustrious examples of both, whom even an endeavour to copy after would be some merit in the attempter.

See where the noble Altamont stands forth a shining pattern of exalted virtue! Dignity in his countenance; benevolence in his hand; the strictest justice, honour, and social kindness, in his heart. Near him you will always find the chaste and fair Euphemia, his illustrious consort; a numerous and beautiful offspring with joyous smiles play round their feet; Juno and Hymen hover over their heads, and shower continual blessings on the happy pair. From Altamont and Euphemia, ye husbands, fathers, learn the duties due to those endearing names, and cease to imagine that to swerve from them is politeness.

Learn you who languish in a widowed bed, from Elismonda learn to support the melancholy of your condition as becomes you—Elismonda, who though, as Lee expresses it, in all the full-grown pride of glorious beauty, disdains all overtures for a second marriage, shuns pomp and ceremony, nor haunts the court nor publick walks; but in her closet ruminates what good is in her power



power to do; who most deserves, and who stands most in need of her relief; and all those cares she once employed to please the best of husbands, are now taken up with acts of piety and soft compassion.

Learn, ye fair rambles after shew and hurry, ye midnight gadders to masquerades and balls, from lovely Amadea learn the timid modesty that best befits and best secures the honour of a virgin state. She takes no pains to attract the eyes of the gaping multitude, and rather shuns than covets popular admiration. She avoids being the first in any new fashion, and never runs into the extremes of it; goes to no routes, assemblies, or masquerades; seldom indulges herself even with a play or opera; and, when she does, is always accompanied by some grave relation, whose presence is a check on the impertinence of those whiffers who skip from box to box, saying the same thing to every fine woman they see there. When she walks in the Park, she makes choice of those hours when the least company are there; and the only publick place you are sure to find her in, is at church.

The example of Dorilaus is a noble reprimand to those who suffer themselves to grow old in riots and debaucheries. Early he quitted the levities of youth; and as the silver swan, emerging from the stream, shakes off the drops that hang upon it's wings, so Dorilaus but dipped into the follies of the times, just tasted the licentious pleasures of the town, then desisted and threw them from him with abhorrence. Temptations of every kind have since surrounded him, yet has he still remained unmoved; equally inflexible to the insinuations of luxury, and to the bribes of corruption. Steady in virtuous principles, the evil ones at length grew weary of their fruitless labour, and now suffer him to enjoy a calm and undisturbed repose, in the society of a few select friends, who join with him in commiserating the insatiation of others.

If there were no cards nor dice in the world, Favonius would be looked upon as an almost faultless being, and the voice of envy have nothing wherewith to cast a blemish on his name. It cannot be denied, however, that Favonius has wit, honour, generosity, affability, and an unaffected sweetness of disposition: qualifications which would greatly

compensate for his love of gaming, if it were not for two considerations, which are these. First, That by indulging this unhappy propensity, he lavishes too much of that time which might be employed in the defence of the liberties of his country, and for the benefit of the commonwealth. Secondly, That his high character in the world makes many people ready, and even proud, to follow his example in this the sole error of which he can be accused, while they neglect the least endeavour to imitate any one of the numerous virtues he is master of.

There are many others of both sexes still living, whose characters would reflect honour on the imitators; and some who, though the world has been so unfortunate as to lose, have left behind them such monuments of their virtues as never can be forgotten; their memory strikes a damp on guilt, and will be eternally venerated by all the wise and good. But this is a theme which, though perhaps little affecting to the greatest part of my readers, may yet be too melancholy to some others, as well as to myself; I shall therefore dwell no longer upon it, but return to a subject more suitable to the present disposition of the times, which I am not so ignorant as not to know an author ought always to consult, if he regards either his own reputation, or the interest of his bookseller.

## CHAP. VII.

GIVES A SUCCINCT RELATION OF TWO PRETTY EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES THAT PRESENTED THEMSELVES TO THE AUTHOR IN A MORNING RAMELE.

A Clear and undisturbed sky, illuminated with a smiling sun, and perfumed with a thousand odours from the new-budding spring, invited me to Hyde Park. I girded my invisible Belt about me, for the reasons I have already mentioned in a preceding chapter; and also put my Tablets in my pocket, though I had not the least expectation of meeting with any thing in that place which should give me occasion to make use of them. The sweet solemnity of this solitude afforded me infinitely more pleasure than ever I had found in a crowded Mall: it inspired me with the  
N most



most delightful ideas; which indulging, I wandered for I believe near two hours, without meeting with any one object to interrupt my contemplations. How much longer I might have continued in in this agreeable reverie, I know not; for I was roused from it by the sudden appearance of a gentleman at some distance from me, but who was advancing directly towards the path where I was. On his approach, I stepped a little on one side, to prevent his running against me. He walked backwards and forwards with some emotion, looked often on his watch, and discovered many signs of the utmost impatience. By the cockade in his hat, I doubted not of his being a military gentleman, and imagined that some dispute of honour was that morning to be decided by the sword; but I was soon convinced of my mistake, the officer having more of Cupid than of Mars in his head.

I had not been many minutes, before a coach came up, and stopped very near the place where I stood. There were three women in it; one of whom, and much the richest dressed, I presently knew to be the celebrated Lipathea: the others, as I afterwards found, were her woman and nurse; this, it seems, being the first time of her coming abroad since her bringing into the world a son and heir, to the great joy of that honourable family, as the news writers express it. On sight of the coach, the young officer advanced briskly towards it. Lipathea saw him at the same time; and, thrusting out her head, and half her body, with her accustomed loud laugh, called to him to come in. With these words, the door was immediately opened; the two women came out, and the officer jumped in: after which, the coachman was ordered to drive, as slow as he could, to the Walnut-tree Walk, and so round to the Ha-ha Wall, and back to the same place again.

I had no opportunity to follow them, so was obliged to content myself with hearing the discourse that passed between the two women who were left behind. To this end I kept as close to them as I could, with my Tablets in my hand; but the subjects they talked on were so trifling, that I did not think it worth while to spread them for the impression of their words, till all at once the nurse began to run into a long detail of the particulars she knew, or could remember, that

had happened in the several families where she had been; but the matters she related being wholly insignificant, and unworthy of record, I shut up my Tablets, and gave no farther ear to what she said. I quitted not the place, however, till the lovers returned from the tour they had been making. The coach stopped, and the captain was set down near the end of the same path where he had been taken up; and Lipathea beckoned her two attendants to come in, who by this time, I found, were heartily weary of their promenade.

The well-known character of Lipathea, one would think, should have hindered me from being much surprised at any thing she did; yet could I not be an eye-witness of the glaring affront she now put upon her husband, and the modesty of her sex, without being seized with a consternation impossible to be expressed. My meditations on this adventure had perhaps lasted till I came home, if they had not been interrupted by another which fell in my way, and afforded me, in it's consequences, more matter for diversion than the former. Beauty, or what is more than beauty, the power of attraction, is not confined to persons of a high station: Nature can exert herself as much in the cottage as the palace; and we sometimes find more real graces under a plain, homely coif, than under a fine gauze cap ornamented with jewels; as the little incident I am about to rehearse will abundantly evince.

As I was passing through St. James's Park, I met a young woman with a porringer in her hand, neatly covered with a large earthen saucer. She advanced with slow and cautious steps, lest she should spill any part of what she had brought. When she drew near the Parade, a tall grenadier, who I found was her husband, stepped forth from among his comrades, and received the mess from her, as also a pewter spoon, which she took out of her pocket, and gave to him at the same time. Though every thing about her was clean, yet the reader may easily suppose extremely mean: she had a face, however, that stood in need of no advantages from dress to set it off. Never had I seen a finer pair of eyes, or a more soft and delicate complexion; and, to crown all the rest of her perfections, there appeared, not only in her countenance, but in every little motion and gesture, that which, in my opinion, is the

the very soul of loveliness—a most perfect innocence and simplicity. I was not, however, the only admirer whom her charms had that morning attracted; a certain officer of distinction, walking on the Parade with another gentleman, having seen her at some distance, quitted his companion, and came to the grenadier, accosting him in these terms—

*Officer.* So, grenadier, you are taking your morning's refreshment. Is this pretty damsel your wife?

*Grenadier.* Yes, please your honour.

*Officer.* She seems very young: you can't have been married long.

*Grenadier.* About three months, please your honour.

*Officer.* I hope you use her well; I dare say she deserves it.

*Grenadier.* I think she has no reason to complain, Sir.—Have you, Peggy?

*Wife.* No, indeed.

*Officer.* I am glad of it. I would always have the women used well.

He said no more, but turned upon his heel, and walked away with a careless air, as if nothing farther than what he had made shew of was in his head; but I perceived he removed no farther than the end of the Canal, and kept an observant eye on those he had left behind. The grenadier having finished his little repast, mingled with some soldiers who were on the Parade, and his wife tripped out of the Park with much more haste than she had come into it. The officer, who had never lost sight of her, followed, though for a while at some distance; and I kept very near him, resolving to see what it was he aimed at, and what would be the issue of his designs, in case he had any of the nature I suspected. She went through the Treasury; and when he saw she had entered there, he mended his pace; and coming up with her under the arched passage, gave her a little slap on the shoulder: she started, and turned back; but, on seeing him, dropped a low curtsy, while he spoke thus—

*Officer.* Well overtaken, pretty lass. I wanted to speak with you: I fancy I have seen you somewhere or other. Pray what countrywoman are you?

*Wife.* I was born in Lancashire, so please your honour.

*Officer.* I thought so; for I have heard say all the Lancashire girls are

very handsome. And pray what brought you to London?

*Wife.* The hopes of getting into a good service, please your honour; but not hearing of one presently, and happening to get acquainted with my husband in the mean time, I changed my condition.

*Officer.* You did well: there is nothing like being your own mistress. But you country folks are generally afraid of a red coat: how came you to venture on a soldier?

*Wife.* I don't know, Sir: it was my fate, I think.

*Officer.* Well, here is something to encourage you to love the army.

With these words he drew a six-and-thirty piece of gold out of his pocket, and made an offer of putting it into her hand; but she drew back, either ashamed or unwilling to accept it, and cried—‘Oh, Sir, I have heard say that women should never take money from the men!’ To which he replied—‘That is from your mean, dirty fellows; but it is ill-manners to refuse any thing given you by your superiors.’ He now took hold of her hand; and a second effort obliging her to receive his present, she looked on it, turned it two or three times, and then said—‘Bless me! what must I do with this great piece of money?’

*Officer.* Oh, you will find a use for it; that pretty face of yours requires a thousand things that the grenadier's pay will not enable him to purchase for you. And, now I think on it, 'tis pity he should continue in that low station: I have it in my power to raise him, and I will do it; he shall have a halbert forthwith. But I must talk to you a little first on that score. Where do you live? I will come and see you.

*Wife.* Oh, dear Sir, we have not a place fit for your honour to come into.

*Officer.* No matter for that. I am not proud; and never scruple to go to any place, how mean soever it be, where I can either do a pleasure to myself, or a service to my friends; therefore no excuses.

*Wife.* Your honour is very good. But I do not know how to tell you, for there is no sign near us. We lodge up one pair of stairs, at a button-maker's, the next door but one to a chandler's shop, in a little alley that turns out of King Street by a green stall, and is no thoroughfare.

*Officer.* I shall never find it by this direction; you shall shew me where it is now.

*Wife.* Lord, Sir, what will the people in the street say, to see me go cheek-by-jole with such a fine gentleman as your honour?

*Officer.* Well, then, you shall walk before, and I will follow you.

*Wife.* But, Sir, my room is all dirty; I was just going home to clean it, now I have carried my husband his breakfast.

*Officer.* I shall not go in, nor visit you, till after dark; to hinder, as you say, the neighbours from staring at me. I will come this evening, about nine or ten o'clock. Your husband is to be upon duty, but do you take care not to be out of the way; for it is absolutely necessary I should have some discourse with you before I do any thing for him.

*Wife.* Lord, Sir, what business can your honour have with me that he must not know!

*Officer.* You may tell him afterwards, if you will. But I won't detain you any longer; go home and please yourself that your husband shall be a serjeant to-morrow, and that I shall raise him still higher, so that he may come to be a captain at last.

*Wife.* A captain!—Oh la! I should never have thought of such a thing!

*Officer.* It all depends upon yourself, and what I have to communicate to you; so be sure be at home, and alone when I come.

*Wife.* Yes, please your honour. I would not, for all the world, be so rude as to disappoint you; though I am ashamed you should come into such a poor habitation as mine.

*Officer.* Never mind that, my pretty one; I shall look on nothing in the place but yourself.

While he was speaking this, he cast his eyes about, and finding there was nobody in sight, gave her a kiss; after which she made a low curtsy, and turned away to go home, blushing all the way she went like the sun through a gentle shower in an April morning. He followed, as he said he would, till he had seen her enter into her little dwelling; nor left the place, till he had taken sufficient notice of every thing, to be able to remember and know it again. I was now under a most sensible concern for this poor young creature, thus likely to be betrayed; not by any inclination to ill,

but merely through the fear of offending a person above her: quite ignorant of the snares of the world, and untaught how to resist temptation, she was, alas! just ready to fall into a real fault, by an endeavour to avoid an imaginary one. As Mr. Waller said, though on a different occasion—

'Innocence and youth oft makes,

'In artless virgins such mistakes.'

Though I had not the least doubt but that the young wife of the grenadier would become a prey to the vicious inclination of her seducer, yet I had the curiosity to see in what manner she would behave on the full discovery of his designs upon her. Accordingly, I went about nine o'clock to the little alley, and posted myself on a bench at a door just opposite to the dwelling of the grenadier, resolving to go in with the officer when he should come. I had not waited above half an hour before he appeared: he was muffled up in his cloak; but, by the help of a small winking light from an adjacent shop, I easily knew him. He had taken too much notice of the house to be mistaken in it, and entered directly, the door being left open, as I suppose, for that purpose. I followed close behind him; but never had my invisibilityship been in so much danger as it was now brought into by this adventure.

The grenadier, it seems, having been informed by his wife of every thing that had passed between her and the officer, and more zealous in the defence of his honour than perhaps some in a much higher station would have been, had prevailed, for some pots of beer, on a brother grenadier to do duty for him that night, so returned home before the hour appointed for his rival's approach; and having armed himself with a good oaken cudgel, stood on the middle of the stairs, ready to give a proper reception to that invader of his rights. My leader had not advanced above five or six steps of the stairs, when he received a violent blow on the head; which, together with the surprize it gave him, made him reel back, and like to fall on the poor Invisible; but I hastily and prudently withdrew to the middle of the entry, and stood aloof, to hear, at a more safe distance, what would be the end of this affair. The grenadier pursued his strokes; and the officer,







*Pinckney del.*

*Neagle sculp.*

officer, being in no condition to defend himself in that disadvantageous posture, thought it best to make his escape; but not having been accustomed to such steep winding stairs, fell down to the bottom. His antagonist, though better acquainted with the passage, in attempting to follow him, had the same fate; but being uppermost, soon recovered himself; and catching hold of the officer by the collar as he was endeavouring to rise, forced him on his knees, and continued buffeting him on the head and face till he was covered all over with the blood that gushed from his nose and mouth, as I afterwards perceived.

The officer made several efforts to draw his sword, and at length did so; but the other finding what he was about, immediately seized it by the hilt, wrested it from him, snapped it asunder with his foot, and threw it over his head. 'Rascal, will you murder me!' cried the officer. 'No,' replied the grenadier; 'I will only cool your courage, and make you remember running after other men's wives.'—'Dog! do you know who I am?' demanded he. 'I only know you for a villain,' said the other, 'that would debauch my wife, and as such I'll use you.'—'Sirrah,' returned the officer, 'I will make you pay dearly for this insolence! You know well enough that I am \*\*\*\*\*.'—'You lyel!' rejoined the other, 'and deserve to be hanged for taking such a gentleman's name in your mouth! \*\*\*\*\* would scorn to sneak into such a poor hut as this, to seduce any man's wife.' The grenadier's hands were not idle all this time: but the officer having at length got upon his feet, they continued wrestling together for some minutes, in which combat the furious husband had much the better; which put me in mind of what Mr. Rowe says in *Jane Shore*—

'In spite of birth and dignity, a man  
'Oppos'd against a man, is but a man.'

The officer now finding himself quite disabled, and being still under the gripe of his unrelenting enemy, called vehemently out for help; on which several of the neighbours ran in with lighted candles in their hands, and theentry was presently full of men, women, and children; but never was such a spectacle as this demolished beau. 'Bless me! what is the matter?' cried one; 'what

'is the matter?'—'Ask no questions. Here is half a crown for any one that will get me a chair immediately,' said he; and the word was scarce out of his mouth, before a cobbler ran with all the speed he could, to do as he desired. The grenadier now affected the utmost surprise, and said—'All the world should never have made me believe it was your honour! I protest I took you for a rogue that wanted to come to bed to my wife while I was abroad, and thought I could not use such a one too ill.' The women, on hearing this, guessed how the business was, and looked at one another, and grinned: one of them, however, was so charitable, as to fetch a bowl of water, to wash the blood off his face and garments. He made use off what she brought, but gave no other answer to what the grenadier had said, than a look full of resentment and confusion.

A chair being brought, he caught up his hat and wig, which had fallen off in the scuffle, went into it, leaving behind him sufficient matter to employ the conversation of the whole alley for a considerable time. On hearing afterwards the whole truth of the affair from the grenadier and his wife, every one applauded the conduct of them both, and laughed heartily at the disappointment and correction of the lascivious officer. For my own part, after I got home, the satisfaction of finding myself safe from the dangers into which my curiosity had brought me, was succeeded by some considerations on the passages I had been witness of; and I could not help being filled with the utmost astonishment, that persons endowed with a liberal education, and from whom much better things might be expected, should, for the sake of gratifying a foolish inclination, the fleeting pleasure of a moment, not only be guilty of the greatest injustice to others, but also of the most abject demeaning of themselves.

## CHAP. VIII.

IS CALCULATED RATHER FOR ADMONITION THAN ENTERTAINMENT, AND THEREFORE LIKELY TO BE BUT LITTLE RELISHED.

HOW vainly do we boast the light of reason, when we refuse to submit either our wills or actions to the guidance

guidance of it's direction; when, through every stage of life, we suffer some darling passion to gain dominion over us, and utterly extinguish that glorious lamp we seem so proud of, and would be thought so eminently to possess above the rest of the creation! Prodigality is generally the vice of youth, and avarice of age: but though both these propensities proceed from a wrong turn of mind, and are diametrically opposite to sound judgment, yet I think somewhat more be said in excuse of the one than of the other. The prodigal lavishes his stores in such things as do a pleasure to himself; and if he squanders away his patrimony in riotous living, and becomes miserable in the end, there are some who profit by his misfortunes; his money circulates, and the publick suffer nothing by his private ruin. The miser, on the contrary, not only denies himself all enjoyment of the goods of fortune, but also withholds them, as much as in his power, from every one else: he parts with nothing he can get into his clutches; amasses heaps of treasure; and smiles, with a wicked satisfaction, to see it lie rusting in his coffers, while numbers of his fellow-creatures are perishing for want of it.

Avarice, above all other passions, so takes up the soul, that it leaves not the least room for any of the nobler sensations. Love, friendship, pity, and even natural affection, are excluded thence. The covetous man regards only the gratification of that one sordid view; all his fears, his hopes, his cares, are centered there, and he seldom sticks at any thing to obtain it. Besides, what can be more absurd in itself, than for people to labour with all their might in heaping riches which they neither use, nor can assure themselves but that the next moment may dispossess them of? And it is remarkable, that the nearer they approach to the time when they can expect no other than to be snatched for ever from the idol they had worshipped, they grow the more eager to preserve it. The condition of those children who have the misfortune to be descended from parents of the humour I am speaking of, can never be too much commiserated, especially if they happen to be born with notions more just and elevated; an instance of which kind I am now going to relate.

A gentleman, whom I shall distin-

guish by the name of Avario, is sprung from a very ancient family in the west of England, has a large estate, and might have been beloved and respected by his neighbours, if the excessive parsimoniousness of his disposition did not make him do things which demean his rank, and even render him contemptible in the eyes both of his equals and inferiors. He was married, in his youth, to a lady of birth and fortune, but had no child for near twelve years; at the end of which time, however, she brought a son into the world; which, one would imagine, should have filled the father's heart with the highest satisfaction; but, instead of thanking Providence for sending him an heir of his own bowels for his estate, he only repined at the additional expence the new comer must necessarily occasion. His lady was sensibly afflicted at the little notice he took of the young Clyamon, for so the son of this unworthy father was called; but when she reproached him with his unkindness, he only gave her this churlish answer—That he saw no cause for any great rejoicing; for he supposed, as she had now began to teem, he should in a few years have more children than he should be able to maintain.

Clyamon, notwithstanding, grew a very fine boy; but would have had little to boast of from education, if his uncle by the mother's side, who was exceeding rich, and had no children, had not conceived a more than ordinary affection for him, and resolved to bestow on him all those advantages which were denied to him by the niggard disposition of his father. He told Avario, that if he would trust him with his son, he would breed him as his own, and take care he should want for none of those accomplishments which constitute the truly fine gentleman, in case he were capable of receiving them; 'Which,' added he, 'I do not at all doubt of, from the early promise of his childhood.' This offer was too agreeable to both the parents not to be readily accepted: the father rejoiced at being eased of an expence he could not foresee without regret; and the mother was highly pleased to think that her little darling would now receive a more polite education than she could hope the too great frugality of her husband would have allowed him.

Clyamon was about ten years of age when Sir Arthur Frankwill, for so this worthy



worthy uncle was called, took him under his protection, and carried him to a fine seat he had about twelve miles distant from Avario's. Doubly happy for him was now this change in his situation; for his mother dying soon after his removal, he would doubtless have been deprived of many indulgences he had hitherto enjoyed at home, but which were abundantly made up to him by the tender affection he was treated with by the good baronet. Sir Arthur, not approving of any of the schools in that part of the country, sent him to Eton, under the conduct of a faithful old servant; and in that place it was he received his first rudiments of learning. The improvements he made there were such as did honour to the masters, as well as to his own capacity. The accounts those gentlemen gave of him, in their letters to Sir Arthur, were confirmed by their pupil's behaviour whenever the times of breaking up gave him the liberty of going into the country. Both uncle and father were surprized on finding the swift progress he made in his learning; the one was charmed with the success of his endeavours, and the other quite transported that his son was in a fair way of being possessed of so many accomplishments without any cost to himself.

Having perfected himself in all he could be taught at Eton, he quitted the school, by his uncle's permission, and returned to the west; where, after having staid some time to make an acquaintance with the gentry, and take such diversions as the country afforded, his uncle thought proper he should finish his studies at one of the universities, and, for some reasons which he had within himself, made choice of Oxford. Clyamon accordingly went thither at the age of eighteen, and had the good fortune to have for his tutor a gentleman of deep learning, a keen discernment, and an unprejudiced judgment; who inspired him with such principles of justice and true honour as I believe he will never depart from. The admonitions of this worthy tutor, joined to a natural love of virtue in himself, entirely preserved him from running into any of those excesses too many of his age are guilty of: though nothing could be more gay and spirituous, yet every thing he said or did was governed by a certain decorum, without seeming to be so. He could be

cheerful among the men of his acquaintance, without immorality or prophane-ness; courtly among the ladies, without flattery or insincerity; respectful to his superiors, and maintain a proper distance to those below him without pride or ill-nature. In fine, his character and manners were such as made him highly esteemed by all the wise and good, and beloved even by those who would not be at the pains to imitate him.

After a stay of about three years at the university, he returned to Sir Arthur's; for that kind uncle and patron would needs have him continue to look upon his house as his chief home: nor did Avario at all oppose this motion, though he was now extremely proud of his son, went often to see him, and would always make him be present at every publick assembly or meeting in which he was himself a party. It is certain, indeed, never any young gentleman was more happy or contented in his mind than Clyamon at the time I am speaking of; he had but one wish beyond what he already possessed, and that remained no longer ungratified than while he forbore to mention it. He was as well acquainted, -s books could make him, with most foreign parts, especially with those kingdoms and states which compose this quarter of the globe; but when he considered that the best description cannot but fall infinitely short of the prospect, he was very desirous of being an eye-witness of those things and places he had read of.

Sir Arthur highly approved of his nephew's inclination to travel; it seemed laudable to him, as he had himself often thought it was the only thing wanting to compleat his other accomplishments: and one day, as they were talking on that subject—'My dear Clyamon,' said he, 'the desire you have of seeing the world is truly praise worthy, and I think you cannot better employ two or three of those years which I hope Heaven has allotted for you, than in visiting the several courts of Europe: it will enlarge your ideas; and the difference of their manners and policies will, I doubt not, enable you to make such observations as may hereafter be of service to your country. I think,' pursued he, 'there is no necessity for putting you under the care of any person by way of governor; you are now arrived at years, and, I flatter



‘ flatter myself, at discretion enough to be  
 ‘ trusted by yourself: as to the rest, you  
 ‘ may depend that I shall spare nothing  
 ‘ to render the tour you make agreeable  
 ‘ to you; and that, whatever remit-  
 ‘ tances you shall have occasion for,  
 ‘ from time to time, shall be punctually  
 ‘ sent to you, on a letter of advice.’

This crowned all the other favours Clyamon had received from his indulgent uncle; and, it is not to be doubted, drew from him the most grateful acknowledgments. It was necessary, however, Avario should be consulted: the matter accordingly was proposed to him; on which he testified that he was not void of natural affection, by the reluctance he expressed for exposing to deserting a son to the dangers of travelling; but the arguments urged by Sir Arthur, and the threats of Clyamon, at length prevailed on him to consent. Clyamon soon made it appear that it was not to gratify a vain, unprofitable curiosity, but the laudable ambition of improving his mind, that had made him so desirous of going abroad. The letters he wrote to his father and uncle, from France, Italy, Sweden, and several parts of Germany, would have been very well worth inserting in this work; but, to the misfortune of the publick, I was not then in possession of my wonderful Tablets; and though I heard them read more than once, can remember little of the particulars they contain. This worthy young gentleman had gleaned from every field he passed through whatever he found capable of increasing the treasures of his mind; and, in somewhat more than two years, returned to England, full fraught, though not burthened, with understanding, and an experience far above his years.

I might here entertain my reader with the joy he was received with by his father and uncle, the compliments made to him by the gentry in that part of the country, and acclamations of the lower sort of people; but I have no time to waste in such minute particulars, and must proceed to more material circumstances. Clyamon had no great relish for the country; he soon grew weary of it's amusements: he loved company, and had been accustomed to a good deal, both at Oxford, as well as while he was on his travels; and, on account of the great distance between the gentlemen's seats in that country, his uncle's love

of retirement, and his father's parsimony, neither of their houses were much frequented. He wanted to come to London; he had never been three whole weeks together in it, and thought he ought to be better acquainted with what was done in the capital of the kingdom. Sir Arthur was also willing he should be known in a place where the accomplishments he had given him might be rendered more conspicuous; but as he had more than performed the part of an uncle, and fully discharged him of the promise he had made to Avario concerning his education, he thought it was now high time for that gentleman to take upon him the father, and make a settlement for his son sufficient to enable him to appear in the world according to the estate he was born to inherit. This proposition was not altogether so pleasing to Avario as it ought to have been; but as he could find nothing to alledge against the reasonableness of it, he only evaded complying with it at present by some trifling excuse or other, till Clyamon, unable to conceal his discontent, Sir Arthur pressed more strenuously in his favour than he had done before, and at length, though with much difficulty, drew from that niggardly parent the scanty sum of fifty guineas. This was a light loading for the purse of a young gentleman bred in the manner Clyamon had been, and could not be expected to hold out long in so expensive a town as London. Avario, however, accompanied it with a promise of letting him have more as soon as he received money from his tenants, who, he pretended, had been tardy in their payments of late, and occasioned his being very much out of cash.

Clyamon could not keep himself from being extremely shocked at this treatment from a father who had been at no expence for him since he was ten years old. Sir Arthur was no less chagrined, though he concealed it from his nephew; and putting a Bank bill of fifty pounds into his hand, said to him—

‘ My dear Clyamon, I would not have  
 ‘ you be disconcerted. You know your  
 ‘ father's temper; but the more he  
 ‘ hoards, the more will be your own at  
 ‘ his decease. In the mean time, he  
 ‘ assured I will not forsake you; I will  
 ‘ continually urge him on your behalf,  
 ‘ and also privately supply you when-  
 ‘ ever he is deficient: live therefore like  
 ‘ yourself,

, yourself, and be entirely easy.' These comfortable words, from a mouth on which he knew he might depend, made Clyamon set out cheerfully for London; but what happened to him after his arrival, must be the subject of another chapter.

## CHAP. IX.

IS A CONTINUANCE OF WHAT THE FORMER BUT BEGAN.

**T**HOUGH Clyamon never had an opportunity of making much acquaintance in this metropolis, and now arrived here at a season in which great part of the nobility and gentry retire to their country seats, yet was he soon known, and his conversation courted by those of the best rank who still remained in town. There were no operas indeed, no plays, no masquerades, to entertain him, but the gardens of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Mary-le-bon; or, to speak more properly, the gay company that frequent those places left him no want of any other amusement. The love of pleasure can never continue ungratified in a town like this; and it is not to be wondered at, if it sometimes got the better of all Clyamon's discretion; nor, if surrounded with temptations, that he could not always keep himself from giving way to passions which, in youth, and a sprightly disposition, are so natural, that they scarce deserve the name of faults. It is not my business to detain the reader's attention with an account of his gallantries with the fair-sex, if any of the particulars had come to my knowledge, which I freely confess they did not; I shall only say, that he had no amour which could call his honour in question, bring him into quarrels, or be productive of any other unhappy consequences.

The only mistake in conduct he had any great reason to repent of, he was led into more by the prevalence of example than inclination. He had never been in the least tainted with that epidemick vice the love of gaming, and rather wondered at the pleasure he saw it give others, than desired to be a partaker of it himself; yet did he inadvertently suffer himself one evening to engage in a party at that dangerous amusement, which he knew had proved so fa-

tal to many of the most opulent fortunes; and utterly unsuitable to a person in his present circumstances. The persons he played with were well experienced, and great proficient in their arts: they let him win at first some pieces; and this imaginary success luring him to go on, he became at length a loser of about seventy pounds; a trifling sum to a gentleman of his appearance, yet three times more than he at that time was master of.

He dissembled his chagrin as well as he was able, but confessed he had not that sum about him, and would send it the next morning: on which they told him his honour was a sufficient stake for ten times as much as he had lost, and would fain have prevailed with him to have played on; but he now saw the folly he had been guilty of, so pretending he had business, took leave of the company, carrying with him a humour very different from what he had brought, and from what he had ever been possessed of in his whole life before. Impossible is it to express, as he afterwards told me, how much he was disconcerted at this unlucky event: he knew it was expected he should promise to send the money next morning, and by what means he should acquit himself of that promise, and redeem his honour, puzzled him to a degree that made him almost distracted. He has often protested that he never closed his eyes in sleep during that whole night, but passed his restless hours in contriving how to extricate himself from the labyrinth into which he had so foolishly strayed. After much revolving in his mind, he at last bethought himself of borrowing the sum he wanted of a young gentleman with whom he was extremely intimate, and had a good fortune.

Pursuant to this resolution, he rose the next morning more early than he was accustomed, and went to his friend, who was not yet stirring; but on saying he had business of importance to impart to him, was easily admitted to his chamber. He told him, in few words, what had happened, the vexatious situation he was in, and the necessity he was under of borrowing a small sum, till he could receive a remittance from the country; to which the other replied—'Upon my soul, dear Clyamon, I should be glad to serve you on this occasion, but, faith, it is not in my power at present; it is not a week ago since I lost five hundred

‘ hundred pounds at that damned whiff; and this, with some other demands lately made upon me, have quite drained me of all my ready cash. But I will tell you what I can do for you; I know a man who has often supplied me, and several of my acquaintance, when they have had a bad run at play. He has always money by him, and will lend you what sum you please on your advancing a premium. I will rise this minute, and go with you to him.’

Clyamon was highly pleased at this offer; and, while the other was dressing, reflecting within himself how his affairs stood, and that the little presents he had received from his father and uncle being now almost exhausted, he should soon have calls for more money than his gaming debt; thought it best, since he must borrow, to borrow as much as would supply his expences till his father should be prevailed upon to make him a settlement, which he flattered himself would be in a short time. He communicated his intention to the gentleman, who approved it; and having got himself ready, they went together to old Grub, for so the usurer was called. The wretch was just coming out of his house when they came to it. On seeing them, he turned back, and conducted them into a little dirty parlour; but as the discourse that passed between them was somewhat extraordinary, I thought it worth writing down, as Clyamon some time after repeated it to me word for word.

*Grub.* So, my young squire!—’Tis a wonder to see you out of your bed before the sun has run three quarters of his course at least. I suppose you want a little of my assistance; that brings you abroad thus early.

*Gentleman.* No, faith, Grub, not at present; but I have a friend here that does.

*Grub.* Your friend is welcome; I will serve him if I can.—Pray, Sir, what can I do for you?

*Clyamon.* Sir, a present emergency lays me under a necessity of raising two hundred pounds immediately; if you have that sum by you, this gentleman will inform you who I am, and that I want neither the power nor the will to discharge any obligation I shall enter into on that score.

*Gentleman.* Aye, aye, Grub, his

note is as good as the Bank of England; you need not fear your money. His name is \*\*\*\*; he is an only son, and heir to near two thousand pounds a year.

*Grub.* The gentleman has an honest face, indeed.

*Gentleman.* If you have any scruple, Grub, I will join in the note with all my soul.

*Grub.* I believe there is no great occasion; only in case of accidents a collateral security may be necessary.

*Gentleman.* Well, well, you shall have it.

*Grub.* I suppose, Sir, you have acquainted the gentleman with the common way of dealing in these affairs?

*Clyamon.* Sir, I am willing to allow you any interest for your money that you can in reason desire.

*Grub.* Sir, I am never out of reason with any man. As to interest, it is quite out of the question; I shall take no more than what the law allows; but when we advance money upon a pinch, a certain premium is expected.

*Clyamon.* Please to name it.

*Grub.* Let me see—you want two hundred pounds immediately, you say. It is but a trifling sum, indeed; but too much for a poor man like me to lose: we who lend money this way run a great risque. Not that I doubt you, nor am unwilling to advance the money; but I think you can do no less than add an odd fifty in the note you make.

*Clyamon.* How, Sir! fifty pounds for the loan of two hundred, besides the interest!

*Grub.* Lookye, Sir, I would not have you imagine I deal hardly with you. If you brought me a note on the best tradesman in the city, payable one month after date, I do assure you that I would not discount it a farthing less than twenty per cent. Consider, Sir, I may lie a great while out of my money. Disappointments sometimes happen; and when they do, I have not the heart to be severe in point of time; I scorn to distress a gentleman when I find he has it not in his power to pay, unless I hear he is going out of the kingdom, or to enter into the army; and then, indeed, it behoves me to take care of myself.

Clyamon, in favouring me with the recital of this dialogue, told me, that he had not presence enough of mind to keep the shock he felt at so exorbitant a demand



mand from being visible to the usurer; who looking on him with no very pleasing aspect, said to him—

*Grub.* I perceive you are dissatisfied, Sir; and if so, I can keep my money, and you may try to supply yourself at a cheaper rate elsewhere. For my part, I am at no loss how to dispose of the little I have: there are now will be glad to receive it on the terms I offered you; and, it may be, not grumble to allow me a better advantage.

*Gentleman.* Nay—pshaw—pr'ythee, Grub, don't be out of humour! My friend is not accustomed to these things, and I had not time to inform him before we came.

*Grub.* Sir, I bear a conscience, and am above imposing on any one. I am ashamed to think of what is practised at some great coffee-houses that shall be nameless; where, if a gentleman is necessitated to borrow ten pieces, he returns twenty for it the next morning, or, it may be, the same night. No, no; such things are an abomination to me: I desire no more than a living profit; and whoever does not approve of my conditions, is at liberty to reject them; there is no harm done.

*Clyamon.* Not in the least, Sir: and as this is the first time I ever had occasion to become a borrower, and was utterly ignorant of the methods I should take in such a situation, I may deserve forgiveness.

Thus was poor Clyamon compelled, by his impatience to discharge his debt of honour, to acquiesce to the excuse made for him by his friend, and comply with the extortioner's demand. On which Grub was easily brought into temper again; a note was presently drawn for two hundred and fifty pounds; and being signed by both the gentlemen, the whole sum mentioned in it was delivered to Clyamon, who put two hundred pounds into his pocket, and returned the other fifty to Grub: 'This, Sir,' said the old wary curmudgeon, 'I receive as a present from you, and thank you for it.' Clyamon also, in his turn, thanked him for the favour he had just conferred upon him; after which they departed, seemingly with the most perfect good-will towards each other: but it is a truth almost unquestionable, that the lender of this money had infinitely more satisfaction in his mind than the borrower could possibly have. Dear-

ly, indeed, did he pay for the means of discharging an obligation which his inadvertency had brought him under: it was, however, of this service to him, that it made him detest high gaming ever since, and careful to avoid all company that might draw him into a second misfortune of the same kind; as I remember to have formerly read in a very old, and now almost exploded author—

'Wife is the man who, by one error taught,  
'No more is in the same temptation caught.'

There is a way of refraining from being guilty of indiscreet actions, without affecting to be over wise. Clyamon had this happy talent. He knew very well, that for a person of his years to set up for a dictator, instead of reforming his companions, would only incur their ridicule; and therefore contented himself with not making a party in the modish vices and follies he was spectator of, without seeming to condemn or be displeased at them. Conscious that, on his first arrival in town, he had not taken all the care he should have done to regulate his way of living according to his present circumstances, he began to retrench his expences as much as possibly he could, without letting the world see he did so, or sinking too much beneath the character of a gentleman born to inherit the ample fortune he was. But in spite of this somewhat too late assumed œconomy, he soon found himself in a very great necessity for a fresh supply. He had been in London from the latter end of May to the beginning of October, and had received no remittances from the country since he left it. All his uncle's remonstrances had not yet prevailed upon his father to make the proposed settlement on him: the usurer's loan was quite exhausted; and he had, besides, other small debts to his tradesmen, some of whom had already sent in their bills.

To add to these vexations, Grub visited him almost every day, complained he was out of cash himself, and at length grew very importunate, and plainly told him, that he could lie no longer out of his money, and that if he did not speedily discharge the note, he must take proper measures to force him to it. In this exigence, he wrote a very pressing letter to his father, intreating an order on his banker in London: but the obdurate



Avario only sent him an answer to this effect; that it was inconvenient for him to break into the sum in the hands of his banker; said he must wait awhile; that he should be in town himself the ensuing November, on the meeting of parliament, and that then he would do something for him: in the mean time bid him live sparingly, and shun all places and company that might draw him into any unnecessary expence.

Poor Clyamon had need enough for all that stock of spirits which nature had endued him with, to enable him to bear up amidst the persecutions of his voracious creditors, and the unnatural behaviour of his father. He had now no other resource remaining, than an application to Sir Arthur; but very loth he was to be troublesome to that dear and beneficent uncle, to whom alone he was indebted for what he looked upon as infinitely more valuable than his being, his education; and was with much debate within himself, whether it were not better to endure the insults he was exposed to, rather than run the risque of displeasing a patron he had so much cause to love and reverence. But while he continued thus irresolute in his mind, an accident happened which put a final end to all the contention in his thoughts on that score, by presenting him with a misfortune, which was the more severe, by it's being sudden and unapprehended.

The good Sir Arthur Frankwill died: Fate snatched him from the world at once, without the least previous warnings; and allowed no time for the making bequests, either to his beloved Clyamon, or any other person, who else he might have thought worthy of a place in his remembrance; so that leaving no will behind him, his whole estate, together with all the personal effects he was possessed of, devolved on a son of his elder sister, as being the first of blood, and heir at law; a gentleman who had always looked upon Clyamon with too envious an eye to have any sincere friendship for him. The first account of this misfortune was transmitted to Clyamon in a letter from the above-mentioned kinsman, and contained the following lines—

‘DEAR COUSIN,  
‘THIS comes to acquaint you with  
‘the loss we both sustain by the  
‘death of our dear uncle, who departed

‘this life six days ago. He was seized  
‘with an apoplectick fit, out of which  
‘he never recovered, in spite of all the  
‘endeavours that could be used. I did  
‘not send to desire your company at  
‘the funeral, as it would have been a  
‘superfluous compliment to him, and  
‘a great fatigue and expence to yourself  
‘in coming so long a journey; but  
‘as I am sensible of the affection he had  
‘always for you, I inclose a Bank bill  
‘of twenty pounds for mourning. I  
‘intend to dispose of my uncle’s house  
‘as soon as I can hear of a purchaser,  
‘and am now sending away all the furniture,  
‘so can make no invitation to  
‘you to come hither; but shall be glad  
‘if you pass a few days with me at  
‘T—, on your return into the country.  
‘So the hurry I am in at present,  
‘permits me to add no more, than that  
‘I am, &c.

‘G. HAWKSMORE.’

It is certain, at this time, and indeed almost at any other, there were few things could have happened more unfortunately for Clyamon than the death of his uncle; as he had not only lost in him an indulgent parent, a tender friend, and a kind protector, who had promised never to forsake him, but also the only person in the world who had the most influence over his father, and by whose intercession he hoped to have been soon relieved from the precarious situation he was at present in. He had scarce time enough to recover himself from the first emotions of grief, on the above-mentioned melancholy account, when he received private intelligence that Grub intended to arrest him, and had even employed a sheriff’s officer for that purpose. He had no way to prevent this affront but by flying for refuge to the verge of the court; which he accordingly did, and took a lodging in Scotland Yard. Grub soon heard of his retreat; traced him to his asylum; and endeavoured, by all the means he could, to render it of no service to him: but Clyamon had laid his case before the board of green cloth, who had assured him of their protection, till the arrival of his father should discharge this troublesome affair.

The time was now near in which Avario was expected. and he staid not many days beyond it; but his presence rather augmented, than put an end to  
the

the distress of Clyamon. That unnatural parent, on finding the condition he was in, flew into the extreme rage; reproached his extravagancies, as he called them, in the most bitter terms; swore he would see him sink under the calamity to which he had reduced himself, rather than give a single guinea to relieve him from it; and even cursed the memory of the good Sir Arthur, for having indulged him, as he said, in notions so contrary to what he ought to have been inspired with. It was in vain that Clyamon endeavoured to alleviate his fury; he would hearken to no excuses, he softened by no submissions he could make. One of the gentlemen of the honourable board, at Clyamon's request, urged the defence of that young gentleman in the strongest terms; but Avario for many days continued deaf to all remonstrances in his behalf, and gave no other answer, than that, as his son had brought himself into this trouble by his folly, he must endeavour to get out of it by his wit. This cruel sarcasm, when repeated to Clyamon, made him almost forget the duty of a son; and, as he confessed to me, ready to burst into exclamations which he would afterwards have reproached himself for having been guilty of uttering, or even thinking of.

Grub, and some other of his creditors, finding they could do no more to him in the place where he was, took their revenge in persecuting him with unceasing clamours; which threw him sometimes into such fits of melancholy, that if he had not been furnished with a great stock of morality and good sense, would doubtless have pushed him on some desperate method to end those misfortunes which he saw no probability of being removed from. Avario, in the mean time, notwithstanding his churlish and sordid disposition, was far from being easy in his mind. The first gust of passion being blown over, the merits of Clyamon rose in opposition to the fault he had been guilty of, and made it by degrees seem less; he could not forbear remembering that he was his son, and such a son as every one who was a father wished his own might copy after. In fine, nature and reason joined their forces, and pleaded strongly in behalf of Clyamon, and almost wrought him to forgiveness; but as often as he reflected how much it would cost to pardon him,

and that he could not receive him into favour without payment of his debts, the thoughts of parting with his money gave a sudden check to his paternal inclinations.

At length, however, some hints which Clyamon dropped in one of the many petitionary letters he sent to him, making him apprehensive that the most dreadful consequences might attend the despair of his offending son, he became determined to do something for him. He sent a person to him with ten guineas for his present support, and an offer of making up his affairs, in case he could prevail on his creditors to compound for the one half of what was owing to them. Clyamon accepted of his father's present, trifling as it was, with submission; but could not forbear testifying the utmost disdain at proposing of a composition; for besides being certain that it would never be complied with, the thing itself appeared to him so abject, that he chose to suffer any thing rather than demean himself to mention it. This refusal put Avario into a second flame; but he soon cooled again; and, after some little conflict within himself, the necessity there was of restoring the liberty of an only son, got the better of his love of money. L<sup>th</sup>, however, to part with his darling pence as long as there was a possibility of keeping them, he found out an expedient to protract the doing a thing so irksome to him: he communicated his intentions to Clyamon in a letter, which that young gentleman shewing me afterwards, I found contained words to this effect—

‘ SON,  
‘ **T**HOUGH I have been justly irritated against you, first by your  
‘ extravagancies, and since by your late  
‘ obstinacy, yet I cannot forget I am  
‘ your father, nor suffer you to sink beneath those misfortunes your folly  
‘ and disobedience have brought you  
‘ into. I have resolved to pay all your  
‘ debts before I leave London; but as it  
‘ is not convenient for me to do it  
‘ sooner, would not have you venture  
‘ out of the verge, for fear of bringing  
‘ yourself into disgrace, and an additional  
‘ expence on me for your release. In the mean time, am content  
‘ to allow you two guineas and a half  
‘ per week, for the subsistence of yourself and servant. It is expected we  
‘ shall

‘ shall be dissolved about the middle of February, when writs will be issued out for a new election; and I shall then set you clear in the world, and take you home with me; for I do not think it adviseable you should live in this luxurious town, till you are better acquainted with the true value of money than you seem to be at present. I hope, notwithstanding, that your future behaviour will atone for the errors of the past, and I shall have no occasion to repent the proof I now give you of being your affectionate father,

‘ AVARIO.’

The joy Clyamon would have felt, on finding full satisfaction would be given to the demands of his impatient creditors, was very much abated by the thoughts of being obliged to reside constantly with his father in the country; as the manner in which he knew he must live would be very disagreeable to his humour, and widely different from what he had been accustomed to with his uncle. It also seemed a little hard to him, that by delaying the discharge of his debts till his departure, he should be secluded from all enjoyment of the pleasures of the town, even while he continued in it: but he saw into the policy of his father in doing this; and, as there was no remedy, endeavoured to be as contented as possible. In the answer he gave to his father’s letter, he expressed himself in terms highly pleasing to him, and brought on a perfect reconciliation, as will presently appear, on occasion of an accident which happened soon after.

## CHAP. X.

CONCLUDES A NARRATIVE WHICH HAS SOMEWHAT IN IT THAT WILL, IN A MANNER, COMPEL THOSE WHO SHALL BE MOST OFFENDED TO COUNTERFEIT AN APPROBATION, FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR OWN REPUTATION.

**T**HOUGH the greatest intimacy with Clyamon, and a long acquaintance with Avario, made me no stranger even to the minute particulars of the transaction I am relating—I mean as far as I could be informed by the perfect confidence with which I was ho-

noured by both these gentlemen—yet, as no sure dependance can be placed either on what people say of themselves, or the report given of them by others, I should never have ventured to speak so positively in many things as I have done, if the gift of Invisibility had not afforded me an opportunity of accompanying them when they thought themselves entirely alone, and of beholding them in those unguarded attitudes which are the best and only certain discoverers of the inward workings of the human mind.

It was my dear Belt could have alone convinced me that, contrary to the general opinion of the world, it was not ill-nature in Avario, or the ignorance of what he ought to do, which had hindered him from being an affectionate husband, a tender father, a faithful friend, and an indulgent master; but merely his inordinate love of money, and an unaccountable apprehension of being reduced to the want of it, that made him center his whole cares in his bags, regardless of all the ties of blood and nature, and rendered him almost incapable of practising any social virtue.

It was by this beneficial present that I became assured Clyamon was much more worthy than he took any pains to appear; that in all serious matters he was steady and unshaken, and in his pleasures decent and well-mannered; and that, young as he was, he had set up a tribunal in his own heart, where reason presiding as his sole judge, carefully examined all his actions, and whatever unruly passion had got the start, stopped it in it’s career, and brought it back to obedience.

Many interesting circumstances relating to this affair between father and son, are lost to the publick by my having been deprived for some time of my Chrystalline Tablets, which had been stolen from me, with several other things of much less, though more seeming value, by an unfaithful servant; but the villain finding, I suppose, that he could make nothing of the Tablets, and looking upon them only as a curiosity which would please nobody so much as myself, sealed them up, and caused them to be left for me at a coffee-house. My joy at getting them again, made me forgive the rest of the robbery, and seek no farther after the thief. I recovered my purloined treasure just about the time that



that Clyamon was in the above-mentioned situation; so that what remains to be recited of this narrative, will be chiefly taken from the mouths of the persons concerned in it. I was one morning in Clyamon's apartment, under the cover of my Belt, when a young gentleman of the name of Careless came to visit him. After exchanging the *bon jour*, and some other customary salutations, Careless began the conversation between them in these terms—

*Careless.* Where do you think I was yesterday?

*Clyamon.* I am no conjuror.

*Careless.* Guess.

*Clyamon.* It would be a needless trouble; pr'ythee spare it me.

*Careless.* Why, faith, in the gallery of the House of Commons.

*Clyamon.* The House of Commons! It must be a business of vast importance sure, that could carry a fellow of thy gay, sprightly temper, into that grave, venerable place.

*Careless.* No, thank Heaven! business and I are perfect strangers to each other; but I had an hour or two upon my hands, and went thither merely to kill time: but was never more diverted in my whole life, than to see how some young members who had got their heads together, and were giggling over a copy of verses inscribed to Fanny Murray, were put to silence in an instant, and looked as silly as a school-boy under the lash of correction, on the speaker's crying out, with an audible and austere voice—'To order, gentlemen!—for shame!—to order.'

*Clyamon.* Methinks, indeed, they might have found a more proper place and time for laughter. Was my father in the house, pray?

*Careless.* O yes; and I assure you the old gentleman made as wise a figure as any there; he said nothing indeed, but sat as serious as a judge upon a criminal cause, leaning both his hands upon his gold-headed cane, and his chin upon his hands, and listening with great attention to a very long, and, I suppose, learned harangue, of a leading member.—How do you design to dispose of yourself to-day?

*Clyamon.* I have not yet considered.

*Careless.* 'Tis a glorious morning!

—Are you for the Park? I come on purpose to ask you.

*Clyamon.* With all my heart.

*Careless.* Come along, then. I dare swear the Mall is half full by this time. Let us go, and laugh at the great vulgar and the small, as Cowley says.

Just as they were going out of the room, a letter was presented to Clyamon from his father; which he turning back to read, I stepped behind him, and found it contained these lines—

'DEAR CLY,

'I Have something to impart to you, ' which is of the utmost consequence ' to my peace of mind, and your future ' happiness: be careful, therefore, not ' to be out of the way to-morrow morning, when I shall call upon you as I ' go to the House; for what I have to ' propose cannot be settled too soon. Be ' assured I am impatient to see you make ' as good a figure in the world as I ' think you deserve; and that no more ' is required of you, than a just sense ' of your duty to me, and a regard for ' what is your own interest, to preserve ' me always your very indulgent and ' loving father,

'AVARIO.'

Clyamon was so transported with the kindness of this epistle, that he could not forbear shewing it to Careless; who, knowing the temper of Avario, had no sooner looked over, than he said—

*Careless.* I will lay my life upon it, that the old gentleman has found out some rich widow or heiress for you, with whose fortune you may make a figure in the world, and save his own till he can keep it no longer.

*Clyamon.* I hope not so, for as yet I have no inclination to marry; and, whenever I do, shall like to have a wife of my own chusing.

*Careless.* You must be cautious, nevertheless, not to venture a second *brulee* with him; for he seems to have set his heart very much upon this business, whatever it is that he has now got into his head.

*Clyamon.* Deuce take you for putting it into mine! But I will think no more on it. If the thing should be as you imagine, I shall have time enough to be uneasy after knowing it. But come, 'tis almost two o'clock; let us away.

With these words they went to the Mall, and I returned home; where reflecting, as I always did after these excursions, on what I had seen and heard,

I could



I could not help being of the same opinion with Mr. Careless, as touching the intentions of Avario; and feared that poor Clyamon, with all his merit, would be obliged to become a prey to some old well-jointed Jezebel, or rich dowdy who owed her virginity to her ugliness. By what I have often freely confessed concerning the inquisitiveness of my disposition, the reader will easily suppose I felt no small impatience for the event of Avario's visit to his son; and indeed, I believe that young gentleman himself could scarce be more anxious. That I might lose nothing of what should pass between them, I took care to post myself very early in Clyamon's apartment; and it was well I did so, both for the satisfaction of my own curiosity, and the emolument of the publick, for Avario came in presently after me.

As they had not seen each other for some time, Clyamon threw himself on his knees, and in that posture thanked his father for the pardon he had vouchsafed to his offence, as well as for his kind promise he had given for the discharge of his debts. Avario seemed very much pleased with this submission, raised and embraced him with great affection; and, after they were seated, replied to what he had said in these terms—

*Avario.* It is a great deal of money, indeed, the folly you have been guilty of will cost me; but it is the first, and, I flatter myself, will be the last I shall have to complain of: so we will say no more of what is past. I came now to talk with you on a subject more agreeable to us both.

*Clyamon.* I have the greatest reason in the world, Sir, to hope every thing from your goodness.

*Avario.* Aye, Clyamon, you are my only son. You may be sure I have nothing so much at heart as your welfare, and I think I have now hit upon something that will make you as happy as you can wish to be. Your late uncle, Sir Arthur, was always teasing me on the score of a constant allowance for you out of my estate, to the end you may be in a manner independent, and I have at length resolved to do it.

*Clyamon.* Whatever you are pleased to grant, Sir, I shall take care to employ so as to give you no cause to repent your bounty.

*Avario.* But that is not all, Clya-

mon: what I shall do for you will put you in a way of making yourself a much greater man than you would be by what you will enjoy on my decease.

*Clyamon.* I am not ambitious, Sir; but shall readily embrace any laudable means of raising my fortune.

*Avario.* Why, that's well said; and what I have to propose is not only laudable, but honourable too. It is this; you shall be a member of the House of Commons.

*Clyamon.* Sir, I should be proud to serve my country in any capacity; but in this, fear my youth and inexperience will be very just objections.

*Avario.* Tut, tut! there are much younger than you in the House; and, though I say it, of much less understanding too. As to the forms that are to be observed there, I can instruct you in them; and as to the rest, you will easily come into it yourself; therefore no more of such idle scruples: an over modesty and diffidence of yourself is the worst quality a man that aims to rise in the world can be possessed of. I have considered on this matter in all it's circumstances, before I mentioned it to you; and, in order to qualify you for a member, have resolved to assign over to you five hundred pounds per annum of my estate.

*Clyamon.* That, Sir, is more than I could have presumed to ask.

*Avario.* I mean, the rents of so much shall be received in your name; as to the cash, I think it much safer in my own hands than yours; but you shall want nothing that is necessary: and when the business of parliament calls you to London, give you leave to draw upon me for what sum, or sums, you shall find occasion for, in reason.

*Clyamon.* This, Sir, is far from putting me out of a state of dependance.

*Avario.* You ought not to desire it. Your uncle talked foolishly, very foolishly, on this head; and if it had not been for the obligation I had to him on the score of your education, I should have told him so. A son ought always to be dependant on his father; and I think you have very great cause to be content in being so, as you have experienced the paternal affection I have for you, by my readiness to forgive your faults, and to discharge those debts your extravagancies had contracted.

*Clyamon.* Sir, I shall always retain a grateful

grateful sense of all you have done for me. But pray, Sir, since it is your pleasure that I should be a candidate at the ensuing election, what place have you in your eye for me? I suppose for some borough.

*Avario.* No, no; for our own county.

*Clyamon.* Then, Sir, do you decline standing yourself?

*Avario.* Yes, Clyamon. I grow old, and am weary of the fatigue of coming up to London once every year. I find it very expensive, as well as troublesome; for though I board while I am here at a pretty cheap rate, with one that was formerly my servant, yet I know not how it is, money runs strangely away in this town. Besides, I do not think I have been well used: I have had the honour of representing the county of \*\*\*\*\* in three successive parliaments, and have got nothing by it, but the honour; and though I have constantly voted on the side of the court, and whenever any debate of consequence was to come upon the carpet, have always previously attended the levee of the minister, to know his will and pleasure; all the recompence I have had, has been sometimes a shake of the hand, a gracious nod, a smile, and 'How does my 'good friend Avario?'

*Clyamon.* You amaze me, Sir! I never imagined a gentleman had any other interest in his election than the pleasure of having an opportunity to serve his country.

*Avario.* Serve his country!—a fiddle on the country! It would be well worth a gentleman's while, indeed, to cajole, treat, and bribe, every little dirty fellow that has a vote to give; to spend so much time and money; and, it may be, drink himself half dead into the bargain, at his election; if it were not for the sake of serving himself, instead of the rabble who make choice of him for their representative. No, no, boy; if we had not honour, favour, and preferment, in view, our electors would be obliged to court us to accept their votes, not we to solicit them.

*Clyamon.* But, Sir, supposing this to be the case, how do you think it possible I should acquire any of those advantages which you say you have failed in the pursuit of yourself?

*Avario.* I'll tell you, Clyamon. I could only give my bare vote for or

against any question; I never had the gift of either speaking or writing: now I am pretty sure you can do both; and a pathetick speech, or a strong pamphlet, are prevailing arguments with the ministry; a man that can do these may have any thing, may make his own price. So, Cly, it will be your own fault, if in a session or two you are not above receiving any assistance from me.

*Clyamon.* Sir, I shall be always ready to exert the little talents I am master of to promote whatever I think is for the good of the commonwealth.

*Avario.* Tut! what have you to do with the commonwealth? You are not to set up for a judge of what is for it's good, or what is not so; your business is to please the minister, and to think every thing right he takes upon him to maintain.

*Clyamon.* But, Sir, how is this consistent with my conscience or my honour?

*Avario.* Idle, very idle. I do not like these notions, Clyamon; they may tempt you to an opposition. I shall be afraid you are a Jacobite.

*Clyamon.* Why, Sir, are all men of honour Jacobites?

*Avario.* No; but this romantick, unprofitable honour you talk of, is either Jacobitism, or something as bad—enthusiasm and bigotry. Is not the court the source of true honour? Do not all honours, dignities, and promotions, flow from thence? Therefore I say, whoever is against the court will never rise to honour, or any thing else that is valuable.

*Clyamon.* Sir, you may be perfectly assured, that I shall always do my best in support of every measure which tends to the real honour of his majesty, and the good of my country; and never oppose any which do not oppose the constitution.

*Avario.* But you must not examine too scrupulously into these things. You are to suppose that those who are entrusted with the management of publick affairs are better acquainted with the constitution than you can pretend to be; and must therefore take it for granted, that whatever they say or do is right.

*Clyamon.* But, Sir, does not this implicit faith in the judgment of others, and giving up my own entirely, favour somewhat of a slavish submission?

P

*Avario.*

*Avario.* No, it is only good policy, and looked upon as such by all who know the world. Indeed, if after your voting, speaking, and writing, they should take no notice of you, it would behave you to pluck up a spirit, and extort that respect to your resentment, which they were not grateful enough to pay to your complaisance. I shall then give you leave to oppose them in every thing, whether it be wrong or whether it be right.

*Clyamon.* But would not this changing sides, Sir, make me become contemptible to both parties?

*Avario.* Not at all; it is a thing too commonly practised to be wondered at, and has often had a very good effect, when nothing else would do. Publico, for example. It was a good while, indeed, before they bid up to his price; but they found it necessary at last, and he now enjoys the fruits of his labour.

*Clyamon.* Yes, Sir, I have heard of many others who have been bought off the same way; but whatever has been done in former administrations, I hope the present will attempt nothing that ought to be opposed.

*Avario.* No, no, you are not to suppose they will; unless, as I just now observed, they force you to it by neglecting to recompense your services.

*Clyamon.* According to this, Sir, it will be very difficult, if not altogether impossible, for the people to distinguish between those who would defend, and those who would betray and sacrifice, the liberties of their constituents.

*Avario.* If the people are betrayed and sacrificed, as you call it, they can blame nobody but themselves. Why do they take money for their votes? Why do they, like Esau, sell their birth-rights for a mess of pottage? When a gentleman buys a county, a borough, or a corporation, he has doubtless a right to make the most of it he can.

*Clyamon.* This, Sir, is punishing corruption with corruption.

*Avario.* Aye; is it not just it should be so? Look ye, Clyamon, you are a novice in these affairs as yet, but a little time will make them familiar to you. I do not doubt but I shall hear of your being corrupted by the great man; and when once you are corrupted, your business is done; you will have no farther occasion for my instructions or assistance

either. But I shall say no more at present on this head: you must think of preparing yourself to set out on your journey to \*\*\*\*\*, in a day or two.

*Clyamon.* What, Sir, before you go?

*Avario.* Yes, yes. We shall not be dissolved so soon as we expected. I do not believe I shall be able to get down these six weeks or two months. There have been some odd turns of late; but no matter; they are secrets, and must be kept so. But it is highly necessary you should begin to make your interest: you are already known to the greatest part of the gentry, and I am pretty sure they will be all for you to a man. You must cultivate an acquaintance with the freeholders, ride about among them, invite some of the most leading men home, treat them handsomely, and make little presents to their wives and daughters, of snuff-boxes, rings, necklaces, and such toys, to please their fancies. I will get a friend of mine to purchase a cargo of them for you to take down, and will write to my steward to furnish you with what money you shall have occasion for.

*Clyamon.* Do they know, Sir, that you intend to decline standing any more?

*Avario.* Not yet; but I shall write to night to inform them of it, and to urge all my friends in your behalf. I hear your cousin Hawkmore has taken it into his head to offer himself as a candidate; and though he is not beloved, on account of the bustle he made about turnpikes, yet the large estate he is now in possession of by the death of Sir Arthur, may give him an influence over some people. So there is no time to be lost: I would have you leave London on Monday next. I have given orders that all your creditors shall be paid their full demands this day, and I think you can have no other business of consequence to detain you here.

*Clyamon.* None at all, Sir.

*Avario.* Well then, what friends you have to take leave of, you may see this afternoon; and come and dine with me to-morrow. It is Sunday, and you know is a leisure day, and I shall be at home. Though I am a boarder, I believe you will be welcome; or it may be I shall add a dish to the table; therefore do not fail to come.

*Clyamon.* You may depend, Sir, that



that this command is too agreeable to me not to be punctually obeyed.

The old gentleman then said no more; but, after giving his son a gracious nod, went out of the room, with a countenance which denoted the most perfect satisfaction of mind. Clyamon waited on him down stairs; and I intended to follow, as soon as his return should give me an opportunity of going down; but was retarded by Mr. Careless, who came in immediately after Avario was out of the house. This gentleman, who it seems has a sincere friendship for Clyamon, had been extremely impatient, and indeed more anxious than could have been expected from a person of his gay, thoughtless disposition, to know the event of the letter he had received from his father, had been come to the house some time, and waited in the parlour till the departure of Avario made it proper for him to appear. Almost the first salutation he gave to Clyamon contained an entreaty for the satisfaction of his curiosity in this point, which the other very readily complied with, in general terms; but had too much discretion to expose his father's mercenary views; or, by relating the design he had of making him a member of parliament, reveal the motives he had for doing so, or the instructions he had given him for his behaviour after he should be elected.

Mr. Careless, after having congratulated his friend on his being re-established in the good graces of his father, and the honour that was about to recede to him, said a great many pleasant and spirited things to him on the occasion of his being likely to become a member of that august and respectable assembly. But the particulars of this discourse, entertaining as it was, I am entirely unable to repeat, my Tablets being already crouded with the preceding dialogue; and all I can remember is, that the two gentlemen, after chatting away an hour, agreed to dine together that day, and to that end adjourned to a tavern in the neighbourhood, leaving me at liberty to retire to my own apartment. I was extremely pleased with finding, by what I had seen that day of Clyamon, that I had not been deceived in the high-raised expectations I had entertained of his good sense and probity; and also with perceiving that Avario, in spite of his sordid and avaricious disposition, could

not help allowing the merits of a son, whose sentiments and principles were; in almost every thing, so directly opposite to his own.

The evening of the next day this worthy young gentleman called upon me, as he returned from having passed the former part of it with his father. He was much less reserved with me than he had been with Mr. Careless, which convinced me he knew how to refrain unbosoming himself to those whose solidity he had cause to doubt, and took a pleasure in being entirely open to those on whom he could depend that his confidence would not be abused either by wantonness or neglect. He repeated to me the rules prescribed to him by his father for the regulation of his conduct in parliament, and expressed the little obligation he thought himself under to him on that score, in terms the most strong and pathetick. These are some of his words—‘The love of my country,’ said he, ‘I look upon as the first and greatest moral duty of mankind; and I think I may venture to assure myself, that I shall never be tempted to renounce it on the prospect of any advantage offered, in what shape so ever.’

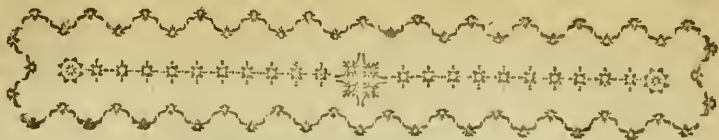
I then told him, that I believed the bulk of the people owed the grievances they complained of, greatly to the luxury of their representatives; who, having impaired their estates in the modish excesses of the times, found themselves under a necessity of entering into measures which otherwise they would never have complied with. ‘Perhaps, too,’ added I, ‘to gratify the ambition of a beloved wife, or prevent the clamour of a turbulent one, may be one reason to which the infringement of public liberty may be ascribed.’ Clyamon listened with great attention to what I said; and joining in my opinion, replied, that his own observation of some late instances confirmed the truth of this argument. ‘The first of these excitements,’ continued he, ‘I have already experienced the danger of through my inadvertency, and shall be wary to avoid the snare in which I have been once entangled; and, as for the other, if ever I marry, shall endeavour to get a wife as near as possible to the description given by the poet of his mistress—



- ' ————— A maid  
 ' Who knows not courts, yet courts does far  
   ' outline  
 ' In every starry beauty of the mind;  
 ' One who, array'd in native loveliness,  
 ' And sweet simplicity, despises art;  
 ' And has a soul too great to stoop to  
   ' pride,  
 ' With the mean ways by which it aims at  
   ' grandeur.'

With these discourses we passed the time he staid. I have not seen him since, but heard of his safe arrival at \*\*\*\*\* . Whether he will be elected for that county, cannot be determined at the time of my writing this; so can only say, that if he is, I doubt not but his character will appear to much more advantage, than in the faint sketch I have here been able to give of it.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.




THE  
INVISIBLE SPY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THIS VOLUME CONSISTS ONLY OF AN APOLOGY FOR MAKING NO INTRODUCTION AT ALL, AND HIS REASONS FOR THAT OMISION.

INCE my setting about this work, I have seen several late treatises that are half taken up with introductory prefaces to the publick. On a serious examination to what end those long discourses were penned, they seemed to me to have been occasioned either by one or the other of the following motives: first, that an author having contracted with his bookseller for a certain number of sheets, without having well considered whether his head be stored with subject matter to make good his engagement, finds himself under a necessity of filling up the vacant pages by saying something by way of an introduction, preface, or advertisement to the reader; or, secondly, that fearing the eyes of the publick will not be sufficiently open to the merit of his performance, or, perhaps, not have the curiosity even to look into it at all, he thinks proper to bespeak their favour by a pompous pre-

lude, and sounds his own praises, like a trumpet at the door of a puppet-show.

Now I am too great a lover of liberty ever to bind myself by any such slavish agreement. The first of these incentives is quite out of the question, and cannot possibly have any weight with me; and as to the second, as a more perfect knowledge of myself than I perceive some others have will not permit me to be over vain in any thing I do, so the indolence of my nature will not permit me to be over anxious for the success. Besides, not having the temptation of the motives aforesaid, I have more adventures to relate than can be easily crowded into this volume; therefore have neither time nor paper to spare for an address, which would afford so little satisfaction to myself in the writing, and perhaps less to my reader in the perusing.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINS SUCH MATTER AS, IT IS HIGHLY PROBABLE, WILL BE THE LEAST PLEASING TO THOSE FOR WHOSE SERVICE IT IS MOST INTENDED.

THERE is, according to the wise man's phrase, a folly under the sun, which, in my opinion, has as little  
to

to be said for it as any of the many other of the present age; and that is, an insatiable inquisitiveness into future events; as if the foreknowledge of what is to come, would enable us either to alleviate or avert the decrees of Providence: yet are all ages, all degrees, of both sexes, tainted more or less with this epidemick frenzy. It cannot but afford the most astonishing, as well as melancholy reflections, in a thinking mind, to observe how many impostors, in and about this great town, are maintained by pretending to the art of divination, while the industrious followers of lawful occupations perish for want of due encouragement.

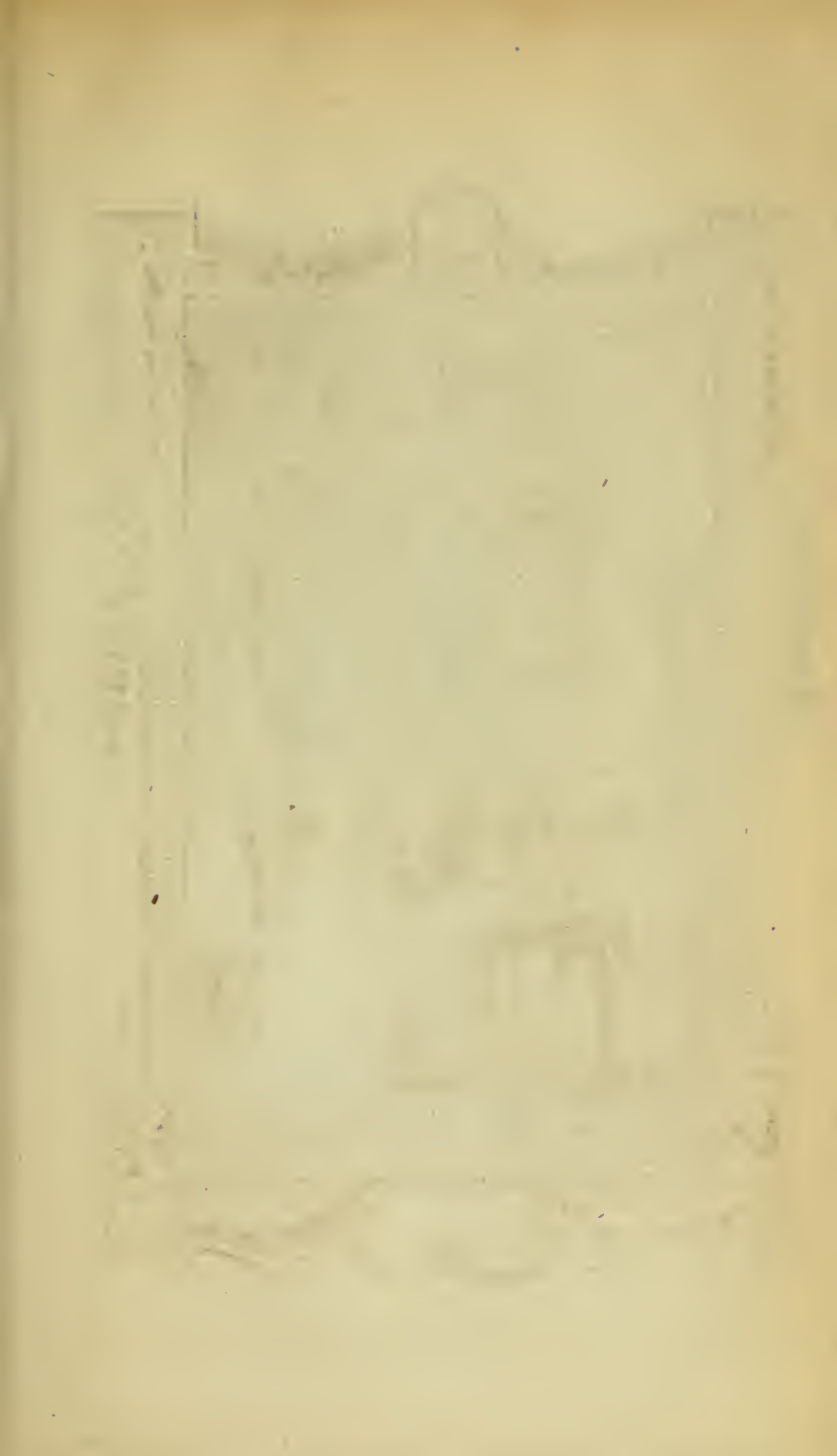
As I was one day on my Invisible Progressions, I accompanied a mingled crowd of people into a house situated in one of the most obscure parts of the city. At first I imagined that this was some private chapel, where persons resorted to pay their adorations to the Deity in a manner not authorized by the government; but was soon convinced of my mistake, when, instead of a pulpit and desk, I found the room we came into furnished only with globes and telescopes, and other implements of a soothsayer and astrologer. I had not patience to hear what idle predictions this oracle would spout forth, especially as I had no acquaintance with any of those who I saw came to consult him; so took my leave of the deceiver and the deceived, full of indignation against the one, and a pity, mingled with contempt, for the other: for what can be said in defence of the understanding of those people who waste their time and money in consulting those abject dealers in futurity! creatures who would make you believe they can read the most hidden decrees of fate in the grounds of coffee, tea, and chocolate! I had often heard much talk of these conjurors, but not till I was convinced by the testimony of my own sense, could ever be brought to believe, that persons endowed with a liberal education could descend so far as to listen to their inconsistent prate, much less give credit to what they uttered; but so strong is the desire of looking into the seeds of time, especially among the fair sex, that sometimes the most proud, as well as the most nice and delicate, will throw aside all consideration of what they are, or would be thought, and, for the sake of

being told their fortune, send for, caress, and associate themselves with, the very lowest and most dirty wretches in human nature.

Lysetta is descended from a very ancient and honourable house. She lived till considerably turned on the wrong side of thirty without discovering the least inclination for marriage, much less gave any room for the most censorious ever to suspect she encouraged any private gallantries; and the whole tenor of her conduct was such, as no one could imagine her capable of harbouring any notions beneath the dignity of her birth and character. A long acquaintance gave me the privilege of visiting her pretty frequently, and never was denied access. I was one day at her house when she had no other company than a young lady with whom she was extremely intimate. While we were drinking tea, her woman came running into the room, and with a significant tone of voice, said—‘Madam, the woman you know of is below.’—‘Tis very well,’ replied Lysetta; ‘shew her into my chamber, and bid her stay a little.’ Then turning to her friend, they smiled on each other, nodded, winked, and seemed big with some secret between themselves.

I found, by all this, that my presence might very well be spared at this time; so turned down my cup, and took my leave. As I was going down stairs, I heard Lysetta order herself to be denied to whoever should come that evening; which convincing me of what I before had reason to imagine, that there was something more than ordinary in hand, I resolved, if possible, to fathom the mystery. Accordingly I went home, popped on my Invisible Belt, put my Tablets in my pocket, and returned with all speed. A lazy footman, lol-ling against a post, with the door wide open behind him, gave me an easy entrance into the house. I very well knew the situation of Lysetta’s chamber, and went directly thither; but, to my great mortification, found the ladies had bolted themselves in; and all I could distinguish of what was doing, for some time, was only the hoarse bass of a loud laugh from Lysetta, and the squeaking treble of a shrill tee-hee from the other.

I stood centinel, however, at the top of the stair-case, and at last was happily relieved. Lysetta opened the door, and called







called to her woman to bring clean cups. Having now gained admittance, I soon perceived what they were about. A coffee-pot upon the table; the dregs of the liquor it had contained poured into a basin; several cups, with more figures on the inside than the outside, and the yet recent circles they had left on being whelmed down on a damask napkin spread on one corner of the table; presently informed me they were employed in the art and mystery of conjuration. The priestesses of these farcical rites was a mean-habited, ill-looking woman; and, though not old, had her nose saddled with a pair of spectacles almost as big as the tops of the cups she pretended to inspect: she was placed between the two ladies, who seemed to treat her with the gentlest marks of freedom and civility.

Lyssetta, I found, had been so complaisant to her friend as to let her be first served: but it was now her own turn; and fresh cups being brought, and the coffee-oracle having judiciously poured the quantity of a tea-spoonful into each, the lady took it into her hand, threw out the liquor, whelmed it on the cloth, and turned it round three times. All being concluded, the prophetess took up the first with the most solemn air, looked stedfastly into it, then on Lyssetta; and, after having repeated this several times, at last delivered her predictions in these terms—

*Fortune-teller.* I see a ring, Madam; your ladyship will be married.

*Lyssetta.* 'Tis rather a mourning-ring; some of my kindred or friends, perhaps, may die.

*Fortune-teller.* I can say nothing to that, Madam, as yet: but I am positive here is a wedding-ring, a heart just by it; and a little farther there is a great house, with a high wall, and a pair of gates. Your ladyship will have some gentleman that has a fine seat in the country—it looks almost like a castle.

*Lyssetta.* I know nothing of it. But what else do you see?

*Fortune-teller.* Here is a man, Madam, that seems to bring you money. Here are papers, too; I do not know but they may be bills.

*Lyssetta.* Very likely; for I expect my banker here either to-day or to-morrow.

*Fortune-teller.* Then here is a bun-

dle of something brought to your ladyship's hostess.

*Lyssetta.* Oh, that is a new sack I have making. But is there nothing more?

*Fortune-teller.* Not in this cup, Madam: but I will look into the next.

*Lyssetta.* Do; for you have told me nothing of any consequence.

*Fortune-teller.* There is a great deal here, Madam, I can perceive already. Here is a gentleman sitting in an easy chair, leaning his elbow upon the table, and seems to be in a deep study.

*Lyssetta.* Pish! what's this to me?

*Fortune-teller.* Yes, Madam, it is a great deal to you; for here is your ladyship, and the very same gentleman on his knees before you. You turn your head away, and look a little scornful; but he has you by the hand. Bless me! here you are both together again; he is talking very earnestly to you. I never saw any thing so plain; your ladyship may see it yourself.

In speaking these last words, she held the cup to Lyssetta, and with a pin pointed out the eyes, the nose, and mouth, of the pretended figure; but Lyssetta pushed it from her, and said—

*Lyssetta.* I could never see any thing in a cup in my life. But what sort of a man is he?

*Fortune-teller.* Pretty tall, Madam; well shaped; very genteel; has a fair complexion, and somewhat of a languishment in his eyes.

*Lyssetta.* I cannot recollect that I know any man who answers this description.

*Fortune-teller.* I scarce think you do, Madam, at present; but your ladyship may take my word for it, that you will see and be courted by such a one; for here is a figure of three over his head: it must be either in three days, or three weeks, at farthest. Let me consider—aye, the moon was at the full yesterday—this event must happen before she enters into her next quarter. But the next cup, it may be, will shew it more clearly.

With this she took up the third cup; and had no sooner looked into it, than she set it down again, clapped her hands together, and cried out—

*Fortune-teller.* Bless me! now I am positive your ladyship will very soon be married! Here is an altar, a book upon  
it,

it, and a parson; all as exact as if they were drawn by a pencil.

She then took up the cup again; and perceiving Lysetta began to look a little more serious than she had done, went on in this manner—

*Fortune-teller.* Well, this is wonderful, indeed! Of all the cups I ever turned in my life, I never saw any thing like this! Here is your ladyship hand in hand with that said gentleman who I told you was in the other. I would now swear that your ladyship will be a wife before any one imagines you have any thoughts that way.

*Lysetta.* I have a very good opinion of your skill, yet am certain you are mistaken in this prediction; for, to tell you the truth, I am resolved never to marry.

*Fortune-teller.* Your ladyship may resolve what you please; but if the stars resolve the contrary, all your resolutions will come to nothing. Madam, there is no resisting fate: his gentleman is ordained to be your husband; and, how much soever you may set yourself against it, the decrees of destiny are inevitable, and you must submit.

*Lysetta.* Oh, Heavens! whether I will or not!

*Fortune-teller.* Undoubtedly, Madam. There is no withstanding the superior powers; and the things which we think the farthest removed from us, are frequently the most near at hand; so that design what you will, resolve what you will, it is all in vain; your ladyship is ordained to be a wife, and the gentleman I see in these cups must be your husband.

*Lysetta.* Well, if such a thing should come to pass, shall I be happy?

*Fortune-teller.* There is nothing in the cup, Madam, that shews the contrary.

The cups having been all examined, the prophets, after receiving a handsome gratuity for her trouble, took her leave, and left Lysetta and her fair companion to reason between themselves on the wonders of her art. But Mrs. Chrysathe Remembrancer being now quite full, it is not in my power to relate the particulars of their discourse; and can only say, that they both seemed to give an implicit credit to every thing she had pretended to reveal.

### CHAP. III.

PRESENTS THE READER WITH A VERY FOOLISH ADVENTURE OF, LYSETTA'S, TO WHICH ALL THAT WAS CONTAINED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER WAS ONLY A PRELUDE.

HAVING discovered this folly in Lysetta, which before I could never have imagined, I began now to be censorious enough to suspect she might also be guilty of others, and therefore took it into my head to make her some Invisible Visits, at those hours in which it was likely her behaviour was most unguarded. In order to satisfy my curiosity, I went one morning, and found her busy in looking over some new pamphlets, just sent her by her bookseller. As I always thought the most certain way to form a true judgment of a woman's mind was in knowing what sort of reading she most delighted in, I was glad to perceive that this lady made choice of only such books as shewed her neither a wanton nor a coquette, and returned all those which, by their titles, discovered the least tendency to prophaneness or obscenity. After this, she began to open the leaves of one of them; but before she had gone through half the leaves contained, was interrupted by her footman, who brought her a letter, and said the person waited for an answer. I slipped behind her chair while she broke the seal, and the contents were as follow—

‘ TO THE HONOURABLE LYSETTA.

‘ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LADYSHIP,

‘ MADAM,

‘ I Hope your goodness will pardon the liberty a stranger takes in writing to you; but as I am not so fortunate to be acquainted with any person who can introduce me to your ladyship, I am obliged to become my own solicitor, and most humbly request you will allow me the privilege of waiting on you this afternoon, if no previous engagement intervenes between me and my desires, having something to communicate of the ut-

‘ most



‘most moment to the peace of him who has the honour to be, with the most profound respect, your ladyship’s sincerely devoted servant,

‘ORSAMES.’

Lyssetta seemed a good deal confounded on reading this little epistle; and after pausing a while, argued with herself in this manner—‘Good God! if this should be the man the fortune-teller told me of! she said I should hear or see something of him within three days, and this is but the second since the prediction. If I was sure he was the person she mentioned, I think I ought not to give him leave to visit me, at least not on his first requesting it; yet I should be glad, methinks, to see if he any way answers the description she gave of him: besides, if I should refuse him, some accident or another would bring us together; for it is certain, there is no such thing as disappointing fate. Why, therefore, should I keep myself in suspense? No, I will see him, and hear what he has to say. It may be he may come upon some other business than what I imagine, and then it would be vastly silly in me to avoid him. Whoever he is, or whatever his designs are, it can be of no prejudice to see him once. He cannot run away with me, cannot have me against my will.’

She then called her servant, and bid him say that she should be at home. The fellow ran down, but had scarce time to deliver the message he was charged with, before she repented of it, as may be seen by this exclamation: ‘Lord! what have I done! if he is really the person I take him to be, he must think me strangely forward in so easily granting him admittance.’

While she was speaking this, she ran to the stair-case with an intent to retract what she had said; but a second thought withholding her, she turned back into the room, and cried out—‘What a fool I am! he does not know that I have consulted a fortune-teller, nor that I have any reason to guess at the business that brings him hither. Why, therefore, should I shun him? What shame can my seeing him reflect upon me? It will be time enough to forbid his visits when he has declared himself my lover.’

How long she would have continued

in that mind is uncertain. Two ladies came in that instant to desire her company with them to the Park, being a fine morning; to which she consenting, I left them, and went home, but with a full resolution to return in the afternoon, and see what event the expected interview would produce. Accordingly I put on my Belt of Invisibility, and went to the house of Lyssetta. I saw a chair waiting, but the door was shut, and I was obliged to stay in the street a considerable time, before it was opened for any person, either to go in or out. I got entrance at last, and passed directly to the dining-room, where I found the person I was desirous of beholding. On my looking earnestly on him, I saw he had so much the resemblance of the picture drawn for him by the fortune-teller, that I presently perceived she must be better acquainted with his features than the cups could make her, and that in reality she was a marriage-broker, under the disguise of a coffee-grounds calculator. He had placed himself very close to Lyssetta on a settee, and must have been making a declaration of love to her by the answer she gave just as I came into the room.

*Lyssetta.* Sir, it does not become me to hearken to any professions of this nature, from a person, to whose family, fortune, and character, I am so entire a stranger.

*Orsames.* It will be easy for me, Madam, to give you full satisfaction in all these particulars; but till I can do so, I beg you will permit me, at least, to convince you of my passion.

*Lyssetta.* Though, Sir, there is no room to doubt, either by your appearance or behaviour, that you are a gentleman and a man of honour, yet I should be glad, methinks, to know some one person with whom you are acquainted.

*Orsames.* Unfortunately for me, Madam, there is not a soul in this town who can give any account of me. This, perhaps, you will think odd; but permit me to give a short sketch of my history, and you will cease to wonder at it.

*Lyssetta.* Then, pray Sir, oblige me so far.

*Orsames.* It is no boast in me, Madam, to assure your ladyship, that my family is among the number of the most ancient in England, having been settled here long before the Conquest, and many



of them been bishops, judges, and privy-counsellors; but my father, taking some disgust at the measures in a late reign, resolved to quit his native country for ever; and to that end sold the seat of his ancestors, with a very considerable estate in Somersetshire, and carried the purchase-money, together with his whole family, to Philadelphia, where he had then a brother, reputed the most wealthy merchant in that place. It was there, Madam, I was born, and am the only surviving issue of my parents, and consequently the sole heir of their possessions, as also of my uncle's, he dying without leaving any child behind him. I fear I tire you, Madam.

*Lysetta.* No, Sir, I beg you will go on.

*Orfames.* From my very infancy there was somewhat in my nature which could not relish the manners of these Americans, though born among them. I had read a great deal, and heard much concerning England, and had always a passionate desire to come to it; but my father, even after my arriving at maturity, would never listen to any intreaties on that score. After his death, my uncle was no less averse to my removal; but on his demise, finding myself freed from all dependency, and entirely master of my own actions, I left all my effects to be disposed of by a person whose integrity I am well assured of, and taking with me only a thousand guineas, just for present use, embarked in the first ship that sailed for England, where I happily arrived about six weeks since.

*Lysetta.* But would it not have been better, Sir, that you had staid at Philadelphia till your affairs had been settled?

*Orfames.* Not at all, Madam; I have friends there that will manage for me as well as if I were there in person. Besides, an irresistible impulse hurried me to England. I could not then account for my impatience, but am now convinced it was my guardian angel called me to behold in reality that lovely face I have so often seen in dreams.

*Lysetta.* What! dream of me!

*Orfames.* Yes, Madam, though so many leagues distant, my spirit has been often with you, conversed with you, and avowed that flame my mortal part now feels.

*Lysetta.* Is it possible!

*Orfames.* True, by Heaven!

*Lysetta.* And are you certain I am the same you saw in your sleep?

*Orfames.* I could not be deceived; the first moment my eyes were blest with your presence at the Chapel Royal, I forgot the solemnity of the place, and the pious business that had brought me thither.

*Lysetta.* 'Tis very wonderful; but 'tis time enough to talk of these things. As you have related to me the former part of your life, I should like to know in what manner you intend to regulate the future.

*Orfames.* That must be submitted to my charming directress; all my affairs, as well as my heart, must henceforth be at your disposal. I had thoughts, indeed, of purchasing a small estate, of about fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds a year; but whether I should put the remainder of my fortune into the publick funds, or lay it out on an employment at court, I had not yet determined.

*Lysetta.* Oh, by all means buy a place; the court is the only thing upon earth.

*Orfames.* Next to your company I believe it is; and since you approve the thought, shall infallibly pursue it.

*Lysetta.* Whoever you marry, Sir, will doubtless be of my opinion.

*Orfames.* Ah! do not wrong my faithful heart so much as to imagine it capable of being charmed by any other. No, if all my love, my services, my prayers, should fail to move the adorable *Lysetta*, I vow an eternal celibacy.

*Lysetta.* You men always talk thus when you would impose on the credulity of our sex; but, Sir, it is time alone that is the true touch-stone of sincerity.

*Orfames.* Madam, it is, and to that I shall trust the decision of my fate; therefore, I once more implore your permission to repeat my vows, and pay you the tribute which beauty like yours demands from love like mine.

*Lysetta.* I will not hear so much of love; but, as you are a stranger in town, and as yet have no acquaintance, I cannot be so ungentle to refuse you the privilege of visiting me sometimes.

At these words, he threw himself upon his knees; and, catching hold of both her hands, pressed first the one and then the other to his lips, with the greatest appearance of transport; all which she suffered,

suffered, nor discovered the least reluctance. I know not how long he might have continued in this mute courtship, if the sound of somebody at the door had not obliged him suddenly to rise. It was *Lysetta's* servant, who immediately entered, and presented her with two letters, which had been just left her by the post. She looked on the superscriptions, then threw them carelessly on the table, without shewing any impatience to examine the contents; but her lover, either through politeness, or because he had acted enough of his part for the first time, thought proper to take his leave, saying, he would do himself the honour to wait on her the next day.

He was no sooner gone, than she began to give a loose to those agitations his presence and discourse had occasioned, and which she had not without great difficulty restrained from being visible. It was in these terms she expressed herself, which, incoherent as they are, I shall deliver them to my readers, just as I found them the next morning engraved on my Tablets. 'Well, this is the oddest accident; sure there was never any thing so astonishing! Let people say what they will, there is a great deal in the throwing of a cup; that woman is certainly the devil; how exactly she described this gentleman! I have said I would never marry, but if the stars have ordained it otherwise, it is in vain to resist; and if his fortune be such as he pretends it is, I can see no cause for any one to blame me.'

Here she stopped, and fell into a little reverie; but soon coming out of it, thus renewed her ejaculations: 'There is nothing in the person nor address of this new lover but what is perfectly agreeable; and I believe I shall like him well enough on a little more acquaintance with him: he seems vastly charmed with me; but one ought not to build on what the men say on these occasions. There is something strangely particular, indeed, in his dreaming of me without ever having seen me: in fine, the more I consider, the more I find the hand of fate is in this business, and I must submit.'

After this, she seemed somewhat more composed, and began to read the letters she had received. I also looked over them at the same time; but found they were only from relations, of family affairs of no moment to the publick, or to

the narrative I am reciting. When I came home, had thrown myself into an easy-chair, and began to ruminate on the extraordinary scene I had been witness of, I knew not whether the base design, which I now plainly perceived had been concerted between the fortune-teller and *Orames*, or the weakness and infatuation of *Lysetta* in giving credit to their romantick lyes, had the most right to engross my amazement. But when I reflected more deeply on the various impositions I daily saw practised, my wonder ceased, on account either of the fortune-teller or the fortune-hunter, and fixed itself entirely on the simplicity of *Lysetta*. It now seemed no strange to me, that the most illiterate and abject wretches should be endowed with a natural store of cunning, which, backed by impudence, renders them capable of forming contrivances to deceive; else how do we often see pick pockets and house breakers circumvent the watchfulness of the most cautious? But then, those sort of pilferers rob us when our heads are turned another way, or when we are sleeping in our beds; but in listening to fortune-tellers, we are defrauded with our eyes open, and give, as it were, our own consent to the worst kind of theft, that of stealing away our understanding.

People guilty of this egregious folly, when detected in it, pretend they consult those ridiculous oracles for no other end than merely to divert themselves, without believing, or even remembering one syllable of the predictions delivered to them. This may, perhaps, at first be true; but there are too many instances which prove, that custom, by degrees, turns into earnest what might once be meant as a jest. The reason is this: those subtle creatures frequently find means, either by emissaries, or by insinuating themselves among servants, to get into the secrets of families, and one real fact serving to make all they say believed, gives them the power to work the person who depends upon them almost to any point they aim at. The most pernicious designs have been carried on this way. Husbands have been set against their wives, and wives against their husbands; parents have been made to disregard their children, and children to forget all obedience to their parents; the best matches have been broke off, and the most dispropor-

tionable ones made : in fine, there is no kind of mischief but what has happened when a fortune-teller has been bribed by some base person, who has an interest in bringing about such events. Therefore, as there is a strict law in force against these pretended dealers in futurity, I cannot help saying, that I regret it's not being executed with greater punctuality; since the more simple an evil appears, the more dangerous it proves in it's effects.

#### CHAP. IV.

CONTAINS THE CATASTROPHE OF AN AFFAIR, WHICH THE REPE- TITION OF OUGHT NOT TO GIVE OFFENCE TO ANY ONE, EXCEPT THE PERSON WHOSE RESENTMENT THE AUTHOR WILL NOT LOOK UPON AS A MISFORTUNE.

**L**YSETTA was so strongly persuaded in her mind, that it was her fate to marry Orsames, that she made not the least attempt to check the growing inclination she had for him, but rather thought it a virtue in her to encourage the most tender sentiments for a person ordained by Heaven to be her husband. I made several visits to her, both in my visible and invisible capacity, and seldom went without finding Orsames there, and every time more free and *degagé* than before. He made so swift a progress in his courtship, that in less than a month he became the major domo of her family, commanded all the servants, and behaved as if already their master. To add to all this, Lysetta suffered him to conduct her to all publick places, sat in the same box at the playhouse, and always dined and supped with her, whatever company were there : in a word, they were never asunder but in those hours when decency obliged them to be so.

So strange a revolution in the behaviour of Lysetta, made a great noise in the town; all her acquaintance were surprized; all her friends and kindred were much alarmed at it; especially as the person to whom she shewed these extraordinary favours was altogether unknown, nor could they get the least account of him. Those, who either through a long conversation or affinity of blood,

could take the privilege of discoursing with her on this head, did it in a very free manner; but the answers she gave to their interrogatories were far from being satisfactory. When she told them his history as he had related it, they treated it with contempt. Some said that he was an impostor; others, more modest, that they wished he was not so; to both which she returned, that whatever he were, she was certain it was her fate to marry him, and desired they would give themselves no pain on that occasion. As she was naturally of a haughty, obstinate disposition, it is highly probable, that the remonstrances they took the liberty of making to her, rather strengthened than abated her resolution of giving herself to him. I was at her house one day, under cover of my Invisible Belt, when I heard the following conversation between them—

*Orsames.* Condemn me not, my angel, for being sometimes melancholy even in your presence. Though you have promised to make me one day the happiest of mankind, and I look upon every word of that dear mouth as unfailing as an oracle, yet when I consider the length of time between me and the consummation of my wishes, the impatience of my passion will not permit me to be gay.

*Lysetta.* You men are always in such a hurry in every thing you do.

*Orsames.* Ah, Madam, 'tis a dreadful thing to have one's happiness depend on the uncertain winds and waves; it may be yet two months before my effects can arrive from Philadelphia.

*Lysetta.* And do you call that so long a time?

*Orsames.* A million of ages in the account of love, and even, according to common calculation, longer than human nature can sustain continual torments; eight whole weeks, six and fifty anxious days, and as many restless nights; upwards of thirteen hundred hours of tedious expectation; and minutes almost numberless, wasted in pain which might be passed in pleasure, if you would shorten the tremendous date.

*Lysetta.* What would you have me do?

*Orsames.* Ah! if you loved, you need not be told, but of yourself generously bring the blessed event nearer to my wishes.

*Lysetta.* You would not have me marry



marry till your affairs are settled, and things can be done to our mutual satisfaction.

*Orsames.* I understand you, Madam; the articles of jointure and pin money, I know, are customary in modish marriages; but the passion you have inspired me with is of too sublime a nature to stoop to such mean forms. I ask not what your fortune is, but will settle the whole of mine upon you; your lovely person is all the treasure I am ambitious of preserving; the rest shall be at your disposal.

*Lysetta.* That is kind, indeed; but more than I desire or would accept of.

*Orsames.* Oh! that you had no other fortune than your beauty! then would the sincerity of my love be proved by endowing you with all that Heaven has made me master of. Alas! you know not how ardently, how faithfully I adore you.

*Lysetta.* Yes, I am vain enough to think I have some share in your affections.

*Orsames.* Some share! Oh! could you be sensible of the thousandth part of what I feel, pity, if not love, would compel you to ease my throbbing heart of the suspense it labours under, and you would give yourself to my burning, bleeding passion.

*Lysetta.* I have already said I will be yours, and now again repeat it.

*Orsames.* But when, my angel!

In speaking these words he threw himself upon his knees before her, burst into a flood of well-dissembled tears, and grasped her *robe de chambre* with agonies which I cannot but say had much the appearance of reality, while in these terms he prosecuted his design—

*Orsames.* I have till now supported life but in the rapturous hope of being one day blessed in your possession: but even hope, by it's uncertainty, becomes at last too weak an aid; and soon, very soon, my adorable Lysetta, will you behold your faithful lover a cold breathless corpse, unless the balm of your kindness recruits the vital lamp, and gives fresh vigour to my depressed and breaking heart.

*Lysetta.* I cannot bear to hear and see you thus. Rise, Sir; this posture does not become the man whom I intend to make my husband.

*Orsames.* No, by Heaven, I never will quit your feet without an assurance

of my happiness. Say, then, oh say! when shall be the blissful day that makes you mine!

*Lysetta.* Since it must be so, even when you please.—No, hold, I had forgot myself.

*Orsames.* Oh, Heavens, what now?

*Lysetta.* I promised a clergyman, my near kinsman, that if ever I married, he should perform the ceremony; he is at present out of town, but will return next Sunday, and on the Tuesday following it shall not be my fault if we do not attend him at the altar.

*Orsames.* Extatick sound! May I depend on the performance of this heavenly promise!

*Lysetta.* You may, and be entirely easy on that point; and take now my hand, as an earnest of my giving it you in a more solemn manner before a parson: henceforward I shall look upon myself as yours.

*Orsames.* Angel! goddess! Thus then let me seal the covenant on those charming lips that have pronounced it.

*Lysetta.* The covenant will not hold good in law without both parties interchangeably sign their assent.

She uttered these words with a most pleasing smile, and at the same time threw her arms about his neck, and returned the passionate salute she had received from him, adding this tender expression—‘My dear, dear Orsames, I do not now blush to confess to you, that from the first moment you declared yourself my lover, my heart corresponded with your vows, and told me what would be the event.’ He affected too much transport, on hearing her speak in this manner, to be able to make any other reply than kisses and embraces, which, as she was far from repelling, or seeming the least offended at, I know not what advantages he might have taken, on finding her thus softened by his artifices, if a sudden interruption had not, happily for her, broke off this dangerous entertainment. A footman came and told her that her aunt, lady Gravelove, was come to visit her; on which she cried out with some peevishness—‘Pish! why did you not say I was from home?’ Then turning fondly to Orsames, said—

*Lysetta.* Do you chuse to join company with my aunt? or shall I fetch some book to amuse you with till she is gone?

*Orsames.*



*Orfames.* No, my dearest love; this lady has always looked upon me with an unpleasing eye, especially of late, therefore will not offend her with my presence; neither are my spirits enough composed, in the excess of joy you have inspired me with, to read any thing with attention; so will take a little walk.

*Lysetta.* Do so; but I shall expect you back to supper: my aunt seldom stays longer than to drink tea, and I am sure I shall not press her at this time.

No more was said on either side; they embraced and parted; she went into the next room, and he down stairs, in order to go where his business or inclination called him. As I never believed this fellow was what he pretended, I had taken some pains to discover the truth of his circumstances, but without any success, till it now came into my mind to follow him, after he had left Lysetta's house; which I did, resolving not to lose sight of him till he should return to her again.

He went directly to Drury Lane, walked very fast, and never stopped till he came to the entrance of a narrow passage between that place and Wild Street, where he stood still, and looked round him, I suppose, to see if any one was near who might know him; for day was not yet quite shut in: then passed a little farther, looked about him again, and finding the coast, as he thought, clear, none being in the alley but his Invisible Attendant, slipped hastily into a little dirty alehouse, where an old woman met him, and told him his friends were all above; on which he ran up stairs, and pushed open the door of a room, pretty spacious indeed, but had otherwise all the signs of beggary and wretchedness about it. Here we found five or six men tolerably well habited, but had something in their countenances which made me guess their occupation before they discovered it by their conversation; for they were no better than a gang of thieves and sharpers: they were sitting round a table with a great bowl of punch before them, when Orfames rushed in, and, with a gay air, accosted them in these terms—

*Orfames.* Wish me joy, my lads, my hearts of steel, wish me joy; I have gained my point; all is over, faith.

*First Man.* What, married!

*Orfames.* No, but as good as married; the wench and her twelve thousand pounds are as sure to me, as if I had the one in my arms, and the other in my pocket. Tuesday is the day, my buffs! But I must have more money, by G—d! I have not a single doit left.

*Second Man.* How! all the fifty pieces gone already!

*Orfames.* Ay, faith, and well laid out too; I shall return it with interest; you are all to share in the money, and the woman too. But come, how stands stock among you?

*Third Man.* Cursed low: though we have been all out to-day, we have not collected above thirty pieces, and four gold watches that must be knocked to pieces, and the cases melted down, or the makers names may betray us.

*Fourth Man.* The road grows worse and worse every day, I think.

*Orfames.* But did you get nothing from the ladies the fortune-teller told you were to take the air this morning on Barnes Common?

*Fifth Man.* I should have done; but, as the devil would have it, just as they were going to pull out their purses, three gentlemen, with fire-arms, came galloping towards us, and obliged me to make off without my booty.

*Orfames.* 'Twas damn'd unlucky!

*First Man.* One meets with a thousand disappointments; for my part, I am half sick of the business, and so I believe we are all.

*Second Man.* Ay, faith; for, what with seeing inn-keepers, coachmen, fortune-tellers, and other such necessary informers, we have the least part of the profit to ourselves.

*Third Man.* Ay, I wish, Orfames, you were once married, that you might set up a gaming-table under the sanction of your lady's name. Gaming is ten times a more profitable, as well as a safer way of thieving.

*Orfames.* You know it was my bargain, and you may depend upon my honour, that it shall be the first thing I will do.

*Fourth Man.* It will be a joyful day; for, since taxes have been so high, and trade so low, such numbers of shopkeepers are obliged to take the road, that we old practitioners can scarce get a living by it.

*Orfames.* Well, well, all this will be over

over in a short time: but you must raise me some cash; I can easily give you an account of the fifty pieces.

*Fifth Man.* No, no, it needs not; we know you would not sink upon us.

*Orsames.* I chuse, however, to do it. The first article is five guineas to the fortune-teller, as an earnest of the hundred she is to receive after my marriage with Lysetta. The second, is twenty pounds for a gold snuff-box, which I pretended to have brought from Philadelphia, and presented to her ladyship. The third, is about ten more, spent in three several jaunts I made with her to Richmond, Windsor, and Greenwich. The remainder, you may believe, might well be spent in donations to her servants, board-wages to my own man, paying my lodgings at two guineas a week, chair-hire, and other necessary expences.

*First Man.* You could do no less.

*Second Man.* Ay, ay, nothing of all this could have been spared. But what sum do you demand at present?

*Orsames.* I believe twenty pieces will defray the whole charges of the wedding, which is all I want; afterwards, my boys, I shall have enough for you all.

On this, every one turned out his pockets, and the sum was immediately made up, and laid upon the table; which Orsames put into his purse: and then some discourse ensued among this vicious company, which I chuse to pass over in silence, as it would be no fit entertainment for the chaste ears of my fair readers. Orsames staid with them about two hours, and then took his leave in order to sup with Lysetta, as she had desired he would. I accompanied him not thither, but went home to my own apartment, more full of confusion at the discovery I had made than I am able to express. Though I half despised Lysetta for the follies I had seen her guilty of; yet, when I reflected on her birth, and the character she had maintained in the world, I could not bear the thoughts of her becoming the victim of the base design concerted against her; and her fortune, reputation, and eternal peace of mind, the prey of such a nest of villains.

My whole study was now fully bent to snatch this unfortunate lady from that gulph of perdition she was upon the brink of, and so near plunging into. I was extremely divided in my thoughts what to do upon this occasion. To give her any hints concerning the dangers

to which she exposed herself and reputation, by encouraging the addresses of a man whose character she was so little acquainted with, I knew would be in vain, as she had rejected all the warnings given her on that score, and refused to listen to the admonitions of her best friends and nearest kindred. I had it in my power, indeed, to inform her of much more than any of them could even guess at: but then I could not relate the scene I had been witness of, without discovering, at the same time, the secret of my Invisible Belt; which was by no means proper for me to entrust her with.

To acquaint her by letter with what I knew concerning Orsames, and the villainous conspiracy which had been formed to ruin her, I feared would be to as little purpose; and doubted not but she would look upon an anonymous intimation only as a piece of malice, and treat it with the contempt it might seem to merit. As this, however, was the only method I could take to save her, with any convenience to myself, I resolved to pursue it; and accordingly wrote to her next morning a full account of all I had been witness of between Orsames and his wicked companions. I made this letter be left at her house before the time in which she usually got out of bed, to the end she might have leisure to consider the contents, without being interrupted by any company coming in. As I was desirous of seeing in what manner she would receive this intelligence, I went, under cover of my Belt, and gained entrance just as she had finished the perusal.

Her behaviour was such as I apprehended it would be. She tore the letter, stormed, and cried out—‘Was there ever so much impudence! Sure the person who sent this infamous scrawl must have a very mean opinion of my understanding, to think I could give the least credit to such a vile aspersions!—Orsames an impostor! a companion for thieves and vagabonds!—ridiculous!’ And then again—‘This must certainly be a contrivance of some of my wise kindred to break off the match. I could find in my heart to send for Orsames, and marry him this instant, to shew how much I despise their little malice. But ’tis no matter; Tuesday will soon arrive, and that will put an end to all.’

I staid

I staid a full hour, in the supposition that Orfames would make her a morning visit; but finding, by some discourse she had with her maid, that she did not expect him, and was making herself ready to go among the shops for things she wanted, I quitted her apartment, much disconcerted at the ill success of what I had done. However, as I had little else to employ my time that day, I went again in the afternoon. Orfames was now there, and two ladies of Lysetta's particular acquaintance. Whether she had mentioned any thing to him of the letter, I cannot be certain; but am apt to think she had not; for he appeared with an alertness which, by all I could discover, had nothing of constraint in it. Cards were called for; and they were just going to sit down to whist, when word was brought to Lysetta, that her cousin, Captain Platoon, was just arrived from Carlisle, and come to wait upon her; on which she ordered him to be shewed up immediately. Orfames, who I perceived had turned pale as ashes on hearing this gentleman's name, now rose hastily from his chair, and said to Lysetta—'I have just thought of some business I had to dispatch—your ladyship must excuse me—the affair that calls me is of consequence—I cannot stay.'

She was going to make some reply, but the captain came that instant into the room. While he was paying his compliments to his cousin and the other ladies, Orfames had taken up his hat, and was endeavouring to slip out unperceived; but the quick-sightedness of Lysetta prevented him: she ran to him, and catching hold of his sleeve, said—'You shall not go; at least till I have presented you to my cousin.' Then turning to the captain, said—'This is a gentleman, cousin, whose acquaintance, I believe, you will hereafter think yourself happy in.'

On this the captain advanced, with great politeness, to embrace the person his kinswoman presented to him; but had no sooner fixed his eyes upon his face, than he started back with the utmost astonishment, and cried out to Lysetta—'What is the meaning of this, Madam? Who would you introduce to me?' She was opening her mouth to make some answer; but Orfames, who was drawing as fast as he could towards the door, hindered her from speaking, by saying, with a hesitating voice—

'Madam, the gentleman does not seem to desire any new acquaintance. I will wait on your ladyship another time.' In speaking this, he got to the top of the stair-case; and, it is likely, would have made but one step to the bottom, if the captain had not prevented him, by running to him, and catching fast hold of him by the collar, dragged him back, saying, at the same time—'No, rascal! you must not think to leave this place till you have confessed what devil gave you the impudence to introduce yourself into such company, and on what villainous design you are thus disguised in the habit of a gentleman.' Then addressing himself to Lysetta, who stood as motionless as if transfixed with thunder, went on thus—'Madam, by what means soever this villain has imposed on you, I do assure you, upon my honour, that two months ago he was a private man in Captain Cutcomb's company, and drummed out of the regiment for pig-stealing, and other misdemeanors; for some of which, indeed, he ought to have been hanged.'

On these words Lysetta screamed out—'Oh, Heavens!' and fell into a swoon. The captain seeing this, quitted his prisoner, to run with the two ladies to her assistance; and Orfames took this opportunity of making his escape. Proper means being applied, she soon recovered; and the swelling passions which had occasioned this disorder, vented themselves in tears. The captain appeared a little impatient to know how she became acquainted with such a wretch as Orfames; but she told him she was not then in a condition to inform him of the particulars; said she was very ill, and must lie down, and desired to see him another time: on which he took his leave, as did the two ladies; who knowing Orfames had professed himself her lover, and the encouragement she had given him, I could perceive smiled within themselves at the discovery. Thus was Lysetta preserved from ruin; and had no other punishment for her folly, than being laughed at by those who were privy to the affair. As for Orfames, I have since met him about town, in a very shabby and tattered condition. The gang of villains, his associates, I believe, are dispersed; and one of them has made his exit at Tyburn.



## CHAP. V.

TREATS ON VARIOUS MATTERS, SOME OF WHICH, THE AUTHOR DARES VENTURE TO ASSURE THE PUBLICK, WILL HEREAFTER BE FOUND NOT ONLY MORE ENTERTAINING, BUT ALSO OF MORE CONSEQUENCE, THAN AT PRESENT THEY APPEAR TO BE.

I Had been told that Lady Playfield's route was an assemblage of the most brilliant and polite persons of both sexes; and though I never had any great opinion of this sort of meetings, yet I was tempted to go thither, in order to be myself a witness how far the description that had been given me was consonant to truth. As I am an entire stranger to her ladyship, and did not care for the formality of being introduced by any one who went there, I chose to make this visit in my Invisible capacity. The great number of wax tapers, the sparkle of the ladies jewels, and the extraordinary beauty of some among them, was dazzling to my eyes at first entrance: but I soon found that I had the same fault to find with this, as I had done in all other mixed company I ever saw; a kind of hurry and confusion, which destroys that solid conversation that is so agreeable when only a few select friends are met together. It was near nine o'clock when I went thither, yet there were several who came in after me. Lady Playfield received all of them with her accustomed politeness; but, for a great while, there was nothing in the salutations, on either side, which engrossed my attention so far, as to make me spread my Tablets to retain it.

I was, indeed, quite indolent to everything that was said, till the entrance of Lady Allmode gave a little spur to my curiosity. I had heard much talk of this lady, not only for her being extravagantly fond of every new fashion, but also for a certain peculiarity in her manner of conversation, which made her admired by people of a low education, and as much laughed at by those of a superior. I had been told that she had an utter aversion to plain English; and so thorough a contempt for what she called the vulgar way of speaking, that when

she talked, even on the most common things, she interlarded all she said with the hardest words she could pick out of the dictionary, and frequently coined new ones of her own, which never were, nor scarce ever will be, found in any vocabulary. Lady Playfield, I perceived, received her with a great deal of respect. I was then at some distance; but, on finding they were entering into conversation, drew more near, to have an opportunity of hearing, and improving myself, by a person of whom so extraordinary a description had been given me. After the first compliments were over, Lady Playfield addressed herself to her in these terms—

*Lady Playfield.* Though I am always happy when I see your ladyship, yet now I can scarce forbear complaining of your unkindness in coming without Miss Arabella. I hear she has been in town above a week.

*Lady Allmode.* I could not have been guilty of so enormous a solecism in good breeding, as not to have brought her to pay her duty to your ladyship, if there had been a possibility in nature to have done it.

*Lady Playfield.* I hope Miss is well, Madam.

*Lady Allmode.* Perfectly so, Madam, as to her health; but such a sight! such a figure!—a greater metamorphosis than any in Ovid.

*Lady Playfield.* What does your ladyship mean?

*Lady Allmode.* Oh, Madam, the remotest corner of the most desert of the three Arabias never produced such a creature; such a Trismontane, as the Italians elegantly phrase it. Well, these people who live a great way from London, are such absurdians, such awkwardities! Would your ladyship believe it? they sent the girl home in a cap that quite covered the drum of her ears.

*Lady Playfield.* That might be to prevent her catching cold in the coach.

*Lady Allmode.* Oh, Jupiter! how am I surprized to hear your ladyship talk in this manner!—But this is not all. The girl had several new suits of cloaths, when she left London, made in the genteelst taste: but my country aunt taking it into her head, that either I had allowed too scanty a pattern, or that she had outgrown them, out of mere good-

R

will



will and simplicity, has lengthened all her petticoats to such a ridiculous size, that they almost come down to the buckles of her shoes; I protest one can scarce see whether she has any ankles.

On this a gentleman, who stood pretty near, approached Lady Allmode; and, with a most ironical tone, replied to what she had said in these words—

*Gentleman.* Your ladyship must excuse the mistake your aunt has made. I fancy the fashion of going half naked may not yet have reached so far as Wales.

*Lady Allmode.* You certainly speak the rationalii of the thing, Sir. Few of these mountaineers regard any thing but loading their tables with provisions, feasting their tenants, paying their debts, standing up for the liberties of their country, and such like antiquated obsolete customs. For my part, all my faculties are immersed in a profundity of astonishment, to think that my aunt could marry and settle among such aliens to politeness, such heathens to the laws of good-breeding and the drawing-room.

*Gentleman.* Perhaps, Madam, the customs and manners you mention were in vogue at the time of your aunt's marriage?

*Lady Allmode.* I protest, Sir, you have hit upon the solution of this enigma. It was, indeed, in the reign of Queen Anne that she married.

I had seen enough of this fine lady, and did not chuse to have my Tablets crouded with any more of her unintelligible jargon; so retired to another part of the room, where I saw three ladies got together, who seemed very earnest in discourse. But little was I like to be the better for my near approach; for being on the topick of scandal, each was so full, and so highly delighted with the thoughts of it, that all speaking at the same time, prevented me from hearing distinctly what was said by any of them; and all I could gather, at last, was, that a certain lady of their acquaintance had been caught with her footman.

As I had been informed of the particulars of this story before, the foible of the transgressing fair did not so much engross my meditations, as the pleasure those of her own sex seemed to take in exposing it; and I could not help saying to myself, with the poet—

‘ There is a lust in man, no charm can  
‘ tame,  
‘ Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame.  
‘ On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly;  
‘ While virtuous actions are but born, and  
‘ die.’

But this was a place more proper to collect matter for reflection hereafter, than to indulge it at present; so I passed on among the gaming-tables, which were eleven in number, and none of them unoccupied. Here it was pleasant enough to observe the various attitudes of those who played: and I think there is not a more sure way of judging people's dispositions, than to see them at this diversion. Some of those who swept the stakes, received the favours Fortune bestowed on them with an ease and calmness which shewed they had not been over-anxious whether she smiled or frowned; but there were many more, who snatched up the glittering metal with a greediness which sufficiently demonstrated that avarice was the chief excitement to what they did. As for the losers, it gave me an infinite satisfaction to see the unconcerned behaviour of some few among them; while others, again, filled me with a no less sensible disquiet at their impatience. I was ashamed to find a gentleman of rank and fortune forget all politeness, and sometimes even common decency, to those who had his money in their pockets; and sorry in my heart to see a lady bite her lips, wrinkle her forehead with unbecoming frowns, distort every feature, and disfigure all the charms which nature had bestowed on her, for the loss of what was not worth half that anxiety to preserve. ‘ Good Heaven!’ said I to myself, ‘ if this be the effect of gaming, what madness is it to venture one's peace in that uncertain gulph!’

The beautiful Ismena was this night among the number of the unfortunates, but not of the impatient. I stood behind her chair, and saw her empty a well-filled purse, and take out of it even the last guinea with a smile. She was, indeed, a young lady lately come to the possession of a very large fortune, and could not want what she had thrown away: but the same might also be said of Clarinda, who played at the same table with her, and had also lost a considerable sum to Sir Charles Fairlove, with whom these two ladies had been engaged

engaged the whole evening at picquet. But see the difference! the latter of them rose from the table in a fury, tore her fan, and cried—

*Clarinda.* Curse the cards!—I will play no more this night, that I am resolved; at least with Sir Charles.

*Ismena.* Nay, Madam, we have no reason to be angry with Sir Charles, for having done by us what we would gladly have done by him. For my part, though he has stripped me of all I had about me, I am as good friends with him as ever.

*Sir Charles.* I hope so, Madam; otherwise the good luck I have had at play would prove the greatest misfortune of my life.

*Clarinda.* The devil's in the cards to-night, I think! I never lost at picquet in my life before; and now I have thrown away—I cannot justly say how much, but I'll see.

She then turned to the table, and poured out of a purse what was remaining in it; and having counted the sum, went on in the same heat as before.

*Clarinda.* Yes, by Heaven I thought so!—None less than six and twenty pieces!

*Sir Charles.* I should be sorry, Madam, to give you any disquiet on the score of such a trifle; but I can do no more than offer you a chance for regaining all you have lost. If you please, I will stake the whole against five of yours.

*Clarinda.* I should lose that too, I suppose.

*Ismena.* Venture it, however. If you lose it, I'll be your halves, and send you the money to-morrow morning.

*Clarinda.* Well, then, I will make one more essay.

With these words, she sat down again. They played; she was the winner; and now appeared as gay and happy as she had lately been discontented. Sir Charles smiled, with some disdain, at this reverse in her humour; and, turning to Ismena, said—

*Sir Charles.* Now, Madam, you must take up the winner.

*Ismena.* She must give me credit, then, Sir. You both know I have no stake to lay down.

*Clarinda.* You must excuse me for that, Madam; it may turn my luck. Besides, one has no heart to play, when one does not see the money on the table.

*Sir Charles.* Well, then, beautiful Ismena, I will give you credit; or, if you please, will play upon the square, my honour against yours.

*Ismena.* With all my heart, Sir Charles.

The ill-nature, the ill-manners, and, indeed, the ingratitude of Clarinda, in refusing to give the credit of a stake at cards to a friend who had just before offered to pay half the losses she should sustain in playing with another, made that young lady as disagreeable in my eyes, as the sweetness of disposition and generosity of the sprightly Ismena made her charming to a much greater degree than ever she had appeared to me before; all lovely, as it must be confessed she is. But, to proceed. Ismena having accepted the challenge of Sir Charles, she tried once more what chance would do for her; chance was still against her, and Sir Charles again the conqueror. The game being over, she said, laughing—

*Ismena.* Well, I may now sing—  
'Fortune is my foe;'<sup>\*</sup> and content myself, for the remainder of the night, with being an humble spectator, since I am not in a condition to play myself.

*Sir Charles.* It will be your own fault, then, Madam, if you are. I believe I have an hundred and some odd pieces about me, which are all at your service.

*Ismena.* I thank you, Sir Charles; but I do not chuse to risque so much at one sitting. I do not care, however, if I become your debtor for twenty pieces.

*Sir Charles.* You do me a pleasure, Madam, in accepting any part of the offer I made you. There is the trifle you mention; if you want more, I beg you will command it.

*Ismena.* No, Sir, I am determined to play no farther than this. I am much obliged to you for the favour, and will return it to-morrow morning.

*Sir Charles.* There is no occasion, Madam. I have business your way to-morrow morning; and, if you permit me that honour, will wait on you about twelve.

*Ismena.* You may depend, Sir, on my being at home.

Clarinda, who had not opened her mouth all this time, no sooner saw her fair friend receive the money, than she laid her hand on hers, and, with a gay

air, said to her—‘ Now, my dear, I am ready for you, if you please; and willing to venture as much with you as you have borrowed of Sir Charles.’ To this Ismena replied, with more seriousness than she was wont to put on—‘ No, Madam, I have been very unlucky here, and am resolved to change hands; I see Lady Longmore has given out at the whist table yonder, I’ll go and take her place.’

With these words, she rose hastily from her seat, and did as she had said. Sir Charles followed her to the other table, and stood behind her chair till he saw her win more than the sum he had lent her. On the company’s breaking up, she looked round the room for Sir Charles, in order, as I suppose, to return the money to him; but if she had any such design, he had taken care to prevent it, by leaving the place before she had done playing. This action of Sir Charles, joined to some amorous glances I had perceived him to regard her with, made me suspect he had some farther view than mere complaisance in what he had done; but as he was generally accounted a man of honour, and she had an unblemished character, I suspended my judgment till I should see the event of the visit she promised to receive from him the next morning.

After I had quitted this scene of gay confusion, as Mr. Addison elegantly expresses it, and had time to ruminate on the transactions that evening had presented me with; Sir Charles and Ismena ran very much in my head, but did not so totally engross my attention, as to make me negligent to all others. I had heard several of the assembly say to each other, that Miss Allmode was a most beautiful young creature, and would certainly be the reigning toast of the town, if not spoiled by the affectation of her mother; and this distinct description gave me a curiosity both to see the girl, and in what manner her self-sufficient ladyship behaved towards her. Accordingly I laid down a plan for my progression the next morning, which was this: to go to Lady Allmode’s early, and from thence to Ismena at the time Sir Charles had appointed. I then began to remember that the night was far advanced, and went to bed, as it is probable some of my readers may find it necessary to do at this time.

## CHAP. VI.

CONTAINS SUCH THINGS AS ARE NOT OFTEN TO BE MET WITH, NEITHER IN THE ONE NOR THE OTHER SEX; YET ARE, OR AT LEAST OUGHT TO BE, EQUALLY INTERESTING TO BOTH.

I Rose next morning more early than I had been accustomed to do, in order to prepare for my two visits; but, in spite of all the expedition I could practise, I found myself obliged to postpone either the one or the other till another day. So much time was elapsed, first in transcribing what I had seen at Lady Playfield’s, and then in getting the dialogues engraved on my Tablets expunged, by the pure fingers of my yet unpolluted virgin; that, when all was ready, the clock wanted but few minutes of twelve. I hesitated not whether I should go to Lady Allmode’s or to Ismena; for, being prepossessed in favour of the latter, I went thither in a lucky time. Sir Charles Fairlove was just stepping out of his chair: I followed him up stairs; and Ismena received him with great gaiety, accompanied with an equal air of modesty. As soon as they were seated, she said to him—

*Ismena.* Your money was very fortunate, Sir Charles: I did not lose one guinea after I became your borrower.

*Sir Charles.* Madam, I congratulate myself for being so happy to serve you, though on so insignificant an occasion; but should be better pleased to have it in my power to do so in much greater things.

*Ismena.* I doubt not of your generosity; and, if ever I am reduced to the same exigence again, it is likely may have recourse to the same hand. In the mean time, Sir Charles, let me return the favour you have already conferred upon me.

*Sir Charles.* This trifle, Madam, is neither worth your returning nor my receiving; nor should I have ever thought on it, if I had not given you credit on an infinitely more valuable account.

*Ismena.* Credit! As how, Sir Charles?

*Sir Charles.* Yes, Madam, a debt I am too impatient to wait long for the payment of, and am come to claim.

*Ismena.* You railly well, Sir Charles; but,



but, as I cannot comprehend the purport, am not prepared to give an answer.

*Sir Charles.* No, i'faith, Madam, you will find me extremely serious; sure you cannot be so strangely forgetful as not to recollect what you lost to me last night at play?

*Ismena.* I lost nothing but what I paid, Sir Charles.

*Sir Charles.* Nothing, Madam?

*Ismena.* No, upon my honour.

*Sir Charles.* You have named the very thing—your honour, Madam. When a lady ventures her honour at a gaming-table, and is so unlucky to lose, she must expect to pay the forfeit.

*Ismena.* What do you mean, Sir Charles?

*Sir Charles.* My meaning needs no explanation, Madam; you lost your honour to me, and I now demand the immediate possession of what I fairly won.

*Ismena.* Ridiculous!

*Sir Charles.* Madam, the contempt with which you treat my pretensions will not take away the validity of them. What was once your honour, is now no longer so, but mine, and at my disposal; and you would not, sure, go about to defraud me of the good that Fortune has bestowed upon me?

With these words, he threw his arms about her waist, with a freedom, which shewed he indeed looked upon her as his own: she seemed a little alarmed at this action, and, starting from him, endeavoured to repulse the temerity he was guilty of, by saying to him—

*Ismena.* Forbear; this fooling is offensive.

*Sir Charles.* Madam, this coyness is trifling; I am surprized you will oblige me to have recourse to force for what is so much my due, and I should set a higher value upon it cheerfully resigned.

He then caught hold of her a second time, and made an offer to bear her into another room: the grasp he had taken of her, was not so strenuous, however, but that she easily disengaged herself; and, having done so, cried out with a voice and air full of the extreme disdain—

*Ismena.* Till this action, I scarce could think you were in earnest. Base, presuming man, how dare you entertain thoughts so unworthy of me!

*Sir Charles.* How dare you, Madam, hazard on the chance of a game at cards what seems so precious to you?

*Ismena.* Oh, despicable! to turn that

into a matter of seriousness which was only meant in jest!

*Sir Charles.* We men, Madam, take all the advantages we can, when we play with a fine woman; and you may be assured, I shall not easily be prevailed upon to relinquish those I have gained over you.

*Ismena.* The vain idea will little avail your vile purpose.

*Sir Charles.* You may be mistaken, Madam: the laws of Westminster Hall, indeed, will scarcely take any cognizance of an affair of this nature; but those laws by which the polite world are governed, I mean the laws of gaming, will infallibly give it on my side. That pride of yours will be humbled, when you see your stake of honour become the publick jest, and all that has passed between us the subject of a news-paper.

*Ismena.* I am confounded! You cannot certainly be the monster you appear!

*Sir Charles.* I would not wish you, Madam, to put me to the proof.

*Ismena.* Oh, Heavens! to what has one unguarded word exposed me!

She could not utter this exclamation without letting fall some tears, which I perceived had a great effect on Sir Charles, by the change it occasioned in his countenance: he affected, however, to take no notice of it, and resuming his former boldness, went on—

*Sir Charles.* You see, Madam, how it is; you are entirely in my power; and, if I cannot have my agreement, I will have my revenge, or at least an equivalent for both.

*Ismena.* What equivalent!

*Sir Charles.* You must redeem your forfeited honour by a sum of money.

*Ismena.* Name it, then.

*Sir Charles.* Let me consider, Madam—a woman's honour, as times now are, and beauty renders itself so cheap, will bear but a low price at the market; but, as you are well-born, well accomplished, are extremely handsome, and have more perfections than most of your sex can boast of, I think five hundred pounds is the least I can demand.

*Ismena.* You shall have it, Sir.

With this, she ran hastily to a little cabinet that stood in the room, and having taken from thence what she wanted, turned again to the table, saying—

*Ismena.* Those two Bank-bills, Sir, contain the sum you mention; take them, and ease me of your presence.

*Sir Charles.* I must first examine, Madam,



Madam, if they are genuine: yes, they are right; and now, methinks, 'tis pity to rob you of so much money; five hundred pounds will purchase five hundred pretty trinkets, and I cannot receive it without feeling some concern.

*Ismena.* Oh, you need be under no concern on that score; were it five times the sum, I would gladly give it to be rid for ever, both of you and your impudent demand.

*Sir Charles.* Yet, in spite of all this severity, I shall willingly restore these bills on one condition.

*Ismena.* Sir, I shall make no conditions with you; therefore, be gone, and leave me.

*Sir Charles.* Not till you have heard me, Madam. The condition I would stipulate, is only this, that you will make a solemn promise never to play again, except for mere diversion, with some select friends, who you are certain will take no ungenerous advantage of you.

*Ismena.* There is little occasion for me to bind myself by a promise to avoid a thing which has already proved so mischievous: the insults I have received from you, will make me detest the sight of cards, and fly the society of all who pursue that dangerous amusement.

*Sir Charles.* It is enough; my ends are answered: and thus, on my knees, let me restore your bills, and with them, a heart which long has been devoted to you, and never harboured a wish to your dishonour.

Never had I known greater anxiety for any thing not relating to myself, or my particular friends, than I did for the issue of this conversation. I had been extremely scandalized at some part of Sir Charles's behaviour; yet, by many indications, could not let him down in my mind for the mercenary villain he affected to be; and was now as much rejoiced to see a likelihood of not having been deceived in my conjectures in his favour, as the reader will presently be convinced. *Ismena*, being too much amazed at this sudden turn to make an immediate reply, he went on thus, still kneeling—

*Sir Charles.* Oh, *Ismena*, forgive the seeming brutality I have been guilty of; I counterfeited the libertine, the villain, only to shew you there was a possibility for you to have met with such a one in reality; and assumed the most odious character, in order to render yours more

truly amiable. The tender passion you inspired me with, has made me keep a watchful eye over all your actions. I found you perfect in every thing except a too great readiness to follow the example of others in the destructive love of play. I know the dangers to which your sex are exposed by it, and that there were many snares spread for your innocence in particular; by this means, even last night, there were some in company who wanted but the same opportunity I had to behave as I have done, though with far different views. Oh! pardon, therefore, the only stratagem I could think of to clear your mind of a propensity which might in time have sullied all it's brightness.

*Ismena.* Rise, Sir Charles; the diversity, I might say, indeed, the perplexity of my thoughts, hindered me, till now, from observing the posture you were in. Pray be seated, Sir. If I may give credit to your words, I am infinitely obliged to you for the care you took of my reputation, when you saw it so totally neglected by myself.

*Sir Charles.* No, Madam, say not so; I dare believe you never have failed in a due regard for your reputation, and am certain that the breath of slander has never presumed to blast it; and I could not mean to reproach you for any thing that has been, but to warn you against what might be. An immoderate inclination for gaming in your sex, I take to be the same as an immoderate inclination to drinking is in ours: both are equally intoxicating and destructive to right reason; they make the brain grow giddy, incapable of reflection, or any other pursuit than the darling folly; and they run headlong on, enveloped in a mist of errors, where fortune, fame, and peace of mind, are sometimes irrecoverably lost.

*Ismena.* Oh, Sir Charles, you have opened my eyes to see what my inadvertency might one day have plunged me in.

*Sir Charles.* I know very well, Madam, you wanted only to be reminded of the danger, to enable you to avoid it. The manner in which I have done so, may have, perhaps, appeared too presuming; but I feared more gentle methods might not have had the effect.

*Ismena.* Make no apologies, Sir Charles; I am now convinced you meant me well, and I thank you for it.

*Sir Charles.* If you accept it as a proof of friendship, it may in time en-

gage you to believe, that a sincere and tender friendship in a person of my sex to one of yours, deserves a softer name, and call it love.

*Ismena.* We will not cavil about names; but must acknowledge, Sir Charles, by what motive soever you have been actuated, the benefit is mine.

*Sir Charles.* How blest'd am I in this confession! But, charming *Ismena*, may I not be permitted to wait on you sometimes, and have leave to hope the services I shall hereafter pay will not be rejected?

*Ismena.* I flatter myself with being able to regulate my future conduct, so as not to give you occasion to offer any of that frightful sort you have done this morning; and, if I should relapse into my former errors, could neither expect nor deserve you should take the same trouble for my reformation.

She spoke these words with so obliging a smile, that *Sir Charles* could not forbear testifying the transport he was in, by imprinting several passionate kisses on one of her hands; after which, looking on her with an equal mixture of tenderness and respect, he said—

*Sir Charles.* Incomparable *Ismena*! how impossible is it for me to express either what you deserve, or what I feel in a full sensibility of your perfections!

*Ismena.* I desire you will not go about to express either the one or the other. The only merit I can boast of is, in being so early convinced of my fault; and that I am so, is wholly owing to yourself. For I confess to you, *Sir Charles*, that though it is but lately I have begun to like play at all, yet, by conversing with those who seem to have no other way of passing their time, it grew by very swift degrees more pleasing to me; and I believe that it would, in time, have become so habitual to me, that I should have expected the hour of sitting down to cards as naturally as that of sitting down to dinner. But, in the mirror you have presented to me, I now see, that to indulge this amusement to an excess, is not only a folly below the dignity of a thinking mind, but also a kind of Scylla or Charybdis, formed by ourselves in the ocean of life, as if on purpose to wreck our fortunes, honour, reputation, and every thing that is dear.

*Sir Charles.* Oh, Madam! every

word you speak on this occasion thrills me to the very soul; I am charmed, I am ravished to find in you such solid reason, such an amazing quickness of apprehension.

*Ismena.* You are relapsing into the panegyrick strain; but I will hear no more of it. You must give me leave to play the monitor in my turn; I have been your convert, and you must now be mine. Remember, *Sir Charles*, that to listen to the tongue of flattery, is no less pernicious than the folly you have taught me to be ashamed of.

*Sir Charles.* I grant it, Madam; but the just praises of real virtue cannot cause a blush either in the face of the giver or receiver.

*Ismena.* Well, I find you will have the better of the argument, whether the tenet you take upon you to maintain be right or wrong; therefore, to put an end to it, what think you of a turn or two in the Mall this morning?

*Sir Charles.* Madam, I shall be happy to attend you any where.

She then called for her capuchin and little muff; which being immediately brought, *Sir Charles* gave her his hand to lead her down stairs, and I retired to my apartment.

I had met with nothing a great while that gave me a more sensible satisfaction, than to find a lady, in all the pride of blooming youth, beautiful, gay, and surrounded with a crowd of flatterers, bear with so much cheerfulness the conviction of her error, and testify so much gratitude to the person to whom she was indebted for her reformation. The rough method he had taken for this purpose, was so far from raising any resentment in her, after once knowing the motive, that she looked upon him as her best friend, esteemed, and loved him for it; conscious that it required no less than such a proceeding to rouse her from that thoughtlessness which alone had made her fall into an error, the danger of which she might otherwise have too late perceived.

I thought I had discovered something in these two accomplished persons, that seemed to me as if Heaven had ordained them for each other, and I soon found I had not been mistaken. They are now married with the highest approbation of all friends on both sides; and, in the opinion of as many as have the pleasure of

of their acquaintance, bid fair to be one of the most happy pairs that ever entered into Hymen's bands.

## CHAP. VII.

THE AUTHOR HAS BEEN IN SOME DEBATE WITHIN HIMSELF, WHETHER HE SHOULD INSERT OR NOT, AS HE IS CONSCIOUS IT WILL BE LITTLE RELISHED BY THE FASHIONABLE GENTEEL PART OF HIS READERS.

**T**HERE is something very unaccountable in an over-curious disposition; it makes us eager, impatient, anxious, indefatigable, in prying into things which promise us not the least pleasure in the discovery of when known. A reader who has not this propensity in his nature, will doubtless think, by what I said of Lady Allmode in the fifth chapter, that I had already seen enough of her behaviour to keep me from being desirous of seeing more. But as every one is willing to find some excuse or other, even for the silliest things he can be guilty of, so I thought, that in being a spectator of Lady Allmode's conduct in her own family, and the manner in which she trained up her daughter, something might present itself to me that would more than compensate for the time I should expend in going to her house.

Accordingly I went, and gained an easy access, the door happening to be open just as I reached it, to let out a footman in a gay livery, who had come to deliver some message; but was a good deal bewildered on my entrance, as I had never been in the house before, and was entirely unacquainted with the situation of any of the rooms. The measure of time is always doubled when we wait for an event with impatience. I remained not long, however, in this dilemma: a servant running hastily up the back stairs, with some drinking glasses on a silver waiter in his hand, I followed him into a room where a woman, by her appearance, I guessed was her ladyship's Abigail, received from him what he brought, and carried it into an inner chamber, the door of which she shut after her, but not so suddenly as to prevent my entering with her.

Here I found Lady Allmode; but had

she appeared to me in any other place, should never have known her for the same I had seen at Lady Playfield's route; so vast a difference is it in the power of art sometimes to make. At the time of my coming in, she was under the operation of having her eyebrows shaped with a small pair of pincers, by one of those persons who go by the name of tyre-women; but, in my opinion, ought rather to be called facemenders, since their business is not so much to ornament the head as to rectify the defects of the features. The important work being over, Lady Allmode turned to a magnifier that stood upon her toilet, to see if all was right; and having looked into it, cried out hastily—

*Lady.* Oh, Mrs. Prim, sure your eyes are in eclipse to-day! you have left no less than three exuberant hairs on my right brow, and I think hair'd it somewhat higher than the other.

*Mrs. Prim.* I beg pardon of your ladyship, but I will presently remedy that error.

On this the artist employed her little instrument for a second essay; after which Lady Allmode looked in the glass again, and said—

*Lady.* It is very well now; but I look wretchedly to-day, and it is no wonder. What do you think, Mrs. Prim? That careless oat there put me to bed last night without my spermaceti mask.

*Mrs. Prim.* That was a great omission, indeed, Madam; but your ladyship must forgive it, Mrs. Pinup does not use to neglect these things.

*Pinup.* I am very sorry for it, Mrs. Prim; but it was so late when her ladyship went to bed, and her ladyship was so sleepy.

*Lady.* And your foolishness so sleepy too, I suppose. But that is not all, Mrs. Prim; the creature threw it into some corner or other where Veni got at it, and this morning it was found half devoured.

*Pinup.* Your ladyship knows I have almost cried my eyes out about it, and that I offered to bespeak another, and pay for it out of my own pocket.

*Lady.* Pay for it, idiot!—But tell me, creature, what atonement canst thou ever make for these depredations on my countenance? Here I shall lose a whole day; for 'tis impossible I can think of appearing in publick.

*Mrs. Prim.*



*Mrs. Prim.* I dare answer for Mrs. Pinup, that she will never be guilty of the like fault again; therefore I beg your ladyship will forgive her.

*Lady.* Yes, yes, I have forgiven her, and I do forgive her; but she must expect to be told of it sometimes: if she had lived with some ladies, they would have turned her out of doors that instant; *mais toujours les douceurs du cour* lay an embargo on my indignation.

*Pinup.* Your ladyship is all goodness.

*Lady.* Well, well, say no more about it; I am sorry I struck you; but take the Dresden suit I had on yesterday, and let me see you in it.

*Pinup.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Lady.* Say no more of it. Oh, *mon Dieu!* I begin to feel the effects of my disconcertion; every membrane through my whole frame has a pulsation in it; give me something to take this instant, or I shall faint. But as to the spermaceti mask, is it not possible for you to get one ready for me before I sleep, else my face will be a perfect nutmeg-grater by to-morrow morning?

*Mrs. Prim.* Oh, your ladyship need be under no apprehension on that score, I always keep several; they want only sprinkling with a little orange-flower water, to take off the scent; I will send your ladyship one this afternoon. Has your ladyship any farther commands?

*Lady.* Yes, you may send me a box of red for my cheeks; but do not let it be quite so high-coloured as the last.

*Mrs. Prim.* I shall take care to mix it to as to please your ladyship.—In speaking this, she made her exit with abundance of low curtsies.

Pinup was returning to her lady's chamber, but met her just coming out, in order to pass into another room: on seeing her she said to her—

*Lady.* I think this girl takes a long time in dressing; go and see if she is ready, and bid her come to me.

Finding now that there was some probability of my seeing the young lady, which had been, indeed, the chief motive of my going thither, I attended Lady Allmode where she went, and placed myself in one corner of the room; where I did not wait above three or four minutes before Pinup, who had gone immediately on her errand, returned leading Miss Allmode. She seemed to be

about fourteen years of age; her face was extremely pretty, and I believe nature had given her a shape no less excellent, if it had not been deformed by her stay-maker. On her approach, Lady Allmode took her by the arm, turned her round several times, and examined her whole dress from head to foot; after which, looking very well pleased, she said—

*Lady.* Ay, Miss, now you look like what you are; I protest, I scarce knew you for my own child, in the obsolete condition you came from the country. Are you not highly delighted with yourself?

*Miss.* No, indeed, Madam; I think, since 'tis the fashion to have one's cloaths made in this manner, there ought to be as many chimnies in a room as there are chairs.

*Lady.* Sure, Miss, you are not cold?

*Miss.* It would be very strange, Madam, if I were not, when my stays are so contrived that the air comes down to the very bottom of my back, and below the pit of my stomach; and my petticoats so short, that I am every minute fancying I have tucked them up in order to have my legs and feet washed; then as to my ears, I do declare I feel the wind blow from the one to the other, and pierces into my very brain.

*Lady.* O fye, Miss; this being in the country has spoiled you. Whatever is the fashion is never either too cold or too hot.

*Miss.* I must beg your ladyship's pardon; for I am certain this fashion is a great deal too much of both. The tightness of my sleeves, the load of flounces at my elbow, and the huge semicircles, as heavy as panniers, hanging on each hip, make some parts of me sweat, while all the rest are freezing.

*Lady.* Oh hideous! Frightful!—Sweat! What a word is there from the mouth of a fine young lady! Whenever you have occasion to complain of too much warmth, you should always say, I perspire. But I am surprized you should not be charmed with so becoming a dress.

*Miss.* I feel uneasy, and quite uncomfortable, Madam.

*Lady.* A little use will reconcile you to it. Without vanity, Miss, you are exceeding handsome; and now I have made you fit to appear in publick, the praises that will be given you, and the



fine things said to you, will raise such a *gaieté du coeur*, as will make you forget all that you call uncomfortable.

*Miss.* I should be glad, Madam, if any thing would do that.

*Lady.* You must learn to know yourself, Miss. Look in the glass; you have fine eyes, a very lovely mouth, a well-turned face, a delicate complexion, good hair; in fine, you are a compleat beauty. But what is beauty without the possessor understands how to manage it to advantage? A milk-maid may be a beauty, and no one take any notice of her. You must practise the art of displaying every charm, and rendering yourself conspicuous.

*Miss.* Indeed, Madam, I am quite ignorant of these things.

*Lady.* I perceive you are, Miss; but that is not your fault; my formal aunt has never given you any instructions in this point, I suppose: a few lessons, however, will soon put you in the way to make the most of what nature has bestowed upon you. In the first place, Miss, you must be sure to thrust out your chin as far as you are able; when you come into a room, always let your chin be the first thing seen of you, as if it were the harbinger of the rest of your person. Secondly, you must never keep your two hands together, in that stiff country manner you now do, for above the space of a moment; but throw sometimes the one and sometimes the other carelessly back, and lean it on your hip; but when you are speaking, be sure you employ both in gestures that may enforce attention to what you say. Then, as for your eyes, Miss, you must always keep them broad open, and be sure to have the last look of every one that takes notice of you.

*Miss.* Does your ladyship mean the men as well as the women?

*Lady.* Undoubtedly, the men to chuse. A polite woman, and who is fashionably genteel, is never ashamed of any thing she either sees or hears.

Her ladyship was going on with some farther directions concerning the management of the eyes, when she was interrupted by a footman, who came to acquaint her, that a person who called himself Monsieur Le Petit Solee had brought her ladyship a dozen pair of French shoes; on which she cried out in a kind of transport—‘Oh, bring him up! bring him up this minute! I have been in-

volved in the utmost distress; I have had nothing but odious English shoes upon my feet for a whole week past.’

As I was now heartily weary of my situation, and had no curiosity to see either Monsieur Le Petit Solee, or his French shoes, I took the opportunity of the door being open, and left this scene of folly and affectation, regretting the time I had thrown away in being there.

## CHAP. VIII.

WHEREIN THE POWER OF BEAUTY, WHEN ACCOMPANIED WITH VIRTUE, IS DISPLAYED, IN A VERY REMARKABLE, AS WELL AS AFFECTING OCCURRENCE.

VANITY, though placed rather among the follies than the vices of human nature, is yet sometimes productive of the very worst we can be guilty of; and the least mischief it does, when indulged to an excess, is to render the person possessed of it obstinate, proud, impatient of contradiction, deaf to reproof, full of imaginary merit, and apt to despise what is truly so in another. This weakness, to give it no worse a name, is generally ascribed to the softer sex; who being from their very childhood accustomed to flattery and praise, are too ready to believe they are in reality the angels and goddesses they are told they are: but, in my opinion, it is doing great injustice to the ladies, to say they are the only culpable; since we often find men who, without having the same excuse, are no less liable to fall into the same error.

Mutantius is one of the most graceful and most accomplished gentlemen of the present age. He has learning, wit, honour, generosity, and good-nature. In fine, he is such as might give him a just title to universal admiration, were he but a little less conscious of deserving it. To render his fine qualities yet more conspicuous, he had the advantages of being descended from a very ancient family, and in possession of an ample fortune. He had not long been arrived at age, before several considerable matches were proposed to him: all the men of his acquaintance, who had sisters or daughters, courted his alliance. When ever he appeared, the ladies put on their best

best looks; and not a few there were, who could not help betraying by their eyes the secret languishment of their hearts.

Having his choice of so many, was probably the cause that for a long time hindered him from attaching himself to any particular object. He was polite and gallant to all, but made a serious address to none. He would pay his morning devours to one, walk in the Mall with another, dine with a third, drink tea with a fourth, attend a fifth to the play, or some other publick entertainment: in a word, he divided his respects so equally between each, that no one had reason either to exult on the power of her own charms, or dread those of her competitors. The little deity of soft desires would not, however, suffer a man so formed for love to remain always among the number of insensibles. At length, a glance shot from Aristella's eyes was a dart that reached his very soul; all the different graces he had seen in other beauties, seemed now to him to be summed up in her.

Aristella was, indeed, very lovely, and had been well educated; but her father, by gaming and other extravagancies, had reduced his estate so low, that when divided between four daughters, which he left at his decease, the income was scarce sufficient to buy them cloaths according to their birth. Two of them, however, were married to tradesmen of good repute in the city; and a third to a gentleman of a small estate in the country. Aristella, who was the youngest, and the only one unprovided for, lived sometimes with one, and sometimes with another, of the sisters; and by this means, having few expences besides her dress, was enabled to appear in as genteel a manner as any woman of a moderate fortune could do.

It was at the house of one of her brother-in-law's, who was a linen-draper, and served Mutantius with hollands and cambricks, that he first beheld her. Happening to call there when the master was abroad, he was desired to walk into the parlour till his return. Aristella was at work with her sister when he came in; but the latter, knowing he was a good customer, threw aside what she was about, and received him with a great deal of politeness. Her husband not coming home so soon as he was expected, she made tea. Mutantius rea-

dily accepted the little regale she presented to him, as it gave him an opportunity of feasting his eyes on her fair sister. On their entering into conversation, the tongue of Aristella lost her nothing of what her eyes had gained; and as her beauty had in an instant captivated his heart, so her wit rivetted the chain, and made the conquest sure.

The tradesman at last returning, Mutantius, after having agreed for some things he wanted in the shop, and ordered them to be sent home, took an unwilling leave; but carried with him an idea, which had afterwards more influence than he at first imagined. Love, in it's beginnings, plays wantonly about the heart, tickling it with flattering images; but having once got full possession there, rules with tyrannick sway, and bears down all before it. Mutantius indulged the pleasing contemplation of Aristella's beauty till he was no longer able to live without seeing her, and for this purpose went again to the linen-draper's, pretending there were some things he had forgot to bespeak when he was there before. After having bought those things which the seeming want of had given him an excuse for going thither so soon again, and some previous discourse on ordinary matters, he told the draper that he should be glad to have his wife's advice concerning the trimming of some shirts which were then making for him. To this the other replied, that his wife would think herself honoured in doing him any service, but that she was at that time unfortunately abroad.

Mutantius was not sorry to hear she was out of the way; and resumed, briskly—'Well, then, I think it will be equal to me, if the young lady who was with her when I had the pleasure of drinking tea here, will do me that favour; she seemed, I thought, to have good-nature enough to grant such a request.'—'You mean my sister, Sir,' cried the draper. 'I think your wife called her so,' answered Mutantius. 'Yes, Sir,' rejoined the former; 'but she is gone down to Kent this morning.'—'I thought she had lived with you,' said Mutantius. 'Not constantly, Sir,' replied he; 'but she has left us now sooner than she would have done, on account of her sister's lying-in.'

It was easy for a man of so much wit,  
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and of so much design as Mutantius now had in his head, to get from the honest, unsuspecting draper, all he wanted to be informed of in relation to the circumstances of Aristella. As the inclinations of this gentleman, vehemently amorous as they were, had not at present the least tendency to marriage with the young beauty, concerning whose affairs he had been so inquisitive, he was far from being mortified on hearing she had no fortune, and was in a manner dependant upon her kin red; nor thought it less conducive to the interest of his passion that she was removed into the country, where he imagined he might find a more easy method of winning her to his desires than he could have done in town, under the eye of a sister who, by the little he had seen of her, he perceived to be a woman of great discretion. He lost no time; but the very next day, attended by one servant, posied down to Canterbury, within a quarter of a mile of which city Aristella at present resided.

Having no acquaintance in that part of the country, he took up his lodgings in one of the best inns; where pretending that it was mere curiosity to see that ancient city which had brought him thither several offered to accompany him to those places which most deserved the attention of a traveller. Among the number of these hospitable persons was the brother-in-law of Aristella. It is easy to suppose that Mutantius made use of all the arts he was master of to insinuate himself into the good graces of a person whose acquaintance was so necessary to his design: and, indeed, had not this accident happened, there seemed little probability of his accomplishing them; for Aristella kept so close in the house, that though he had been four days at Canterbury, and taken all imaginable pains to get a glimpse of her, he never yet had been so happy.

Mutantius had something in him no less engaging to the men, than enchanting to the women: he knows how to suit himself to the humour of every one he converses with; it was therefore not difficult for him to cultivate a friendship with a plain country gentleman, who, free from all guile, was equally free from all distrust. Beechly, for so he was called, had no other fault than loving his bottle too well; which Mutantius perceiving,

fell in with this foible, and thereby gained his whole heart.

Their two gentlemen drinking together very late, Mutantius had plied the other so fast with glasses, that he became more than ordinarily intoxicated. Our lover obliged him to suffer himself to be attended home by his footman, and the next morning sent a polite message to enquire of his health. Beechly took this so kindly, that he came immediately after to the lodgings of Mutantius, to shew that he was well, and to desire he would do him the honour of dining with him that day. 'My wife,' said he, 'is in the straw: but she has a sister, who is at present with us; a good, smart, well behaved girl, and will receive you in the best manner she is able.'

It is not to be doubted, but that the heart of Mutantius fluttered with the most rapturous sensation, on hearing himself invited to a place where he was sure of enjoying the company of her he so much languished for, and had taken such pains to pursue. It is needless to say that he readily accepted so obliging a summons; nor that he prolonged the hour of complying with it. He was met by Beechly, at the gate, with all imaginable demonstrations of a sincere welcome, and conducted into the parlour; where Aristella, who soon after entered, was presented to him.

Whatever emotions Mutantius might feel in approaching to salute her, they were yet inferior to hers, in the first surprize of seeing him there. She had heard her brother Beechly talk of a fine gentleman lately come to Canterbury, and had that morning received orders from him to prepare a handsome dinner for his entertainment; but as she had not heard him mention the name of his new friend, and had no curiosity to ask any thing concerning him, could little expect he was the same she had seen at her other sister's in London. She had, it seems, from the first interview with him, been possessed of sentiments in his favour; which, if not altogether so passionate as those she inspired him with, were yet no less soft and tender: but, conscious of the vast disparity between their fortunes, she had endeavoured to check the growth of an inclination which she thought could only be destructive of her peace. But on this second and unexpected meeting him again, the stifled wishes



wishes of her soul burst out afresh; a sudden flow of joy rushed over her heart; which, joined to the surprise she was in, spread a kind of wild, though agreeable confusion, in her eyes and voice, while she made him those compliments which civility exacted from her to a stranger.

Mutantius, to whose penetrating eyes the change in her countenance was very visible, looked on it as a happy preface of the success of his design: and the secret pleasure this imagination gave him, brightened all his air, and added new graces to every thing he said or did; so that Aristella became now quite lost in love and admiration. This day proved, indeed, extremely fortunate to Mutantius: dinner was no sooner over, than Beechly was called out to a person who waited to speak with him on some business in another room; the lover took this opportunity of declaring his passion to his mistress, and relating to her the pains he had taken to get a sight of her; and the answers she made, though very modest and discreet, were such as gave him no reason to despair. Beechly returning he broke off their conversation: he took Mutantius to shew him his garden; which, though not ornamented with statues, nor any exotick curiosities, were very pretty. Mutantius was lavish in his praises on every thing he saw; but, above all, his fancy seemed taken with a long grass walk, and a close arbour at the end of it. 'If I had such a walk as this in town,' said he, 'I should never trouble the Mall, Vauxhall, nor Ranelagh.'—'Since you cannot carry this with you,' replied Beechly, 'you shall be extremely welcome to make as much use of it as you think fit, while you stay in this part of the world.'

Mutantius thanked him; but said he was an early riser, and should chuse such a walk chiefly for the sake of meditation in a morning, and that to come at such hours might give too much trouble to the servants. 'I can easily remedy that difficulty, since you make it one,' answered the other. 'There is a door that opens behind the arbour into a little field, where I keep a cow: I seldom have occasion to make use of the key, and it is at your service; so you may come in as early or as late as you please, without disturbing any of my family, or being disturbed by them.' The lover made a thousand acknow-

ledgments to him for this favour, and received the key; which, in his mind, he looked upon as a sure passport to all the happiness he wished at present to enjoy.

He went the next morning, taking a book in his hand, to prevent suspicion, in case he should be seen; though there was no great danger of that, as Beechly kept but two maids, and one man servant; who, it might be supposed, had too much business in a morning to ramble in the garden: but he might reasonably hope to meet with Aristella; who, having nothing to employ her time, might probably amuse some part of it in that agreeable place. It is likely, however, he might have been disappointed for many days together, if Fortune had not now befriended him, as she had hitherto done during the course of this adventure.

Aristella was there, indeed, before him, in the same walk, and very near the arbour through which he entered. She had come thither to gather cinquefoil for her sister, the nurse who attended her being apprehensive she would fall into a feverish disorder. It is likely she was little less surprized, on seeing him in that place, than she had been when introduced to him by her brother; but as I was not present, and have this part of the story from the report of others, can relate nothing of the particulars of their discourse; and only say, in general, that he spared no vows nor protestations to convince her of his passion; and that he prevailed on her to return to him again after having carried in the herbs. His entreaties, joined to her own secret inclinations, engaged her to see him the next day. This meeting was succeeded by another, that by a third, and so on for several mornings together, every one of them still more endearing him to her affections; but, in spite of the pleasure she took in his addresses, she could not keep herself from some doubt of the sincerity of his passion, whenever she reflected on the inequality of their fortunes. One day, expressing herself very emphatically on that occasion, he cried out—'Talk not of fortune; by Heaven, your heart is all I wish!' This he repeated so often, and so tenderly, that she at length confessed it was already his.

Having brought her to this point, he now thought proper to let her know the real



real aim of all his courtship: he began with telling her, that beauty such as hers merited to be set off with all the advantages of dress and grandeur; that she had wasted too much of her youth on a mean dependance on her kindred; and concluded with the offer of a large settlement; protesting to her, at the same time, that he would never marry any other woman, and that she should live in every thing like his wife except the name.

If a dagger had pierced the gentle breast of Aristella, it could not have given her more pain than did this cruel declaration. For some moments she was unable to make any reply, but burst into a flood of tears, and discovered all the symptoms of the most violent grief. He endeavoured to calm this tempest in her mind by all the arts that love and wit could inspire: but all was now in vain; a virtuous pride, by degrees, got the better of her sorrows; and, starting from him, she cried out—‘Deceitful and ungenerous man! think not that your base desires shall triumph over the weakness I have confessed for you!—No, I will never see you more; nor henceforward think of you but with horror and detestation!’

In speaking these words, she flew out of the arbour. Rage gave wings to her feet; yet Mutantius would certainly have overtaken her, if the sight of a man whom Beechly had employed to do some work in the garden had not made him turn back. He went to his lodgings much disconcerted at this accident; but the knowledge he had of Aristella’s affection for him, kept him from totally despairing. He repaired to the arbour next morning, but no Aristella appeared; he went again, but had no better success. Resolved to see her, if possible, he made a visit at the house, and told Beechly, in a free manner, that he was come to take a second dinner with him; to which he replied with a compliment suitable to the occasion.

Mutantius was again disappointed: Aristella, hearing he was there, sent word to her brother that she had a violent tooth-ache, and desired he would excuse her from coming down. This drove the lover almost to distraction: he went home, wrote to her, and made his footman go, as of his own accord, to chat with the servants, and loiter about the house till he should see Aristella, and

deliver the letter to her. The fellow found means to execute his commission; Aristella took the letter on his presenting it to her, and went up into her chamber; but, after reflecting a little, would not trust her own heart so far as to read this dangerous epistle: she therefore put it under a cover; and, having sealed and directed it, came down, and gave it to the man, saying—‘There’s my answer to your master’s letter.’

Never had the vanity of Mutantius met with so severe a shock; yet could he not forbear revering the virtue he attempted to destroy. If before he loved, he now adored her; and the more he considered her perfections, the more he found her worthy to be his wife; yet, when he thought of marriage, the idea of that state was irksome to him. He knew that at present he was the idol of the fair, but should cease to be so if once he became a husband. He could not bear to lose his darling admiration, yet was equally unable to bear life without the enjoyment of Aristella. After some debate within himself, his passion, however, got the better of his vanity; and he resolved to marry Aristella; but which way to let her know he meant to do so, seemed as great a difficulty as any he had passed through in attempting to seduce her: he was convinced she would neither see him, nor receive a letter from him; yet, in spite of all this, Love, fertile in contrivances, put a stratagem into his head which had the desired effect: it was this—

Beechly’s new-born son had not been yet baptized, on account of the mother’s having been more than ordinarily indisposed during her lying-in. He offered to be one of the sponsors, which the other gladly accepted. Aristella could not now avoid his presence; but behaved with so much reserve, scarce ever looking towards him, that a man less conscious of his own merit might have been abashed. After some time, when most of the company were engaged in conversation, he found an opportunity to say to her—‘Madam, I beseech you will forgive the rash proposal I presumed to make you; be assured I have heartily repented of it, and have now no designs upon you but what are truly honourable.’ To which she replied—‘Sir, I shall never believe a man means me well, who has once thought so poorly of me.’—‘I only beg,’ returned

fumed he, 'the liberty of entertaining you once more in private; and if what I have then to say does not merit your pardon and favour, I shall leave Canterbury, and perhaps the world, for ever.' He could add no more at that time, Beechly calling him to pledge him in a bumper to the young Christian; but, before they parted, he found means to enforce what he had last said with so moving an air, that she consented to see him the next morning.

The consequence of this interview was a full forgiveness of what was past on the side of Aristella; and on that of Mutantius, a solemn vow of making her his wife the moment she consented to be so: but added, that there were some circumstances in his affairs which required their marriage should be kept secret for a time. To this last article she made no direct answer, at present; but the next day, when they met again by appointment, suffered herself to be overcome by his persuasions, and promised that every thing should be as he would have it. It was at last agreed upon between them, that he should return to London in a few days; and that she should follow, as soon as her sister's recovery permitted to take her leave with decency.

Both these lovers were now in a state of perfect contentment, and each of them observed their promise with the utmost punctuality: but what afterwards befell them, must be the subject of another chapter.

## CHAP. IX.

CONTAINS ONLY A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME NARRATIVE, BEGUN IN THE FOREGOING CHAPTER, AND WILL NOT BE CONCLUDED IN THIS.

**M**UTANTIUS being apprized, by a letter from Aristella, of the day she should come to town, went in his own coach to Greenwich to meet her, and conducted her to a very handsome lodging, in one of the best streets near Bloomsbury Square, where he had also provided servants to attend her. She was at first a little scrupulous of putting herself under his protection, till the sacred ceremony had been performed. He perceived the apprehensions she was un-

der, and immediately relieved them, by renewing his protestations that the next morning should make his person as inviolably hers as his heart had been from the first moment he beheld her; and, at the same time, shewed her a ring and licence, which he had already prepared for that purpose. He supped with her that evening; but when it was over, very respectfully retired, to leave her to that repose he judged necessary after the fatigue of the journey.

I come now to that part of the story which I had an opportunity of being both an eye and ear-witness of. I was acquainted with the gentlewoman of the house where Aristella was placed, and happened to call there on some business the very next morning after that young lady had been brought thither. My friend told me, among other discourse, that she had lett her lodgings at a very high rent; but was apprehensive the person they were for was no better than a kept woman. On my asking what ground she had for such a suspicion she replied, that she had lett them to a gentleman of fortune, called Mutantius, for the use of a lady whom he brought to take possession of them the night before; and that he had hired servants to wait upon her, who knew as little of the lady as she did. She farther added, that the lady was young and pretty; and that she could not help thinking it a little odd such a one should be under the care of so gay a spark as Mutantius.

As I was perfectly acquainted with the character of Mutantius, I was of opinion she was in the right; and advised her to say nothing till she saw farther into the matter, and not lose so beneficial a lodger on a bare conjecture. She approved of what I said, and I took my leave, but not to go home. What she had told me filled me with a curiosity to discover something more of this affair; so went no farther than the first blind alley I found, where I put on my Invisible Belt, and returned again just as Mutantius knocked at the door. I entered with him, and followed him up stairs. The sight of Aristella convinced me that the good woman had not been mistaken in the description she gave me of her. The lovers ran into each other's arms; and Mutantius, looking on her with the greatest tenderness, spoke thus—

*Mutantius.* Now, my dearest Aristella,

stella, I am come to put a final end to all your doubts either of my love or honour.

*Aristella.* I am pleased to think that the perfect confidence I have shewn in both gives me some sort of claim to the proof you are now about to give of them, since I must confess myself in every other respect so unworthy of you.

*Mutantius.* You are worthy of every thing. But, my dear, you forget that there is another testimony that I expect from you of the regard you have for me.

*Aristella.* Name it; that my ready compliance may convince you how happy I think myself in every opportunity of obliging you.

*Mutantius.* It is that you will be content that for some time our marriage may be kept a secret.

*Aristella.* You know I have promised it.

*Mutantius.* Yes, in general terms: but you have sisters, who are very dear to you; and though I doubt not of their discretion, I cannot think a secret safe when trusted in so many hands. Will then your love for me enable you to endure their reproaches for your supposed dishonour, rather than reveal what is inconvenient for me to be made known?

*Aristella.* The trial is a little severe, but will not last for ever.

*Mutantius.* No, my dear. A time will come when your innocence shall be fully cleared, and, like the sun, shine brighter after this short eclipse; till then, may I depend that the name of wife and husband shall be known only between ourselves?

*Aristella.* You may.

*Mutantius.* Swear it, then.

*Aristella.* By all that's sacred.

*Mutantius.* Hold, my dear: I would have you first understand the full extent of the vow you are about to make. You swear that no imaginary provocation on my side, nor no unjust contempt nor ill treatment you may meet with from the world, shall ever extort from you a confession that you are my wife, till I myself shall publicly acknowledge you to be so.

*Aristella.* All this I solemnly swear; and invoke Heaven to bless me as I shall religiously observe it.

*Mutantius.* Charming generous creature!—And, in return, to prevent all future apprehensions in prejudice of my faith

or constancy from rising in your breast; if it were possible for me to take a base advantage of the obligation I have laid you under, and make my addresses to another woman on the score of marriage, I here release you from your vow, and leave you at liberty to declare yourself my wife, assert your prior right, and proclaim me for a villain.

*Aristella.* Heaven forbid it should ever come to that!

*Mutantius.* No, my Aristella; there is no danger. I have already rejected greater offers than ever will be made to me again. To deal sincerely with you, there has been always in my nature an extreme repugnancy to the name of marriage; the name of husband was irksome to me: no woman but yourself had ever charms to reconcile me to it; but your beauty, sweetness, and unaffected modesty, have now informed my soul, and, by degrees, will make me as proud of Hymen's fetters as I should once have been ashamed of them.

*Aristella.* It shall be my whole study to make them easy to you.

*Mutantius.* I know it will. But, come, my love, a coach waits to carry us to church; that solemn scene which fixes the everlasting happiness or misery of all who approach it in the manner we do.

On concluding these words, he took her by the hand, and led her down stairs. I was close behind them when they went into the coach, which was ordered to drive to Clerkenwell. I presently supposed he made choice of this place as there was the least danger of his being seen by any one who knew him. I followed on foot; but came time enough to see Mutantius resign that liberty he had once set so high a value on as to resolve never to part with. The ceremony was performed by the curate of the parish; and the clerk officiated as father, to give away the bride. After all was over, Mutantius desired their marriage might be registered, and a certificate of it given to Aristella; both which were accordingly done.

I now left the new-wedded pair to dispose of themselves as they thought fit, and returned to my apartment, in order to ruminate at leisure on an adventure which seemed to me to have in it many inconsistencies. But the more I thought on this adventure, the more I was founded; and the result of all my meditations



tations was, that it must be left to time to unravel the mystery: I kept, however, a watchful eye on the behaviour of Mutantius, but was little the wiser for the pains I took, as I found he only lived in the same gay and gallant manner he had always done in respect to the ladies.

But now, methinks, I hear the reader cry out with some impatience—‘How did Aristella behave all this time?’ ‘How could she, the wife of this instant man, support the share that others had in his affections?’ It is, indeed, impossible for me to say in what manner she would have resented so provoking a circumstance, if known to her; but she lived too retired for it to reach her ears: she had, however, other troubles more than sufficient for human fortitude to sustain; but of what nature, must be left to the next chapter to explain.

## CHAP. X.

THE CATASTROPHE OF THIS ADVENTURE CANNOT FAIL OF EXCITING COMPASSION IN THE BREASTS OF MY FAIR READERS, AND ALSO AFFORD MATTER OF SPECULATION TO THE OTHER SEX.

THE pursuit of other adventures, which shall be inserted in their proper places before the conclusion of this work, hindered me for a long time from going to see in what manner Aristella was treated by Mutantius; but at length, some uneasy reflections on her account raised an impatience in me to know the certainty of her present state. Accordingly I went one day to the house where she was lodged; but, to my great surprise, found she had made but a short stay there, and had been removed a considerable time before my coming. On my asking some questions of my friend concerning the reason of it, the good woman answered me in these or the like terms—‘The affair was just as I expected,’ said she. ‘I pity the poor young gentlewoman, indeed; she has not the looks of such a one; but I suppose she has been decoyed by abundance of fair promises: I wonder, however, that Mutantius, knowing the character of my house, and that I always had people of the best fashion lodge

with me, should offer to bring a kept-mistress under my roof; but I was very free with him, and told him my mind plainly on the occasion.’

‘And pray what answer did he make,’ cried I, with some impatience, ‘when you called her a kept-mistress?’—‘Very little to the purpose, truly,’ resumed she; ‘he only said that she was a gentlewoman, and a friend of his, and, as such, expected that I should treat her civilly. I told him, it was not in my nature to treat any body uncivilly, but that I would encourage no such doings; and therefore desired he would provide another lodging for her. On this, he flew into a passion, told me I was an ignorant, foolish woman, and the like; but I did not regard his bouncing; and, as he found I was resolute, took his Madam away in a few days afterwards.’

The manner in which this woman spoke, made me extremely commiserate the condition of Aristella, who, though a lawful wife, was obliged, through the caprice of Mutantius, and the vow she had taken, to endure all the contumely due to a prostitute. I would have given almost any thing but the secret of my Invisible Belt and Tablets to have cleared Aristella’s innocence in the fullest manner to this gentlewoman; but as there was no doing one without the other, I was compelled to content myself with getting out of her directions to the place where this much injured lady was removed, resolving to take the first opportunity to see what atonement the behaviour of Mutantius made to her in private, for the injustice he did her reputation in publick.

I was so lucky as to find them together the first day I went; but the scene I was witness of, instead of diminishing, very much added to the concern I had carried with me. Aristella was sitting very melancholy in one corner of the room, Mutantius in another, with all the marks of discontent and ill-humour in his countenance. By what followed, it appears that she had been speaking somewhat to him in relation to the discovery of their marriage. I doubt not, by what I saw of her behaviour, both before and afterwards, that she expressed herself in very gentle terms on the occasion; but the bare mention of such a thing to a man of his present way of thinking, was of itself a sufficient offence. I have al-

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ready described the posture I found him in; but, just as I entered the room, he replied to what she had said, and that reply drew on a conversation which let me into the whole of both their sentiments.

*Mutantius.* I am sorry to find you have so little regard for me, and indeed so little prudence, as, whenever I am with you, to fall eternally upon a subject which you know is disagreeable to me.

*Aristella.* If you loved me half so well as you once pretended, it would not be so disagreeable; and you would, at least, acquaint me with the reasons which oblige me to live in the manner I do.

*Mutantius.* Perhaps it is not proper for me to reveal them.

*Aristella.* Oh, Mutantius! I know not what to think of my condition. Why did you marry me?

*Mutantius.* Because I then liked you better than any other woman, and if I do not still continue to do so, it is your own fault. I hate to be teased; besides, the conditions of our marriage were that it should be kept a secret.

*Aristella.* Yes, for a time.

*Mutantius.* That time will not be shortened by your impatience.

*Aristella.* It may, for if it lasts much longer my heart must infallibly break.

*Mutantius.* Pish! women's hearts are not made of such brittle stuff; the head is in more danger, when swelled with pride and vanity.

*Aristella.* Indeed, Sir, I think it would at least become you to be a little more serious on the occasion.

*Mutantius.* With all my heart, Madam, as serious as you please; for 'faith I am not in a humour to be merry. Seriously, then, you seem to me to be one of the most ungrateful and most unreasonable women under the sun. Have I not taken you from a dependance on your sisters? Have you not now good lodgings, servants to wait on you, and an allowance sufficient to support you in a fashion beyond what you could ever have expected? yet all this is nothing in your account.

*Aristella.* Nothing, when balanced against a life of infamy: the very servants you upbraid me with, despise me while they serve me; the people of the house treat me but with an enforced civility; I pass my days as one who was an alien to the world, and had no business in it; never partake the joys of social conversation, never visit, nor am

visited, and scarce dare venture to breathe the open air, lest I should be seen by any who have known me, especially by my sisters, who, mean as you think of them, know how to set a just value upon reputation, and to scorn all riches without it.

*Mutantius.* A very fine catalogue of complaints, truly! Have you any more?

*Aristella.* Yes, one thing more, which, with what indifference soever you may now regard me, ought not, methinks, to escape your consideration. You know I am far advanced in my pregnancy; perhaps, too, of a son; and can you support the thoughts, that an infant, born the lawful heir of your estate and name, shall be saluted, on his first seeing the light, with the odious title of bastard?

*Mutantius.* What will he be the worse, unless you expect to have so wise a child as to know what is said of him as soon as he comes into the world?

*Aristella.* Oh, Mutantius! Mutantius! this is cruel dealing.

She said no more, but wept bitterly. Mutantius, who, it must be owned, has some good-nature, seemed much moved at seeing her thus; and having looked on her some moments with a great deal of tenderness, bid her come to him: she obeyed, but advanced with the most sorrowful and dejected air; he pulled her to him, made her sit upon his knee, and kissing away the tears, he spoke thus—

*Mutantius.* Come, my poor Aristella, do not be so foolish; you have no cause for weeping; you know yourself virtuous, and I know you are so, and have no need to be afflicted at the mistaken opinion others may have of you, especially as it is not to last always.

*Aristella.* If I were certain when this event would happen, even though it were much longer than I hope it will, I should wait with patience.

*Mutantius.* You must depend for that upon my love and honour; it is not in my power to assign the day and hour. To deal sincerely with you, I have been a railer at marriage, have refused offers of that nature as much above my expectations as I was above yours, and I cannot all at once submit to be pointed at for a husband, and hear people laugh and cry out, that I had thrown myself away: but of this, my dear, you may assure yourself, that I will endeavour to get rid of these scruples as soon as possible. In the mean time, I will give you as much of my company as can be spared

spared from business and other attachments which are not to be dispensed with. I came on purpose to devote this whole day to you, drive me not from you by your discontent; kiss me, and give me your promise that you will be entirely easy.

She complied readily with the first part of this injunction, and said she would do her best to perform the other. But by what I had now seen of the behaviour and disposition of Mutantius, I found reason to believe it would be yet a great while before he would bring himself to make a declaration of his marriage; so resolved not to take the trouble of any farther inquiries, but wait till common sense should give me intelligence of it. This event, however, happened much sooner than I expected; but was brought about by an accident which excited the extreme pity instead of congratulations. The unfortunate Aristella was not born to enjoy a happiness she so ardently had wished for, and so long been made to hope; death alone had the power to give what life in vain had wasted for; and the same breath which told me Mutantius had acknowledged her for his wife, informed me also that she was no more.

Aristella, on her leaving the country, was charged with letters and some little presents from Mrs. Betchly to her two sisters in London; but being hindered from executing this commission in person, by the obligation Mutantius had laid her under, she sent what was entrusted to her care by a porter, accompanied with a little billet from herself; in which she told them, that an affair of the utmost consequence kept her at present from seeing them, but that she hoped to do so in a short time and would then acquaint them with the reasons for having absented herself, and begged they would entertain no unfavourable thoughts of her conduct in this point.

As she was circumstanced, it was not in her power to have acted otherwise: yet what satisfaction could such a letter give the two sisters? for a girl to banish herself from her kindred, without acquainting them with the motive, or the place to which she was retired, had a right to raise in them conjectures of the worst sort. They were distracted at the thoughts of her supposed ruin, and spared no pains to find her out, in order to bring her home, and snatch her from the shame they imagined she was involved in.

Fruitless was their search for a long time; but chance, at length, discovered not only where she lived, but also that she was supported by a gentleman, and looked upon as a kept mistress. Quite enraged, they went to the house where she was lodged, and the door happening to be open, flew up stairs without any ceremony, and burst in upon her. The sight of her—for her pregnancy was visible—added to the passions they were before enflamed with: they reproached, they reviled her in the most bitter terms; while poor Aristella, bound by the fatal oath she had taken, could say nothing in defence of her innocence, but what served to convince them more fully of her guilt. After having loaded her with opprobrious names, they left her with the same precipitation they had come, vowing never more to see or think of her as a sister.

Impossible it is for any one to conceive what the soul of Aristella suffered in this shocking stroke: conscious of innocence, yet labouring under all the appearance of guilt; scandalized, abused by those to whom she had been so dear, yet incapable either of defending her wronged virtue, or of blaming the severity she was treated with for her supposed fall; every passion that can agitate the human heart, at once assailed, and overwhelmed her with a variety of anguish; the force of which had such an effect upon her, as to cause an abortion that same night, and also to throw her into convulsions, which in a few hours rendered her life despaired of by all about her. In her intervals, between those fits which deprived her of all sense and motion, she cried out for Mutantius, asked where he was, and said she could not die without seeing him. Messengers were immediately dispatched to him; he came, seemed greatly affected at the condition he found her in, but was much more so, when he was informed what it was had thrown her into it. She was insensible on his entrance, but recovering soon after, and seeing him so near her, caught hold of his hand, and with agonies inexpressible, said to him—‘Oh, Mutantius! you will now be rid of a tie you have been ashamed to own.’—‘No, by Heaven!’ cried he: ‘Live, live, Aristella, and I will declare to all the world that you are my wife, my lawful married wife.’

Whether it were this sudden rush of joy, on hearing him speak these words,

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that was too powerful for her weakness to sustain, or that the lamp of life was wasted by the agonies she had before endured, is altogether uncertain; but she expired that moment, yielding up her last breath on the bosom of her too late repenting husband. Love, pity, and remorse, now engrossed all his faculties; he kept his promise, acknowledged her for his wife, had her intombed with great funeral pomp in his own family vault, and paid all imaginable honours to her memory. Whether he will ever relapse into his former vanities, time alone must shew; but at present, this once gay, thoughtless rover, either is, or affects to

be, lost to the joys he lately was so fond of; behaves with the utmost indifference towards the fair sex; seldom goes to any publick place; sees but little company at home; and seems to be in every thing the very reverse of what he was.

As to the sisters of the unfortunate Aristella, they were seized with the most deep affliction, when they came to know the sad effects their rash resentment had occasioned—which may serve as a warning to all persons not to be over hasty in censuring actions, the true meaning of which they cannot immediately comprehend.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.





THE

# INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK VI.

## CHAP. I.

IS DEDICATED ENTIRELY TO THE LADIES, AS IT RELATES AN ADVENTURE WHICH NEARLY CONCERNS THEM TO TAKE NOTICE OF.



**A**MONG all the numerous modes which the wantonness of luxury has of late years introduced into this kingdom for destroying of time, I know of none more fatal to the virtue and reputation of the female sex than masquerades; I mean, as that amusement is at present conducted. Indeed, when a select company of ladies and gentlemen agree among themselves, or are invited by some person of condition, to divert each other in such disguises as their several fancies shall make choice of, the case is widely different; for there, after passing a few hours in musick, dancing, and pleasant raillery, according to the characters they assume, the masks are all thrown aside, and every one appears as he is; so that none will venture to talk or act beneath a vizard, in such a manner as, when he stands revealed, will either reflect shame on himself, or give offence to those he has been entertain-

ing. Masquerades, thus managed, I cannot but allow to be not only innocent but laudable amusements, as they serve to whet the wit and exhilarate the mind.

But here, sorry am I to say it, the masquerade houses may with propriety enough be called shops, where opportunities for immorality, prophaneness, obscenity, and almost every kind of vice, are retailed to any one who will become a customer; and at the low rate of seven and twenty shillings, the most abandoned courtesan, the most profligate rake, or common sharper, purchases the privilege of mingling with the first peers and peeresses of the realm, and not seldom affronts both modesty and greatness with impunity. I perceive, to my great satisfaction, there are some ladies who, touched with a just sense of what is owing to their dignity, are determined not to expose themselves any more in a place where, if no worse ensues, the most licentious freedoms of speech, at least, are often offered to the chastest ears; and I am not without hope, that the influence of their example will prevail on many others to do the same. For the benefit, however, of the unwary, and those who, by their small acquaintance in town, are ignorant of the customs of these dangerous amusements, it will not be amiss to relate

relate an adventure which I was witness of, and may serve as a warning to all who are truly innocent, and desire to remain so.

Alexis and Matilda were the son and daughter of two gentlemen who lived near Newcastle. They had loved each other even before either well knew what was meant by the passion; and, as their understanding ripened, their inclinations increased. Hope, for some time, gilded the prospect of their mutual wishes; but, when they least expected, a stop was put to the consummation by an unfortunate disagreement between their parents. Alexis was forbid to see Matilda, and Matilda ever to think on Alexis: but these commands had little authority over hearts so fondly enamoured as theirs; they formed the most romantick contrivances to keep alive the flame with which each had inspired the other; some of which succeeded so well, as to enable them to continue an intercourse by letters, and even to gain private interviews. It was the father of Alexis who of the two had been most refractory; and he dying a small time after, the young gentleman found means to reconcile matters so effectually with the parents of Matilda, that they at length consented to give her to him, and completed the happiness of the equally loving and beloved pair.

Matilda, whose every care, hope, and joy, had all been centered in her dear Alexis, had nothing now to wish beyond what she was in possession of; and Alexis thought himself so blest, that he even defied the power of Fortune to give him any cause of disquiet. Fatal security! How little dependance for the future is there on the present good! They had not long enjoyed the sweets of this so-much-desired union, before Matilda, who had never been in London, expressed a curiosity to see it. Alexis, proud to embrace every opportunity of giving her pleasure, immediately took the hint, and told her he was ready to conduct her there as soon as she pleased. Accordingly they set out, and arrived in London about September. Alexis took ready-furnished lodgings, in a handsome house near St. James's, for six months; in which time he thought he should be able to shew Matilda every thing worth her seeing in town.

Alexis had received his first precepts at Westminster School; and having no

relations in London, his father requested me, by letters, to call sometimes at the house where he boarded, and have an eye over his behaviour. I did so; and the advice I gave him being delivered not in a magisterial but friendly manner, the lad conceived a very great affection for me from that time, and has preserved it ever since. He made me the compliment of a first visit on his coming to town, told me how happy he was, and begged I would be no stranger to the fair person who had made him so. I accepted the invitation, and went the next day. On his presenting Matilda to me, I was struck with admiration; for, besides every thing that could constitute a perfect beauty, there was a sweet simplicity, and a cheerful, unaffected innocence, which shone through the whole, and brightened every grace.

As the sole excitement Matilda had to take a journey to London was to gratify her curiosity with the sight of it, there was no eminent structure, or place of note, to which she was not conducted by her Alexis. A new scene of diversions opened as the winter season came on; plays, operas, and masquerades, now began to attract attention: the two first of these amusements Matilda was not altogether a stranger to, having often seen somewhat like them acted by strolling companies in the country, but she had not the least notion of masquerades; and the little account Alexis was able to give her making her more impatient to know what sort of entertainment they afforded, it may be easily supposed that so indulgent an husband would not suffer her to continue long in suspense; it may be, too, that he had some curiosity of his own to gratify in this point, having, it seems, never been at a masquerade himself.

Tickets accordingly were purchased, and habits hired. I happened to make a morning visit the day they were to go, and found Matilda busy in ornamenting a little hat and crook. The moment I entered the room, she told me, with the greatest pleasure in her countenance, that she was to be at the masquerade that night, and was to assume the character of a shepherdess. I replied, she could not take upon her one more suitable to her youth and innocence.

I said nothing to them of my design; but, when evening came, I equipped myself

myself with a domino, and hasted to that Babel of hurry and confusion; where it was no difficult matter to discover the persons I sought after, as I knew the dresses they were in. I soon distinguished the shepherds, and the husband by the blue domino I had seen lying on a table in his dining-room, and perceived there were many eyes upon Matilda; for though her face was concealed, her shape and air had somewhat in them sufficiently attractive. But there was one who, above all the rest, seemed particularly attentive to her motions: he was in the habit of a huntsman; a character which I afterwards had reason to say to myself suited very well with the intentions he had in his head that night. Which way soever Matilda turned, he took care not to lose sight of her; but, as she kept close to Alexis, neither he nor any one else had an opportunity of speaking to her. I hovered as near them as I could without being taken notice of; and it gave me a good deal of diversion, to see the surprise this innocent country lady testified at hearing the freedoms with which some people, who seemed to be perfect strangers, accosted each other.

A gentleman crossing the room with his mask in his hand, was known to Alexis; who, on sight of him, cried out to Matilda—‘Look yonder, my dear! there is Mr. Freeman! I never heard of his being in town. I will just step and tell him where we lodge: do you sit here till I come back.’ He then seated her on a bench, and went hastily after his friend, who had passed into another room. I now doubted not but the huntsman would snatch his opportunity of entertaining Matilda; but I lost sight of him in an instant; he vanished, as it were, from the place, and I saw him no more. The fair shepherds, however, was not to remain neglected. I found several advancing towards her; one of whom was the most grotesque, as well as disagreeable figure, I ever beheld: his stature was far from what could be called tall, but the circumference of his carcase exceeded that of any three men in the whole assembly; his legs looked like the pillars of a church-porch, and when he moved were at such a distance from each other, that a boar of a moderate size might easily pass between them without being incommoded. He had on the habit of a Turkish ba-

shaw; which was the worst, indeed, he could have chose; his huge ears, discovered by the shortness of his turban, hung upon his shoulders, as did the wallets under his chin upon his breast: in a word, he could have no deformity that the dress he was in did not shew to advantage.

This enormous creature had no sooner reached the place where Matilda sat, than he threw himself down by her on the bench, and accosted her with language which I should never forgive myself, nor expect to be forgiven by my reader, to repeat; but I was glad to find, by the whispers of some people behind me, that, instead of a gentleman, as I at first took him for, he was no other than a bully at a noted brothel in Covent Garden, and was known about town by the name of Lumpier Hammock. I cannot pretend to say whether this fellow was encouraged by any other person to behave to Matilda in the manner he did merely to put her spirits into a hurry, or whether he was intiguated to it only by his own impudence and brutality: but, whatever it might be, the situation of that poor lady was greatly to be pitied; she moved by little and little as far from him as the bench would give her leave; but he still followed, and would needs keep close to her, and persecute her with his ribaldry. Sometimes she got up, and looked round to see for her husband; then sat down again, not daring to leave the place for fear of missing him; but all the time shewed tokens of the utmost agitation of mind.

At length the blue domino appeared; on which she started from her seat, and running to him, cried—‘Oh, my dear, I am glad you are come!’ He only replied, in a low voice—‘Aye, aye, let us be gone!’ and, taking her by the hand, led her hastily away. I pleased myself with the thoughts of having seen Matilda safe under the protection of her husband, and was equally so that he had discovered little approbation of the masquerade, by his leaving it at a time when the diversion was at it’s height, and more company coming in than going out.

But the satisfaction I enjoyed in both these points, vanished in a moment. Alexis returned; his mask was now off, and he passed directly to the place where he had left Matilda; then started back. Confusion and surprize overspread his face;



face; he threw his eyes wildly round the room, then ran through every part of it; and, without considering how much he exposed himself to the ridicule of that giggling assembly, asked first of one, and then of another, if they had seen a shepherdess in green and silver, and if they knew what was become of her. This struck me with infinite concern, as it made me know Matilda had been deceived by the sight of the blue domino; and, in spite of my unwillingness to let him see I had come to a place where I had refused to accompany him, was just stepping forward to inform him of what had happened, when a lady, hearing his enquiries, said—‘Sir, the lady I saw with you, in the dress you mention, went away a little while ago with a gentleman in a blue domino, much the same as your own.’ On which he cried out—‘Oh Heavens! what cursed mistake is this!’

In uttering this exclamation, he flew out of the room like lightning, without staying to thank the lady for her intelligence. I followed as fast as I could, and found him at the door of the house, encompassed with hackney-coachmen, chairmen, and link-boys; among whom he was vainly endeavouring to get some account of his lost shepherdess. One of them, it seems, had said he saw a lady, in the habit he described, go into a coach with a gentleman, but could tell nothing either of the figure of the coach, or where it was ordered to drive. Finding no information could be gained in the place where he was, he withdrew from the crowd, as I suppose to consider what method he should pursue; for he continued in a fixed posture for two or three minutes, leaning against some rails before an adjacent house. My heart bled for him; and if I had been capable of offering him either advice or consolation, would not have kept at the distance I did: but the accident that had happened was without a remedy; and I had often observed, that to preach up moderation in the first gusts of passion serve but to inflame it more.

I thought there were no measures he could take that night; yet imagining he had something in his head, was desirous of seeing what event his cogitations would produce: I therefore laid hold of the opportunity I now had of stepping behind the cover of a hackney-coach in waiting, and girded on my Belt of Invisibility, which I always carried in my

pocket, in case any thing should fall in my way to give me occasion to make use of it. The influence of my valuable gift had but just taken effect, by being warm upon my body, when Alexis roused himself out of his reverie, and walked very fast up the street. I kept pace with him till he came to the house where he lodged. The door being opened by his own footman, who sat up for him—‘Is my wife come home?’ cried he. The fellow answered in the negative; and seeming somewhat surprized at this question, he threw himself into the parlour, saying to himself—‘How mad a hope did I entertain that she might have found some means to escape the hands of her ravisher, and been here before me!—No, no, ’tis impossible! the villain doubtless will secure his prey. Cursed, cursed masquerade! invented by the fiends for the destruction of virtue!’

While he was thus speaking, he tore off his domino with agonies not to be expressed, and stamped it under his feet; then turning to his servant, went on thus—

*Alexis.* William, your mistress is run away with; stolen from me by some villain in a domino like my own: she is lost for ever unless immediately recovered. Fly, this minute, to every tavern and bagnio you can think of; describe her habit; enquire if such a one, with a person in a blue domino, entered there. Be gone this instant! while I run to a justice of peace, and get a warrant to search in all suspected places.

*William.* What part of the town, Sir, do you think it most likely I shall hear of her?

*Alexis.* Alas! I am as ignorant of that as you: but all parts must be searched. Fly, then, good William!—and, do you hear, ask every hackney-coachman you meet with if he set any such persons down, and where? Away, I say!—stay not to consider!—a moment may confirm her ruin and my dishonour!

The fellow obeyed without making any farther reply; but I perceived, by his countenance, was not very well contented with the errand he was sent upon: and Alexis went out of the house at the same time he did, in order to have recourse to a magistrate in this exigence, as he said he would. I had no inclination to follow either master or man on an expedition

tion which promised so little success; therefore made all the haste I could to my own apartment, very much fatigued in body, yet much more so in mind, at the unfortunate mistake poor Matilda had fallen into, and which I had all the reason in the world to fear would be attended with the most dreadful consequences.

## CHAP. II.

CONTAINS THE CONCLUSION OF A NARRATIVE, WHICH I AM CERTAIN THERE IS ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO CANNOT READ WITHOUT BEING FILLED WITH THE MOST POIGNANT REMORSE, UNLESS HE IS AS DEAD TO ALL SENSE OF HUMANITY AS OF HONOUR.

MY impatience to know if Matilda was yet come home, or if the researches of Alexis had gained him any information concerning her, made me resolve to go to his lodgings in the morning; but whether I should make this visit in my Visible or Invisible capacity, I was for some time at a loss: at last, it seemed most eligible to appear in *propria persona*, as if I came only to ask some questions concerning the masquerade, and how they approved of that diversion, as it was the first time they partook of it; and also to take no notice of my being apprized of any thing that had happened there, unless he related it to me himself, which I did not much doubt of his doing. Accordingly I went; and, upon my entering into the dining-room, Alexis ran to me, and began the recital of his misfortune in this pathetick exclamation—‘Oh, my friend, I am undone and ruined for ever! The author, giver, and partaker, of all my happiness, is lost! torn from me by some lascivious, some inhuman villain! and him whom yesterday you beheld the most blessed of men, you now see the most accursed and most wretched of all created beings!’

He then proceeded to inform me, as well as the distraction of his thoughts would give him leave, of the method he had taken for the recovery of his lost treasure; how he had passed the whole night and that morning in search of her,

and that all his enquiries had been fruitless.

I then advised him to put an advertisement in the papers, describing the shape and stature of Matilda, with all the particulars of her dress, and offering a handsome reward to any one who should give information of the place at which she alighted out of a hackney-coach, in company with a gentleman in a blue domino, between the hours of twelve and one. ‘This you may do,’ said I, ‘without mentioning any name, except that of the person to whom such intelligence may be brought; and it is very likely either the coachman who carried her, or some one who might be about the door where she was set down, or even the servants of the house, will, for the sake of the gratuity, make that discovery which all your personal enquiries might not be able to obtain.’

I had no sooner ended, than a sudden dawn of cheerfulness gleamed upon his languid face; and, to shew how much he approved of the thought, took pen and paper, and immediately wrote in almost the same terms I had expressed it; specifying, at the same time, a coffee-house where the reward should be paid, on the requested intelligence being brought. After this, Nature, who will not be denied her rites, whatever vexations may intervene to rob her of them, spread a certain drowsiness upon his eye-lids, which I perceiving, persuaded him to favour; and, on my promising to come again the same evening, he lay down on the bed, and left me at liberty to pursue my inclinations.

As I had now no engagement upon my hands, and had not been at White’s for a considerable time, it was now my full design to go thither, imagining it might not be improbable but I might hear something of Matilda; but as I had some very good reasons not to appear in that place, I stepped into the first nook I found in my way, and put on my Belt of Invisibility. I was but just equipped, and passing on to my intended rout, when I saw a char, with the curtains close drawn, stop at a few paces before me. I should have taken no notice of this, if one of the fellows had not lifted up the top, and told the person in it that he had forgot whether it were the Red or the Green Lamps. The

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answer was given in a voice which I presently knew to be Matilda's; and, if I had not so well remembered, as I did, the accents, I should have suspected it was no other than herself, by her saying—'The Two Green Lamps.'

On finding it was she, the reader will easily believe I had more curiosity to see the interview between her and Alexis than any thing else I could have in my head. I followed the chair till it came to the house, and on the door being opened, slipped in with it. On her alighting, Mrs. Soberton, who was mistress of the house, ran out of the parlour, and was beginning to testify her joy at her return, though mingled with some demonstrations of surprise, to see her in the condition she was, which, indeed, was deplorable enough; her head without any other covering than a handkerchief carelessly tied over her dishevelled hair, her garments torn, her eyes swelled with tears, every feature distorted, and all the tokens of distraction and despair about her. She made no answer to what the good gentlewoman said; but, after throwing some money to the chairmen, ran hastily up into the dining-room, where, flinging herself on a settee, she cried out—'Where is Alexis!' To which Mrs. Soberton, who had followed as well as myself, replied—'Oh, Madam, you cannot imagine what trouble both he and all of us have had on your account!'

I know not whether that unhappy lady would have declared to Mrs. Soberton any part of what had befallen her or not; for Alexis, who either had not fallen asleep, or was easily awaked, heard his wife's voice, and came flying out of the chamber that instant. Mrs. Soberton, discreetly judging that they might not chuse to have a third person witness of their discourse, went directly down stairs; but the Invisible remained, and his wonderful Tablets received the impression of the following dialogue between them:

*Matilda.* Oh, Alexis, why did you leave me?

*Alexis.* Why did you leave the place where I desired you to wait for my return?

*Matilda.* I stirred not from it but to follow you, as I then thought.

*Alexis.* Confusion! How could you be so mistaken?

*Matilda.* Alas, I had no apprehension

of the deception put upon me! His habit was exactly like yours; his stature the same; he spoke in a low voice; but if he had not, my spirits were in too much agitation at the impudence of a fellow who had but just before accosted me, to have distinguished the difference.

*Alexis.* Oh, my torn heart! But say, Who is the villain that betrayed you! Where were you carried!

*Matilda.* Alas, the precautions he took have left me ignorant of both; and all I know is, that I am undone!

*Alexis.* Distraction!—Undone, and not know by whom! nor even in what place! all means for my revenge barred up! Yet, perhaps, I may be able to discover something—Tell me in an instant all the particulars of the story!

*Matilda.* I will, though every word will stab me to the soul, and inflict anew the shocks I have undergone.

*Alexis.* No preparations; be quick, and answer my demand at once.

*Matilda.* Have patience, then; for while you look so terrible I cannot speak.

*Alexis.* You cannot think I would hurt you; speak then, and break at once the heart of thy wretched husband!

*Matilda.* Oh, which way shall I begin?—how end?

*Alexis.* Keep me not on the rack!

*Matilda.* Soon as I saw the counterfeited Alexis approach, I rose to meet him; and on his bidding me come, and stretching forth his hand, I gave him mine, glad to find myself conducted from that mingled crowd, which I had seen too much of to desire to continue any longer with. We went into a coach, where I began to tell him how I had been affronted by an ugly huge man in a Turkish habit; but he made no answer either to that or any other idle prate I entertained him with, till the coach stopped, and he handed me into a house, the entry of which was full of men, who were running backwards and forwards with candles in their hands, and seemed very busy. I asked where we were going; he still made no reply; but after a short whisper to one of the fellows, led me up stairs.

*Alexis.* 'Sdeath! why did you go? Then was your time to have cried out for rescue!

*Matilda.* What, from my husband! I could not as yet know him from any other than yourself. I was, indeed, a little surprized at this behaviour; but imagined



imagined it was owing to some little whim you had taken into your head, on purpose to laugh at my simplicity. Being warm with having my mask on so long, I plucked it off as soon as we got into the room, but he clapped it on again, a man being then just entering with a bottle and glasses in his hand, which having set down on a table, he immediately withdrew. My conductor then bolted the door, and running towards me, said—'Now, my angel, I may feast my eye with all that heaven of beauty, which, while beneath a cloud, attracted my admiration; and you behold the man who from this happy moment devotes himself entirely to your charms.' With these words, he took off both mine and his own vizard. I shrieked, and suddenly had fainted with the fright, if an equal proportion of rage had not kept up my spirits.

*Alexis.* What said he then?

*Matilda.* A thousand romantick lies, such as I have read in plays and novels, which I answered only with revilings; till perceiving my just scorn had no effect upon him, I had recourse to tears and entreaties; told him I was a married woman, that I had a husband dearer to me than my soul, and by whom I was as much beloved, and conjured him not to detain me.

*Alexis.* Did not this move him?

*Matilda.* Oh no, not in the least, the audacious wretch but laughed at this remonstrance, said that I was a fool, and knew not the true interest of my sex, but that he would instruct me better, and make me happy, though against my will.

*Alexis.* Execrable dog! But go on.

*Matilda.* You may easily believe, that he who could speak such words, would also accompany them with actions of the same nature. I resisted all I could the indecent liberties he took, called heaven and earth to my assistance, but in vain; I was at last overpowered. In the midst of tears, reproaches, swoonings, he effected his brutal purpose, and made me the most miserable of women!

*Alexis.* Most miserable, indeed! After this, I suppose, he would have suffered you to depart?

*Matilda.* Can you think me vile enough to continue one moment in the presence of that detested monster, when I was at liberty to leave him? This, indeed, is cruel. Oh, Alexis! I hate my-

self for what I have been compelled to suffer; do not you hate me too?

*Alexis.* Oh, 'tis too much for man to bear! Yet one thing more, Matilda; describe, as near as possible, the features and complexion of this inhuman ravisher.

*Matilda.* Alas, the horror I was in from the first moment I found myself in the power of a stranger, hindered me from taking any great notice. All I can say is, that he had dark eyes, a clear and ruddy skin; and though his behaviour rendered him odious to me, with others, I believe, he may pass for handsome.

*Alexis.* Young, I suppose?

*Matilda.* About five or six and twenty, as far as I can judge.

*Alexis.* Had he the appearance of a man of rank and fortune?

*Matilda.* Every thing I saw about him, which properly belonged to himself, bespoke him such; but doubly disguised. Did you not take notice of an huntsman at the masquerade?

*Alexis.* Yes, and remember he always kept near us. Was he the ravisher?

*Matilda.* The same. He told me he had his eye upon me from the first moment I came in, and when he saw you left me, ran and procured a domino as like yours as he could get, in hopes I might be, as, alas! I really was, deceived by that fatal habit.

*Alexis.* 'Tis well; I may perhaps hunt him.

The eyes of Alexis seemed to flash fire while he uttered these words: after which he stood musing for some time; then turning to his wife, who still sat weeping in the same posture she had thrown herself into at her entrance, spoke thus to her—

*Alexis.* Rise, Matilda, retire to your chamber, and endeavour to compose yourself to rest.

*Matilda.* What, so early? 'Tis not yet six o'clock.

*Alexis.* No matter, your condition requires it; you have wak'd too long, therefore pray go.

*Matilda.* Will you come too?

*Alexis.* Do not expect me, I have much to think upon, and must be alone; there is a fermentation in my mind which must have time to settle; to-morrow I may be at more ease, I pray you then to give me liberty this night.

With this, she took a candle and withdrew; but with a look and gesture so truly pity-moving, that if a painter had been to draw the picture of Despair, he could not have copied from an original more striking.

He then called for Mrs. Soherston, told her his wife had been very much frightened, and was indisposed; so begged she would assist her in any thing she might stand in need of. She made no reply, but went out of the room, I suppose, to do what he requested of her. I was about to follow her, but seeing Alexis put on his wig, which he had plucked off when he went to lie down, thought he was going on some expedition which it might be worth my taking the pains to explore. To this end I slipped down stairs while he was taking up his sword and hat, got out of the house before him, divested myself of my Belt, became visible, and met him some few paces distant. I told him I was returning to his lodgings according to my promise, and affected some surprise at seeing him abroad: he seemed pleased that he had not missed me, and repeated in a few words the sum of what I have been relating; adding, that he now flattered himself with being able to trace out the person who had injured him, by the description Matilda had given of him; and then intreated I would be so good as to accompany him in the search he was about to make; to which request I readily consented.

I found his scheme was, to enquire among those people who let out dresses for the masquerade, if any account could be given of a gentleman who the night before had hired, first the habit of a huntsman, and afterwards a blue domino. The thing, indeed, seemed feasible enough in itself, though it did not answer expectation. We went to several shops without receiving the least information; and all we could learn was, that a gentleman, habited like a huntsman, had come in a very great hurry for a blue domino, which had not been returned till about half an hour before our coming; but the name or quality of the person who hired it, the woman protested she knew nothing of. Alexis then demanded, somewhat hastily, who it was had brought it back: she smiled both at this interrogatory, and the manner in which it was made; and replied, that she was talking to customers at that time in the shop; but if she had been less engaged, she

should scarce have taken any notice—  
'For,' said she, 'provided we have our goods again, and are paid for the use of them, it is not our business to examine farther.'

Here ended the fruitless search of Alexis. He had now no shadow of hope for discovering the ravisher, but in the advertisement I had persuaded him to get inserted in the news-papers; and his despair became so outrageous, that it was with much difficulty I prevailed on him to go home. I went with him, fearing, if he was left alone in the street, he might be guilty of some extravagancy. It was one of the most fine frosty nights I had ever seen; and, while we were knocking at the door, he looked up towards the sky, and, with a voice denoting the extremest bitterness of heart, burst into this exclamation—'How many thousand twinkling stars are there, yet not one among them all a friend to me, or poor undone Matilda!'

I went home with him, but privately gave William a caution not to go to sleep, but keep near his master, and be attentive to all his motions, in order to prevent any fatal effect of the present distraction of his mind. I then went home, but with an anxiety for this truly worthy, though ill-fated pair, that made me quit my bed very early next morning, with a resolution to exert my utmost endeavours for the mitigation of their sorrows, and, if possible, to reconcile Alexis to a misfortune which was without a remedy; but, unluckily for my design, a person came to speak with me about some business which detained me till almost twelve o'clock.

On my arrival at the place where I so much wished to be, I found Alexis just come in before me. He appeared with a countenance much more composed than the night before, but very pensive and melancholy: he presently acquainted me, however, with the occasion of his having been abroad; it was this—He told me he had passed the whole night in considering how he should act in relation to Matilda; and finding it a thing inconsistent with his honour to suffer her to remain in town after what had happened, he resolved to send her immediately into the country, and was just returned from hiring a post-chaise for that purpose. The reason he gave for his proceeding in this manner, was as follows—'She cannot remain here, and be shut up, she must

‘ must appear sometimes ; and who can tell but that in some unlucky minute she may be seen by the very villain who has ruined her, and who, either through curiosity, or the desire of renewing the gratification of his vicious flame, may discover whose wife she is, and wherever he sees me, point me to his lewd companions for the wretch he has made me !’

I had nothing to offer in opposition to what he said on this score, for indeed I thought it very proper they should both retire into the country ; so replied, that I was glad I had called that morning, otherwise I should not have had the opportunity of wishing them a good journey : to which he hastily rejoined—‘ I shall not go.’—‘ How !’ cried I, somewhat surprized, ‘ do you send away Matilda, and stay behind yourself !’ A deep sigh was the first answer he gave ; but the testimony of his discontent was presently succeeded by these words—

‘ Yes, my friend, she must go without me : two days ago, nothing was so precious to me as her presence ; I lived, indeed, but in her sight ; every glance, every look she gave me, shot pleasure to my heart ; but now, alas ! those happy moments are fled, and I can regard her as no other than the ruined reliques of the woman once so dear to me !’

It was in vain I represented to him, that as I doubted not but he was perfectly convinced of the purity of Matilda’s mind, he ought not to love her less for the violence her person had sustained : he owned the justness of my reasons, but could not prevail on himself to be governed by them ; and when I urged the cruelty of sending her so long a journey without any companion to alleviate her sorrows, he made me this reply—‘ She does not go alone ; her waiting-maid, who, soon after our arrival in town, was obliged to be removed on account of the small-pox, is now quite recovered, and came home last night ; this girl has attended Matilda for some years, and I know will be very careful of her.’

While we were discoursing, the chaise came to the door ; on which Alexis called to have the luggage put in, and his wife to make herself ready. I asked him if he thought it proper I should take my leave of Matilda before her departure ; he replied, that it was a ceremony which he believed she would gladly be

dispensed with from receiving, in her present unhappy situation ; but begged I would stay in the dining-room till he had dispatched this disagreeable affair. With these words he went out of the room, and I remained where I was. In less than half a quarter of an hour, looking through the window, I saw the disconsolate Matilda go out of the house, supported on one side by Alexis, and on the other by her attendant. I could not see her face ; but her motions, and the distracted air with which she threw herself into the chaise, were enough to convince me of the extreme wretchedness of her condition.

Alexis returned to me in a situation little less pity-moving, yet could not my heart altogether absolve him for this last part of his behaviour to Matilda : it was now, however, a time to apply rather balms than corrosives to his bleeding and despairing mind ; I therefore said every thing in my power to administer consolation to him, but all my endeavours that way were unsuccessful ; and though I staid with him the greatest part of the day, had the mortification to leave him as I found him.

Oh ! had the dark unknown beheld the sad effects his wild inordinate desires produced, he surely could not have sustained the shock, but must have revenged upon himself the mischiefs he had brought upon two worthy persons, so lately blessed, so truly loving and beloved !

### CHAP. III.

CONSISTS OF SOME FARTHER PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE PRECEDING ADVENTURE ; WITH TWO LETTERS WROTE BY THAT UNFORTUNATE LADY TO HER HUSBAND IN HER EXILE.

I Am very much afraid that Alexis I will stand but little justified in the opinion of my fair readers for his conduct towards Matilda ; they will doubtless say, that the love he pretended to have for her had taken but a shallow root in his heart, when it could be shaken by a misfortune which she had no way contributed to bring upon herself. They will, perhaps, also add, that after she had with so much simplicity, some may think folly too, revealed to him the whole of what



what had befallen her, it was not only unkind, but highly ungenerous and cruel in him to abandon her to despair, at a time when she had so much need of the tenderest compassion and consolation.

I must confess, indeed, that these accusations have the strongest appearance of reason on their side; yet I must take upon me, notwithstanding, to aver, that how much a paradox soever it may seem to some, Love, when in excess, may, on more occasions than one, produce the same effects as hate. Certain it is, that it was chiefly owing to the too refined delicacy of the passion Alexis was possessed of for Matilda, that made them both so greatly wretched; the thoughts that another, though by force, had revelled in her charms, deprived those charms of all their relish, and sickened every wish. When we have been talking together on this head, often have I heard him, in the utmost bitterness of heart, express himself in these terms—

‘ I still adore her mind; I know it is all composed of sweetness, innocence, and truth; but, oh! the blemish cast upon her person cannot be washed off but with the villain’s blood; and, unless fate allows me the means of doing her and myself that justice, can never look upon her but as the ghost of my once dear wife!’

Finding, that to prevail on him to live with Matilda as a wife, was utterly impracticable, at least till time had a little mellowed the asperity of his repentment, I forbore any farther speech on that head, believing, that if a change in Matilda’s favour should ever happen, it must come wholly of himself, and not by the arguments of another.

It will be easy for the reader to judge of how little efficacy the persuasions of any friend could be to move him, when those of the tender, the endearing, the so lately adored Matilda, proved in vain; which abundantly appear by the many letters she sent to him after her retirement, two only of which I got an opportunity of transcribing: the first was wrote immediately on her arrival at their country seat.

‘ MY DEAR, DEAR ALEXIS!

‘ I Am a sufficient proof, that grief is not so fatal as some people would represent it, since I live to tell you I am safely arrived at \*\*\*\*\*. Yes, I

‘ am returned to that once blissful scene of soft delights, of pure and virtuous love. But, oh! that Heaven is fled, a sad reverse supplies it’s place; and wheresoever I turn my eyes, honors instead of joys rise to my distracted view! I remember, that when you turned me from you, your last words were—“ Be comforted, Matilda.” Alas! you well know, without Alexis there is no comfort for Matilda; your presence is the only balsam can assuage the tortures of my agonizing heart! If then, indeed, you wish me less the wretch I am, let me not linger long in a banishment more cruel than death! Quit that detested town, fly to my relief, and at least join with me in bewailing what is past a remedy.

‘ But, oh! I have too much cause to fear you have withdrawn all your affection from me, and am doubly miserable in a consciousness of being rendered unworthy to retain it. Yet, had sickness, or any other accident, deprived me of that little beauty nature has bestowed upon me, and made me become lame, or blind, or crooked, I flatter myself you would have loved me still; you would then have pitied and cherished me in your bosom; and sure, the misfortune that has befallen me, was as far removed from my seeking, as any of those I have mentioned. I will not, however, anticipate the doom I so much dread; will not give way to apprehensions distracting to myself, and I hope injurious to you. I know you are generous and just, and will endeavour to assure myself those noble principles, even without the aid of tenderness, will not permit you to hate me, to throw me off for ever, for my person having sustained a violence, to which I am persuaded you are convinced my mind was incapable of consenting. I will believe that you feel all my woes, participate in my anguish, and that my pen ought rather to flow with words of consolation than reproach. Yet, if it is ordained that we must both be wretched, let us be wretched together; let us mingle our tears, and interchangeably echo back each other’s sighs; let us indulge despair; recal the memory of those blissful hours we once enjoyed; compare the present with the past, and join in curses on the base, the inhuman author of our woes!—But whither does my in-

‘ considerate

' considerate passion lead me! Does it  
' become the love, the tenderness, the  
' duty, of a wife, to wish you should  
' partake my ruin? No; since I can  
' no longer contribute to your happi-  
' nesses, rather forget, renounce, aban-  
' don me for ever! Yet, oh! 'tis hard!  
' —My brain grows wild on the re-  
' flection—I can proceed no farther.  
' Pity me, my most dear, my most adored  
' Alexis! Pity, O pity, the undone,  
' the lost,

' MATILDA!

' P. S. If these distracting lines have  
' any power to move you, if any  
' remains of soft compassion to-  
' wards me still dwell within your  
' breast, write to me by the first  
' post. Fix, I beseech you, my  
' uncertain fate. Oh, that I should  
' live to stand in need of intreaties  
' to hear from you!"

When Alexis shewed me the above, he seemed all dissolved in a flood of love and tenderness; yet I believe the answer he sent to it was dictated in terms not altogether so satisfactory to Matilda as the present disturbance of her mind required. Here follows the second melancholy epistle of that unfortunate lady.

' My for ever dear, tho' unkind ALEXIS,  
' WITH what anxiety have I watched  
' the arrival of the post! how  
' counted the tedious minutes as they  
' glided on! how trembled between  
' hope and fear on every knock given at  
' the gate, while in expectation of a  
' letter from you! At last it came;  
' but, oh! I am not more at ease!  
' Wherefore, Alexis, do you keep me  
' in this cruel suspense? I asked no  
' impossibilities of you, desired you not  
' to love me still; I only begged the de-  
' cision of my fate; and, sure, that is  
' not a request too much for me to  
' make, or you to grant!

' My father, uncles, all my kindred  
' and acquaintance, nay, our very ser-  
' vants, stand amazed to see me here  
' without you; they perceive my altered  
' looks; and, with officious love, en-  
' quire into the cause. All the answer  
' I can make is, that the air of London  
' not agreeing with my constitution, I  
' hurried back before some business you

' had in town would permit you to re-  
' turn. These excuses may pass current  
' for a time, but cannot do so long; I  
' conjure you, therefore, by all you have  
' to hope, or fear, or wish, not to ex-  
' pose yourself and me to conjectures  
' which cannot be to the advantage of  
' either of our characters. Pronounce  
' my doom; say that you will return,  
' and live with me, in all appearance,  
' as before, or scruple not to let me  
' know you have resolved on an eternal  
' separation; that I may retire, at once,  
' to some dark corner of the world, and  
' shut myself up from pity and con-  
' tempt. I know this ought to have  
' been thought upon before you obliged  
' me to remove from London; but both  
' of us were in too much confusion, at  
' the time of parting, to give our cooler  
' reason room to operate. We have  
' since, however, had leisure to reflect on  
' what was proper to be done in our un-  
' happy circumstances; and I flatter  
' myself you will not think me too pre-  
' suming in being the first to mention it.

' O, Alexis! imagine not that, when  
' I urge you to this eclairsissement, I  
' am so vain as to soothe my fond heart  
' with a belief, that since the dreadful  
' accident you ever can love me as be-  
' fore; no, I rather expect my sentence  
' will be that of an everlasting banish-  
' ment: perhaps it is already signed  
' within your breast, and the compassion  
' you have for me alone delays the exe-  
' cution. If this should be the case,  
' throw aside that cruel mercy which  
' conceals it. Grief and despair have  
' given me fortitude to bear the worst  
' of ills, and sure there can be none  
' half so dreadful to me as seeing you  
' no more! So much the better for my  
' eternal peace, as it will the sooner rid  
' me of the burden of a hated life. But  
' I will trouble you no more than to re-  
' new my petition of knowing, in your  
' next letter, what it is you have in ef-  
' fect decreed for the innocently cri-  
' minal

' MATILDA.

' P. S. Your old acquaintance and  
' fellow collegian, Mr. L—, has just now sent to enquire when  
' you are expected down. He de-  
' signs, it seems, to set up, at the next  
' general election, for the borough  
' of \*\*\*\*\*, and greatly depends  
' on the interest you have in that  
' place.

‘ place. I suppose you will shortly receive a letter from himself on the occasion. O may the calls of friendship give weight to those I have mentioned, and influence you to return!’

I happened to be with Alexis at the time of his receiving this. He first read it to himself, then communicated it to me; and, when he had finished, cried out, with an extraordinary emotion—‘ Poor Matilda! unhappy, charming woman! with what enchanting eloquence does she plead against herself! how sweetly labour to oppose what she most wishes to obtain!’

As I found the strongest reason in the arguments urged in Matilda’s letter, I must confess that I was at a loss to comprehend what he meant by speaking in this manner; therefore desired he would explain himself, which he immediately did, in these terms—‘ O friend! the more I discover of her merit, the less I am able to forget the violation of her honour! I must cease to love her as I do, must bring myself to look upon her with the same indifference that most husbands do upon their wives, before I can support, with any tolerable degree of patience, the thoughts that another has possessed her.’ Thus did he always talk whenever we were alone; and had Matilda known his sentiments, I believe it would be a moot point whether she would not rather have chose a separation than to live with him, after he had reduced himself to such a state of insensibility.

He now, indeed, began to give great indications that he had nothing more at heart than to lose all remembrance, not only of the injury done to Matilda, but of herself also. By very swift degrees he became the reverse of what he was before his going to that fatal masquerade. The pleasures of the bottle, and the conversation of the looser part of womankind, divide too much of his time between them; and he seeks in riots and debaucheries his relief from melancholy. I am told, however, that he is at present preparing to set out for\*\*\*\*: but what satisfaction can the virtuous Matilda receive from his return, thus transformed, thus debased in morals and behaviour, from the man she had so dearly loved, and who was once so worthy her esteem?

How sad a reverse has a few weeks made in the condition of this lately happy pair! Surely the wretch—for so I must call him, be he of what degree or rank soever—who, for the sake of gratifying the fleeting pleasure of a moment, has brought this ruin on them, ought never to be forgiven in this world, whatever a sincere contrition, if he is capable of it, may entitle him to in the next!

#### CHAP. IV.

THE AUTHOR HAVING FOUND SOMETHING IN HIS RAMBLES WHICH HE SUPPOSES MAY BE OF VALUE TO THE OWNER, CONDESCENDS TO TAKE UPON HIM THE OFFICE OF A TOWN-CRIER, BUT WAVES THE CEREMONY OF THE GREAT O YES.

**H**APPENING one morning to wake more early than ordinary, I quitted my bed; and the weather being fine, and my humour more inclined to seriousness than gaiety, I took a little walk into Hyde Park, not with the least expectation of making any discovery of other people’s affairs, but merely to think of my own with more liberty than I could do at home. I met no living creature in my way, except some birds that perched upon the twigs of the leafless trees, and in melodious notes chanted forth praises to the approaching spring. These rather indulging meditation, I passed slowly on by the side of the Serpentine River; where my eyes were attracted with the sight of a white satin pocket lying just before me. I suppose it might have been dropped from some lady’s side the night before; for, on my taking it up, I found it extremely damp with dew. I looked upon this as a lawful prize, and that I had a right to keep it, at least till I could find somebody that had a better title; I therefore tied it up in my handkerchief, and, after having finished my walk, took it home with me, where my impatience did not suffer me to continue long without examining it. I shall give a faithful inventory of all the particulars, reserving only one in petto, in order to prevent being imposed upon by any fictitious claimant.

Money being the chief idol of mankind,



kind, I shall give that the preference, and begin with the purse, which had in it five gold ducats, a leaden French shilling, a bent half-crown, and a medal of the Duke of Cumberland in copper, very curious, but by some accident had been cracked, and the impression in several parts pretty much erased. The next thing that presented itself was a very small pocket-book; which I shall forbear to describe, as well as make any mention of the memorandums it contained, to any person in the world but to the lady who wrote and shall come to demand them. There was also a chrysal finelling-bottle half full of sal armoniac, a tortoise-shell snuff-box rimmed with gold, and a naked Venus painted on the inside.

But the most valuable part of this cargo, at least according to my opinion, was some papers; not Bank-bills, but letters, and other writings, more deserving the attention of the publick, and which I shall make no scruple to insert, as they gradually fell under my inspection; especially as all of them having been sent under covers, which were not in the packet, the name of the lady to whom they were directed can only be guessed at.

## LETTER I.

MADAM,

I Now send you the catalogue you have so often requested; but in treat you will be so good as not to let any one soul in the world know you had it from him who has the honour to be, with the greatest respect, &c.

The name subscribed to this had been torn off, either by design or accident; but the paper which accompanied it was perfect and entire. Here follows a faithful transcript.

A CATALOGUE OF SOME VERY SCARCE AND CURIOUS PIECES, IN PROSE AND VERSE: ALL WROTE BY SOME OF THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.

1. THE Art of Pleasing in Conversation. An Heroick Poem. By the E— of C—.

2. An Essay on Power. Wrote ori-

ginally in High Dutch, and now translated by a person of distinction into English. Bound in red Turkey, finely gilt and lettered.

3. The Virtues of Carmine, with a Recipe how to prepare it with success. *Probatum est.* By the C— of C—. Gilt back, and lettered.

4. Patient Grizel. A Poem in Six Cantos. By the real C— of C—. Bound in calf, very plain.

5. The Politician Defeated. A Novel. In Three Parts. By the E— of E—. Stitched in blue paper.

6. The Croaker. A Tragi-comical Farce of One Act. By L— R—.

7. Cookery Improved, after the Epicurean Stile. By a Club of Gentlemen. In sheets.

8. The Chaste Maid; or, A New Way to Amuse the Town. A Comedy of Three Acts, each sufficient for a Winter Night's Entertainment. By the facetious H— F—, Esq.

9. Rules to Chuse a Wife; shewing the Absurdity of all those generally observed. By Sir J— C—. In boards.

10. A Philosophical Definition of Card Craft, upwards of Forty Years compiling. By the very learned and most ingenious Professor Mr. H—e. Stitched in gilt paper.

11. Frugality. A Poem. In Nine Cantos. By the C— of B—. Bound in vellum.

12. A Collection of Jest and Merry Phrases, to keep Young People's Heads from Aching with more laborious Studies. By a Tutor in the Modish Sciences. Finely bound in blue Turkey, gilt back, and lettered.

13. Try before you Buy. A Poem after the Manner of Hudibras. By the E— of R—. In boards.

14. The Charms of Novelty. A Pindarick Essay. By Miss C—. In sheets.

15. The Pleasures of Matrimony; or, Who would not be a Husband? A Farce. By L— V—. Stitched, and very much sullied with often reading.

16. A Dissertation on Flies Eggs. By the President of a learned Society. In boards.

17. Laugh and Lie Down. A Ballad Opera of Three Acts. By L— P—. Stitched in blue paper.

18. An Essay to prove that True Honour is always concomitant with  
X Good

Good Sense. By the E—— of O——. Bound in plain blue Turkey.

19. Conjugal Love. A Pastoral of One continued Scene. By the E—— of N——. Printed on a new Elzevir letter, and neatly bound, without tawdriness or affectation.

20. The Patriot. A Secret History. By G—— D——, Esq. Bound in clouded calf.

21. The Double Dealer; or, The Westminster Disappointment. A Farce of Two Acts. By Sir G—— V——. Stitched in cap paper.

22. An Eulogy on Apostacy. By L—— G——. Bound in calf, and gilt back.

23. Love in a Bottle. A Poem, in Three Cantos. By the E—— of M——. Stitched in blue paper.

24. Redivivus; or, Old Age and Gallantry Reconciled. A Humorous Farce, of One Act. By the E—— of H——. Stitched.

25. An Exhortation to Hospitality to Foreigners, even though it should happen to be destructive to the Liberties of the Natives. By L—— T——, as he delivered it at the Haymarket. Bound in the French taste.

26. Criticisms on the Play of Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. By L—— P——. In boards.

27. The Fox Weary of Goose Hunting. A Fable. By the D—— of D——. Bound in parchment.

28. The Lover's Catechism. A New Ballad. By the celebrated Miss A——.

29. An Infallible Remedy for Curing the Scotch Itch without Bleeding. By the D—— of A——.

30. The Beauties of Domestick Life, illustrated with Examples. A Pastoral Eclogue. By the D—— of B——. Neatly bound.

31. Love Levels All; or, a Lucky Trip to Bath. An Epic Poem, without any Episodes. By C—— B——. Printed on a half worn-out letter, but very richly bound.

32. Instructions for a Supplement to Arthur Collins's Peerage of England. By L—— L——. Stitched in marble paper.

33. Verses in Praise of Breeding. By Miss W——.

34. True Magnificence. An Heroick Poem. By the D—— of M——. Finely bound.

35. Love in a Coach. A True Secret History. By C—— V——. Stitched.

36. Second Thoughts Best. A Philosophical Treatise, dedicated to a Brother of the Horn. By Mr. W——. Bound in sheeps-skin.

37. The Triumvirate of Converts. Being a Series of Epistles on Moral and Religious Subjects, which passed between L—— T——, C—— G——, and Mrs. C——. In boards.

38. The Escape. A Satire. Inscribed to L—— D—— M——, by a Well-wisher to her Ladyship.

39. A Letter sent with a Side of Venison to the celebrated Mrs. J—— D——, in the Piazza, Covent Garden. By L—— T——.

40. A Short Treatise concerning Publick and Private Charities; proving to a Demonstration, that the former are of much more Emolument to the Giver than the latter. By L—— E—— J——. Curiously bound, with a Register.

41. The Humiliation. A Poem. Addressed to the Inexorables. By L—— G—— S——. Stitched.

42. A Prophecy that Votes for Members of Parliament will fall to no Price at the next Westminster Election. By Sir W—— Y——.

Having folded and replaced this paper in the pocket whence I had taken it, I proceeded to the other.

## LETTER II.

'DEAR MADAM,

'IT must be confessed you are endowed with a courage and resolution superior to what most of your sex can boast of; but you must give me leave to say, at the same time, that in these affairs we men run much the greatest hazards: in case of a discovery, our persons are liable to fall a sacrifice to the resentment of an injured husband, and our fortunes sure to be ruined by way of reparation of his disgrace; whereas the worst you have to fear is a divorce. The laws are favourable to wives; the portion you brought with you is either returned, or an annuity equivalent: and as for the little shame you sustain by such a procedure, it is well atoned for by  
'your

' your being freed from the loathsome  
' carefles of the man you hate, and at  
' full liberty to pursue your inclinations  
' with him you love. Be assured, Ma-  
' dam, I would venture much for the  
' continuance of the blessing you permit  
' me to enjoy; but I find the intercourse  
' between us begins to be suspected, and  
' you must therefore pardon me that I  
' yield to necessity, and refrain any far-  
' ther meetings with you, at least for  
' the present. I was yesterday at court,  
' and heard some whispers, that your  
' jealous coxcomb would soon be sent  
' abroad: if such a thing should happen,  
' as I have some pretty good reasons to  
' believe it will, I shall return with dou-  
' ble transport to your embraces; till  
' then, prudence obliges me to deny  
' myself that happiness. But at how  
' great a distance soever I keep my per-  
' son, I beg you will do me the justice  
' to believe my heart is always with  
' you; and that I can never cease to be,  
' with the greatest sincerity, &c.

' PHILETES.'

' P. S. I would not have you har-  
' bour any unjust suspicions either  
' of me or your fair friend; for,  
' upon my soul! I never had the  
' least design upon her in the way  
' you mean; and you will find,  
' whenever it is convenient for me  
' to renew my devoirs to you, that  
' I like no woman better than your-  
' self. Once more I bid you un-  
' willingly adieu.'

### LETTER III.

' DEAR CREATURE,

' YOUR Damon, and my Strephon,  
' as we call them, are both with  
' me. They have found out the most  
' charming place that ever was for us to  
' scamper to, whenever we can delude  
' the eyes of our impertinent gaolers.  
' If you can find any excuse to get  
' loose from yours, the rendezvous agreed  
' upon is the banks of the Serpentine  
' River, just after sun-set, whence we  
' are to follow our leaders where they  
' shall please to conduct us. Lady  
' Fillup has a route to-night; you may  
' tell your tyrant you are going there.  
' But why should I put pretences into

' a head so much more fertile than my  
' own? Fail not to come, however, if  
' it be not a thing utterly impossible for  
' human wit to accomplish: but let us  
' know your resolution by the bearer.  
' I am, &c.

' CORINNA.

' P. S. While I was writing the  
' above, Damon, to shew either  
' his love or wit, or both, took up  
' a pen, and employed it in the en-  
' closed.'

" TO MY SOUL'S TREASURE.

" FLY, charmer, fly! leave homebred  
" cares behind;  
" With thoughts of coming joys fill all  
" your mind:  
" Let smiling pleasure wanton o'er your  
" face,  
" And kindling transports brighten ev'ry  
" grace.  
" Each vein of mine beats high with love's  
" alarms;  
" Haste, then, and lull me gently in your  
" arms!"

" I know I am a bad poet, but you  
" will find me a better lover, and that  
" your charms are capable of inspiring  
" me with more fire than all the ladies  
" of Parnassus put together. I am, &c.

" DAMON."

The letter of Philetes, and that of Corinna and Damon, being dated on the same day, discovered to me that the lady who received them was not quite inconsolable for the loss of one lover, as she had another in store; and also that she failed not to comply with the invitation of Damon, and that she had dropped her pocket at the rendezvous appointed by Corinna.

I make no question but that the inquisitive reader would be glad to know the name and rank of this so much admired lady; but as I can do no more, at most, than guess at either, I should be loth to impose my bare and uncertain conjectures upon the publick, for fear of a mistake, and being guilty of the worst of wrongs, that of prejudicing the character of an innocent person. I wish every one would pay as much regard as myself to what Shakspeare says on this occasion—



- ' Good name, in man or woman,
- ' Is the immediate jewel of our souls.
- ' Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis  
' something, nothing;
- ' 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave  
' to thousands;
- ' But he that filches from me my good  
' name,
- ' Robs me of that which not enriches him,
- ' And makes me poor indeed.'

Could I have formed even the most distant supposition to what place Strephon and Damon had conducted their ladies, I doubt not but my curiosity would have carried me thither, where my enquiries might perhaps have gained me the satisfaction of knowing how much of the night these innamoratos had passed together, and in what manner they had been entertained; but no mention being made of any thing farther than the place where they were to meet, I was obliged to content myself with what discoveries I had made, and so must the reader also.

I cannot conclude this chapter without an observation which has constantly occurred to me whenever any thing fell in my way of the kind I have been relating, which is this. As the wife has the honour of her husband in keeping, it seems to me a most ungenerous and cruel addition to the crime of wronging his bed, when by publick indiscretions she exposes him to that contempt and ridicule which the world, though without the least shadow of reason or justice, is always sure to cast upon the husband of a transgressing wife.

I know very well people are apt to say, that when a woman abandons herself to vice, she presently becomes utterly incapable of paying any regard to her own reputation, much less to that of her husband; and that it appears a much greater matter of surprize when they see women, as it must be confessed many such there are, who, without being criminal in fact, behave in such a manner as to draw on themselves the severest censures. Though I must allow that this too frequently happens, yet I cannot agree in opinion with those who seem to wonder it should be so, and look upon it as a kind of inconsistency in nature; I rather imagine that guilt is more likely to inspire circumspection. A woman who knows herself culpable, I should expect to be very careful not to

do any thing in publick that might cause suspicion of her being less reserved in private; whereas a consciousness of innocence, especially in a thoughtless disposition, may easily render a woman unguarded, and less observant of those decorums which, though not essential to virtue, are doubtless necessary to reputation.

## CHAP. V.

TURN'S CHIEFLY UPON THE SUBJECT OF EDUCATION, AND CONTAINS SOME THINGS WHICH THE AUTHOR IS APPREHENSIVE WILL NOT BE VERY AGREEABLE TO THE FEMALE PART OF HIS READERS.

THE good or the ill fortune of our whole lives chiefly depends on the first bent given to our minds in youth. Impressions made in our early years take a deep root within us, grow up with us to maturity, become part of ourselves; so that they may properly be called a second nature, and are seldom, if ever, totally eradicated. According to one of our English poets—

- ' Children, like tender osiers, take the bow;
- ' And, as they first are fashion'd, still will  
' grow.'

For this reason it is that parents, unless they are very remiss indeed, take so much pride in the education of their children, bestowing on them every accomplishment befitting their rank and circumstances, and oftentimes more than will well agree with either. Yet all this will not do; there are some previous steps to be taken, without which all the improvements we can make, from the lessons of the most able masters, will never render us worthy the esteem of others, or truly happy in ourselves, for any length of time. Pride, and an impatience of controul, are the first propensities discoverable in human nature: if these are humoured and indulged in their beginnings, which is indeed in our most early years, they will soon become too headstrong and too turbulent to be afterwards restrained and subjected to the government of reason by any methods whatever that can be taken for that

that purpose; the first indications should therefore be carefully watched, and checked in every instance.

I smile to think what objections are commonly made, by some over-fond parents, to such a manner of proceeding. If I am not mistaken, these two are the principal: that to curb children too much is apt to break their spirits; and that the world being so full of disappointments, few people escape them when they come to maturity, it is pity the poor things should know sorrow before their time. To both which I take the liberty to make this reply—

First, as to what they call the breaking of the spirit. That due decorum I would recommend, takes no more of the spirit from the young Master or Miss than what is necessary to keep them from running into those follies and excesses which, how excusable soever in childhood, render them contemptible in riper years; as the skilful gardener lops from his tender plant those superfluous branches which, if suffered to continue, would hinder it from growing to perfection. Then, as to the second, every one knows the sorrows their little hearts are capable of feeling make no lasting impression on them; they will cry one moment, and laugh the next. The contradiction they meet with will only make them sensible that they neither can nor ought to expect they are to have their will in all things; and the trifling disappointments given them, will enable them to sustain with fortitude those of more consequence, which may hereafter possibly befall them. A boy is less liable to the danger of being spoiled by too much indulgence than a girl; because he is no sooner taken from the nursery, than he is either put out to school, or, if of a superior rank, under the inspection of a tutor.

I have the honour to be pretty nearly related, by marriage, to Lady Plyant; her late husband being my first cousin. Decency obliges me to visit the widow sometimes: she is a very affable, good-natured woman; and has, indeed, a greater share of understanding than her too great compliance with the customs of the age will permit her to make shew of. She keeps a prodigious deal of company, for which reason I see her much less frequently than otherwise I should do; but happening to pass by her house one day when no coach or chair

was in waiting there, I ventured to knock at the door, and was glad to be told she was alone. I had not, however, been with her above ten minutes, before two or three loud raps proclaimed the approach of some new guest, and presently after a grave elderly lady was introduced. Lady Plyant received her with much politeness, and a great shew of friendship; and, after the first salutations were over, and we had re-seated ourselves, said to her—

*Lady Plyant.* Dear Mrs. Loyter, I have not seen you this age, and have been quite unhappy in the want of you.

*Mrs. Loyter.* Dear Lady Plyant, the loss is wholly mine. But I have been so embarrassed—my poor girl has been extremely indisposed.

*Lady Plyant.* Bless me! Miss not well, and I hear nothing of it! But I hope she is better?

*Mrs. Loyter.* Perfectly recovered, Madam. She will have the honour of waiting on your ladyship this evening. She is gone to make a few visits, but prayed heartily to find nobody at home, that she might follow me here the sooner.

*Lady Plyant.* How perfectly kind that was! Well, she is a charming creature; you are the happiest woman in the world in having such a daughter. I protest, among all my acquaintance, I do not know any young lady that comes up to her; there is something so sweet, so engaging, in every thing she does.

*Mrs. Loyter.* She is infinitely obliged to your ladyship. Indeed, I have taken a great deal of pains with her; for, as I have no other daughter, I should never have forgiven myself if I had not used my utmost endeavours to form her mind so as to make her as agreeable as possible to her acquaintance.

*Lady Plyant.* Oh, Madam, the world must allow you have; Miss is the darling of every body that knows her.

*Mrs. Loyter.* The girl has a great deal of good-nature, Madam, and does not want a genius and capacity to mingle in conversation on almost any subject becoming a young lady to be acquainted with.—

I had been upon the wing to take my flight almost from the moment Mrs. Loyter came in; but what was said in relation to her daughter determined me to stay till Miss arrived, in order to be convinced how far her person and behaviour corresponded with the high character

rather which had been given of her. At length Miss Loyter appeared, and I stretched my eyelids to their full extent, to take in all the charms I had heard she was possessed of. The girl, indeed, was well enough; but I could discover nothing extraordinary about her, nor did her eyes or air give any indications of that capacity her mother seemed to boast of; but as I thought it unfair to give a verdict on mere appearances, I suspended my judgment on her understanding till I had more substantial proofs.

The discourse at first was only on where she had been, who she had seen, and how such and such a lady was dressed. I found Miss talked very learnedly on this subject, and therefore was not without hope of hearing something from her equally lively on others of more importance; but none being started, I was compelled to listen to the several animadversions made by these three ladies on caps, flounces, and such like. At last, Miss happening to say that she had met Mrs. O—— in one of the visits she had been making, I presently caught up the word, and said to her—‘Then, Madam, I doubt not but some conversation passed which you will do us the favour to repeat, as the lady you mention is perfectly acquainted with publick affairs, and indeed reasons on them very justly.’ To which she replied—‘So they say, Sir; but she was just going out when I came in; and indeed I was heartily glad of it, for I hate to hear a deal of stuff about things I know nothing of.’ As I had a good share in the ensuing part of this conversation, I shall, to avoid confusion, repeat my own words as if spoke by another person.

*Author.* Then, Madam, you have no relish for politicks?

*Miss.* No truly, Sir. What business have I with the transactions of kings, and princes, and parliaments? It makes me sick to hear so much of wars, and treaties, and conventions, and taxes, and grievances, and such nonsense.

*Author.* I must confess, Madam, the affairs of Europe are a little intricate at present, and may be puzzling to a lady’s comprehension; but I suppose you are not unacquainted with the histories of former times.

*Miss.* Lord, Sir, what have I to do with former times?

*Author.* Every one, Madam, has to

do with the annals of the country they were born in.

*Mrs. Loyter.* These things are quite out of my daughter’s way; but for all that, I can assure you, Sir, she reads a great deal.

*Author.* It would be a pity, indeed, Madam, so fine a young lady should be altogether ignorant of books. I imagine, therefore, that Miss’s genius soars to a higher pitch, the wonders of the creation; I make no question but she has read *Le Spectacle de la Nature*.

*Mrs. Loyter.* I believe not, Sir.—Have you, my dear?

*Miss.* Not I, truly; but I have heard enough of it. They say there are four volumes of it taken up with nothing but a description of trees, birds, beasts, fishes, and nasty insects.

*Author.* What do you think, Madam, of Fontenelle’s *Plurality of Worlds*?

*Miss.* O hang it, I was never so disappointed in my life; I thought by the beginning, when I found a gentleman and lady were taking their walk together by moon-light, some pretty adventure would have ensued; but, good God! the author has made them talk of nothing but planets, and the things that happen in the sky.

*Author.* I fancy, then, Miss, romances and novels are chiefly your taste.

*Miss.* I hate romances, they are too tedious; as for novels, I like some of them well enough, particularly Mrs. Behn’s: but I know not how it is, the authors now-a-days have got such a way of breaking off in the middle of their stories, that one forgets one half before one comes to the other.

*Author.* Digressions, Miss, when they contain fine sentiments and judicious remarks, are certainly the most valuable parts of that sort of writing.

*Miss.* I cannot think so; and I could wish the authors would keep their sentiments and remarks to themselves, or else have them printed in a different letter, that one might know when to begin and when to leave off.

*Author.* I presume, Miss, you are fond of poetry?

*Miss.* Not very fond; I can’t say I ever read much of it.—

I thought I had now sufficiently sounded the genius and capacity of this young lady; therefore ceased to engross her any longer to myself, and soon after took my



my leave, secretly wondering at the strange partiality of Mrs. Loyter, in regard both of herself and daughter. A few hours, however, made me begin to judge somewhat more favourably of these ladies. 'Though Mrs. Loyter,' said I within myself, 'is mistaken in believing she has been able to make her daughter pass for a wit, her endeavours, notwithstanding, may have had better success in other accomplishments more essential to her happiness; she may have made her a good economist, and perfectly acquainted with every thing requisite for the well managing a family.'

I had the more reason to imagine that this young lady was trained up in frugality and good housewifery, as I had been told, that Mr. Loyter lived to the height of his income; that he saved no money; had several sons, the eldest of whom, after his decease, was to run away with the estate; so that it could not be expected the daughter would have any fortune to entitle her to a husband at all suitable to the appearance she made. But, as I was always willing to be convinced whether my conjectures were right or wrong, I resolved to make an Invisible Visit to this family. Just as I came to the house, Mr. Loyter was going out, and the door being opened for him, I slipped in, and went up stairs. The old lady was sitting in the dining-room window with her spectacles on, very hard at work. Breakfast was but just over, as I found by the maid's removing the tea-equipage; and Miss was gone up to dress, it seems, for she came down presently after in the same form I had seen her at Lady Plyant's: she ran directly to the great glass, in order to examine how her petticoats hung at the bottom; and then turned to her mother, and seeing what she was about, said to her—

*Miss.* Lord, mamma, have you not done mending my tippet yet!

*Mrs. Loyter.* Indeed, my dear, it is past mending; you have torn the lace in twenty places, I believe, with those ugly pins in your stomacher; I wish you would take more care of your things.

*Miss.* Indeed I can't be a slave to my cloaths.

*Mrs. Loyter.* I would not have you, my dear; but this vexes me, because it is the only handsome tippet you have. You must e'en try to coax your father to give you a couple of pieces to buy you another, the first time you find him in a good hu-

mour; for I assure you I have not a single guinea in the world.

*Miss.* Well, 'tis a shameful thing one has not money enough without asking for, when one has a fancy to any thing. But, mamma, can nothing be done with this lace?

*Mrs. Loyter.* It will never make up again in the shape it is; but I believe I may contrive to make a handsome tucker of it.

*Miss.* Oh, I shall like a tucker of it vastly. Pray, mamma, do it as soon as you can.

*Mrs. Loyter.* Where are you going, my dear?

*Miss.* I am only going to the next street to Lady Lovetoy's, to ask if Miss will take a walk with me in the Park.

*Mrs. Loyter.* Do not stay too long; your father brings company home to-day, and we are to have a great dinner. Mr. Blossom, and his son just come from the university, are to be here, so I would not have you out of the way for the world; who can tell what may happen?

*Miss.* Oh, why did not I know that sooner? I would have had on my new gauze cap; but, 'tis no matter, I will come home time enough to change it.

With these words she snatched up her little muff, and galloped down stairs, leaving her poor mother poring over the breaches she had undertaken to rectify.

methinks I hear how heartily the gay and witty part of my readers will laugh at the character of Miss Loyter; they will certainly look upon her as a stalking, staring, stupid, noteless creature; a moving piece of mere matter, uninformed by any soul or spirit, wholly incapable of deserving praise, and equally insensible of contempt. 'Tis true she appears so, yet may it not be owing so much to any deficiency of nature in her, as to the mistaken fondness of a mother, who, fearing to give her a moment's discontent, neglected to rouse the native sluggishness of her faculties by any exercise or employment.

What therefore can be expected from a young person bred in a supine indolence, accustomed to have her will in every thing, and scarce taught the difference between good and evil; but that she should, all her life, act as chance, or as her own undistinguishing fancy shall direct?—Bless all sober and thinking men from a wife of this cast!

## C H A P. VI.

THE AUTHOR EXPECTS WILL MAKE A FULL ATONEMENT TO THE LADIES FOR TOO MUCH PLAIN DEALING, AS SOME OF THEM MAY THINK, OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

**W**OMEN and wedlock are the common topicks of ridicule among men who, without one spark of genius or capacity, imagine themselves wits, and set up for such : but, whatever either they, or some who even have a better way of thinking in other things, pretend to alledge against the sex, it is very evident, and must be confessed, that Nature has endowed the minds of many women with as great and valuable talents as ever she bestowed on men.

Numberless are the examples which might be brought from the records, both of ancient and modern history, to prove the truth of this assertion; but I shall content myself with mentioning only a few, yet enough to make those unworthy maligners of a sex, to whom they know in their own hearts they are indebted for all the convenience and happiness of their lives, take shame to themselves, and blush for what they have said. Who is so ignorant, as not to have heard of the famed Cornelia of Rome; the mother of the Gracchi, and the wife of Brutus; the learned Hypatia of Greece; the Boadicea and the Cartismuda of ancient Britain? But it is needless to look back into such distant times; the wife of the late Peter the Great of Muscovy; the imperial heroine of Germany; Signora Laura of Italy; and the present queens of Sweden and the Two Sicilies; are no less publick than shining proofs of the capacity of a female mind. And even here, there are not wanting some, I may say many ladies, who in private, and almost obscure life, are possessed of qualifications that might add lustre to the highest stations. In fine, there is nothing more certain, than that if the women, generally speaking, are less knowing than the men, it is only because they are denied the same advantages of education, and the mistaken mother lavishes her whole cares in embellishing the pretty person of her daughter, and gives no attention to the cultivation of her understanding.

I am happy in the acquaintance of a

lady whom I shall distinguish by the name of Amadea: she had been married very young to a gentleman whom she tenderly loved, and by whom she was no less beloved; but had the misfortune to lose him at the age of twenty-five, and was at the same time the mother of three daughters, the eldest scarce four years old. The land estate, which was very considerable, descended to the next male heir of the family; and all the personals, with a jointure of four hundred per annum, to the fair widow, and each of her children five thousand pounds.

The first three years of her widowhood she lived the life of a recluse, seldom stirring out of her own house, except to her devotions, or when the necessity of her affairs obliged her. Nor did she, with her mourning, throw this reserve entirely off: though it is now full thirteen years since her dear husband's death, she neither visits nor receives visits as formerly, but confines her conversation to those of her kindred, or very long and intimate acquaintance; never appears at any publick diversion, and rejects even the first mention of proposals for a second marriage, though several very advantageous ones have been attempted.

All her cares have been turned on the education of her children, and all her pleasures centered in observing the improvements they made by the instructions given to them. She had never suffered their infancy to be frightened with idle stories of spirits and hobgoblins, nor amused with fairy tales: from their most early years she awakened reason in them; and contrived it so, that even the little sports she indulged them in, should some way or other conduce to that great end.

As they grew bigger, she had matters to teach them musick and dancing, the French and Italian languages, and as much of the Latin as was sufficient to make them speak and write English properly: but these politer studies were not to take up all their time; the oeconomy of domestick life she looked upon as too necessary a qualification not to be well attended to; some hours in every day were set apart for needle-work; and, whenever the table was to be furnished with anything extraordinary, they were sure to be put under the tuition of the cook, and frequently assisted her in those parts of her business which were the most delicate and least laborious.

Thus desirous of enriching their minds  
with

with every useful kind of knowledge, it cannot be supposed that books were out of the question; no, each of these young ladies takes upon her, in her turn, to read to the two others the whole time they are at work. But, above all other things, this discreet mother was studiously watchful to prevent the pride and little vanities, so incident to human nature, from taking too fast hold of their young hearts. Betimes she taught them, that nothing concerning themselves, except the embellishment of their minds, was worthy their attention; that all cares relating to dress or person, beyond what cleanliness and decency required, were superfluous and silly; and that every minute wasted at the toilet would rob them of some advantage they might otherwise receive. I am well aware, those of my fair readers who have been brought up in a different manner—which, by the way, I fear are much the greatest part—will be apt to cry out against the conduct of Amadea; they will perhaps say, they wonder the poor girls are not moped, and that they must certainly be dull, stupid creatures; but those who think thus need only have a sight of the young ladies to be convinced of their mistake: nothing can be more lively and spirituous than all the three sisters; smiles of innocence and joy dwell for ever on their faces, and denote an innate cheerfulness and satisfaction, which all those hurrying pleasures, so eagerly pursued by others, have not the power of bestowing.

I made several Invisible Visits to them in their own apartment; and I know very few things capable of giving me a more sincere delight than I took in observing their behaviour, at times when they thought themselves entirely free from all inspection, and had no occasion to put restraint upon their words or actions. Never did I find them lolling out of a window, or consulting their looks or motions in the great glass; never heard them complaining they were not permitted to be first in every new fashion; never wishing to be in the Mall, or any other public place; never wantonly giggling about love or lovers; never quarrelling with each other, or ridiculing the foibles of their acquaintance. Sometimes I caught them playing and singing to their instruments; at others, amusing themselves with practising some new dance, and not seldom busily employed in needle-work for the use of the family; and at the

same time, making such remarks as occurred to them on some passage or other in history: in fine, I could perceive nothing but what put me in mind of the three Graces, who, according to one of our poets, are actuated but by one soul, and that all harmony and sweet contentment.

The truth is, Amadea never makes use of any austerity; the precepts she gives are only enforced by her own example, and delivered in such a manner as to steal themselves upon the mind, and have no need of any compunction from authority: so that one may truly say—

‘Wisdom in her appears so bright and gay,  
‘They hear with pleasure, and with pride  
‘obey.

Happy the children who have such a mother; happy the mother who has children such as these! I am persuaded, many examples of this kind might be found, if parents would be at the pains to pursue the same measures Amadea did, and instil into their offspring the principles of virtue and wisdom, before they knew what was meant by vice and folly.

## CHAP. VII.

CONTAINS THE RECITAL OF AN ADVENTURE, WHICH, PERHAPS, WILL NOT BE FOUND LESS INTERESTING, FOR IT’S BEING NOT ALTOGETHER OF SO SINGULAR A NATURE AS SOME OTHERS IN THIS WORK MAY HAVE APPEARED.

I Was one morning taking my Invisible progression into those pleasant fields which lie behind Montague House, not with the least view of making any discoveries, for I could expect none in that retired place, but merely to enjoy the benefit of the fresh air. I had not walked many minutes, however, before I heard the tread of some persons close behind me. I stepped aside to let them pass, and saw that one of them was Narcissa, the only daughter of a gentleman who lived in that neighbourhood. The person who accompanied her was her maid, as I soon after found by the following dialogue between them—

*Narcissa.* Indeed, Betty, I think Captain Pike shews but little love to let us be here before him.

Y

Betty.



*Betty.* Oh, Madam, you should consider that gentlemen in his post are not always masters of their time: you know he said he came to town on affairs of the regiment, and something, perhaps, may have happened; but, whatever it is that detains him, it cannot be for want of affection; I am so certain of that, I would pawn my life upon it.

*Narcissa.* You are very confident, Betty, to offer such security for a man you have never seen but twice in your life.

*Betty.* If I had never seen him but once, Madam, I have seen enough to make me know that he loves you to distraction. Poor gentleman! if he should not succeed in his addresses, I am sure he has reason to curse me.

*Narcissa.* Curse thee, Betty!—why curse thee?

*Betty.* He might never have seen you if it had not been for me. Don't you remember, Madam, how I teased you to go into a shop, and buy the last new play? He was sitting reading when we came in; and I shall never forget how he threw down the pamphlet he had in his hand, and stared at you, and how he sighed. Poor soul! he lost his heart from that very moment. Then how he followed us into the Park; and how he trembled when he asked your leave to join us!

*Narcissa.* Pish! that might be all affectation.

*Betty.* No, Madam, no such matter; the tone may deceive one, but the eyes cannot. And then, when you were so good to give him a meeting afterwards in the walk by Rosamond's Pond, how tenderly he expressed himself! For my part, my heart melted at every word he said.

*Narcissa.* He can talk moving enough, that's certain; but yet, Betty, I ought not to be too hasty in giving credit to a man I know so little of, or what designs he may have upon me.

*Betty.* Nay, Madam, I think you know as much of him as you can do without being married to him. Did not he tell you his name was Pike, and that he was a captain of Colonel \*\*\*\*\*'s regiment? As to his designs, you cannot doubt of their being honourable, as he begged you would permit him to visit you, and ask your father's leave to make his addresses.

*Narcissa.* Ah, Betty, I wish such a thing could be, for he is a prodigious

pretty man; but it is impossible! You know my father hates a soldier, calls them a pack of locusts; besides, he has always designed me for Mr. Oakly.

*Betty.* Aye, Madam, and will make you have Mr. Oakly too, or lead apes in hell, if you don't take care to prevent it.

*Narcissa.* Heigh ho!

*Betty.* Never sigh, Madam, but resolve.

*Narcissa.* On what?

*Betty.* To run away from a forced marriage; to exert the spirit of a true-born Englishwoman, and be your own provider.

*Narcissa.* How thou talkest!

*Betty.* I talk nothing but reason, Madam. But here comes one who I fancy will be able to urge it more effectually.

The person whom she had been so strenuously pleading for, now appeared: he was a tall, well-made man, and had a good soldierly aspect; but yet I thought I discovered something about him that shewed he had not always been accustomed to wear the rich cloaths he now had on; there wanted that easy freedom in his air, which denotes the true-bred gentleman; and I presently set him down in my mind, either for an impostor, or one whom some lucky chance had elevated far above his birth. He approached *Narcissa* with a low bow; and after taking hold of one of her hands, and kissing it with the greatest fervency, addressed her in these terms—

*Capt.* How miserable have I been, my angel, in being kept thus long from your divine presence!

*Narcissa.* I do not doubt, Sir, but you have been better engaged.

*Capt.* Cruel supposition! How can you so far wrong me, as to imagine that the whole world has any thing in it I should put in competition with the blessing I now enjoy? But the major of our regiment is in town, and unluckily sent for me this morning: we subalterns must obey our commanding officer; but I hope in a few months to be colonel, and I shall then have leisure to lie eternally at your feet.

*Betty.* Ah, Sir, I am afraid, before that time, my lady will be obliged to have somebody else lie at her feet.

*Narcissa.* Hold your prating, hussy. Who gave you the privilege of speaking?

*Betty.* Madam, the respect I have for you will not suffer me to be silent.—I tell

tell you nothing but the truth, Sir; my lady will be forced to marry a man to whom she has the greatest aversion.

*Capt.* O Heaven! so near being torn from all my hopes! And can you, Madam, can a lady of your delicacy submit—

*Narcissa.* Sir, this foolish wench talks she knows not what; I may live single if I please.

*Capt.* Live single! Heaven forbid! No, nature endowed you not with such superior charms, but to bless some man who, by his abundant love, might make him worthy of them. O that I were the happy he!

*Narcissa.* Think not of it, Captain; my father would never give his consent to any one but the person he has made choice of for me; much less would he endure to see me wedded to a gentleman in the army.

*Capt.* And have you, too, that implacable aversion to a fash and croquet?

*Narcissa.* I will not pretend to say I have; I think the army our only security in time of war, and the greatest ornament of our country in times of peace.

*Capt.* O, then, if I could flatter myself there was nothing in my person more disagreeable to you than in my function, I should have nothing left to fear.

*Narcissa.* Yes, indeed, you would, Sir, a great deal; for I assure you, if I married you, my father would not give me a groat.

*Capt.* Let him keep his dirty trash; I despise money; the commission I enjoy at present will keep us above contempt, and I have money in the Bank ready to purchase the first vacant command of a regiment.

*Narcissa.* Can you imagine I would give myself to a man who has but just begun to tell me that he loves me?

*Capt.* My whole life shall be but one continued scene of courtship; be assured I shall not be the less, but infinitely the more your adorer by being your husband. O, then, be just to my ardent passion, generously put an end to my despair.

*Narcissa.* Bless me, what would the world say of such a thing!

*Capt.* The wife, Madam, despise all forms. Do not kings and princes marry those they never saw before? Besides, the late proceedings of the legislature lay you under a necessity of coming to a speedy resolution.

*Betty.* Aye, Madam, remember the act.

*Capt.* Aye, Madam, consider how soon that fatal Monday will arrive, which takes from you the power of snatching from misery the man who loves you more than life, and would sacrifice every thing for you!

*Narcissa.* I must confess, Captain, your offering to take me without a fortune demands some gratitude on my part; and if— But no more; I see a lady yonder whom I would not wish should surprize us in this conversation: this evening you shall know my final resolution. Where can I send to you?

*Capt.* I have an appointment with some young officers this afternoon at Will's Coffee-House, Whitehall, and shall there wait my doom with the most ardent impatience; but before you pass the sentence of my fate, think, O think, my life or death depends upon it!

*Narcissa.* Well, well, be easy; but go.

*Capt.* I must obey: may Love and all its powers plead for me!

He said no more, but turned away as his mistress had commanded, and passed on to another part of the field, while she advanced to meet the lady she had mentioned. But Betty, who was heartily vexed at this accident, could not forbear crying out as they went along—‘ I wonder what should bring Marilla here!’

The words were either not heard, or not regarded by Narcissa, who, I could perceive by her looks, was little less disconcerted: she met her friend, however, with a shew of gaiety and satisfaction; and as soon as they came near each other, saluted her in these terms—

*Narcissa.* My dear Marilla! it is a wonder to see you in such a place as this; you used to be an enemy to all solitary walks.

*Marilla.* So I am still; but I have been at your house, and was told you were here, so came in mere good nature to hinder you from indulging melancholy; but I find I might have spared myself that trouble. Pray, who was that pretty fellow that left you just now?

*Narcissa.* I know not, he only came up to us, seeing nobody else in the place. I suppose, to ask which was the nearest way to Great Russell Street.

*Marilla.* Rather to ask the way to a lady's heart, who lives not far from Great Russell Street. Oh, Narcissa, you cannot deceive me; I could easily perceive, at

the distance I was, that he did not part from you with the air of a man who had no other business than to ask such an impertinent question. Besides, I must tell you that you are a very ill dissembler; your blushes declare that he is a lover: I know well enough that you met him here by appointment. Pr'ythee, let me into the whole of the secret.

Narcissa still persisted in her first assertions; but the other seemed not to give credit on that score, and assuming a more serious air, spoke thus—

Marilla. I perceive, my dear Narcissa, I am not thought worthy of your confidence, though I am very certain you have not a friend in the world who wishes your happiness with more sincerity than I do.

Narcissa. I believe it, my dear, and am much obliged to you; but you would not have me tell lies to shew my gratitude?

Marilla. Well, well, I shall urge you no farther; and should not have been so impertinent to take any notice of what I saw, but for the transport it gave me to imagine you might now have an opportunity of delivering yourself from the danger of being forced into a marriage with a man whom I have heard you declare so great an aversion for.

Narcissa. And suppose the thing were really as you have taken it into your head to fancy, would you have me disoblige my father by marrying without his consent?

Marilla. Yes, when he will give his content to nobody but one with whom you must be miserable; for, besides the dislike you have to the person of Oakly, his temper is such as would break a woman's heart in two months. You know I am very intimate with his sister, and cannot avoid seeing oddities in his behaviour as have made me tremble for you a thousand times.

Narcissa. I cannot think my father will ever go about to compel my inclinations.

Marilla. Oakly is of another opinion; for I can tell you, he makes no scruple to say, that if you do not marry him, you will marry nobody: therefore, without diving into the secrets of your heart, let me advise you, my dear creature, not to lose the short time allowed you, but if you have any offer less disagreeable to you than Oakly, accept it at

once; three days hence it will be out of your power.

Narcissa. But, my dear, what man that is worth having will marry a woman without a fortune?

Marilla. If I were a man, I should tell you that your person was a sufficient fortune, and I do not doubt but that there are a great many who would think so. But you have two thousand pounds left you by your grandmother, independent of your father; and I dare say, if you were once married, and the thing past recal, he would forgive it. Consider, you are his only daughter, and both your brothers are provided for; the one by an estate, and the other by a good preferment in the church.

What answer Narcissa would have made I know not: it began to rain very fast, so that the ladies were obliged to mend their pace, and make all the haste they could out of the field. Marilla took the first chair she met with, saying it would be dinner time before she should be able to get dressed. Narcissa and her maid ran home through the shower, and I followed; not only to take shelter, but also to hear the result of the young lady's determination on what had passed between her and Captain Pike. As soon as they had plucked off their wet hats and capuchins, and Narcissa had a little re-settled herself, she said to her maid—

Narcissa. Well, Betty, this has been an odd morning!

Betty. I hope it will prove a lucky one, Madam. But I am glad you did not tell Marilla any thing of the matter.

Narcissa. She was so pressing, that I had half a mind; but when I considered how great she is with Oakly's sister, I thought it was better to keep her in ignorance.

Betty. Much better, indeed, Madam. But, pray, what do you resolve to do about the captain?

Narcissa. Why, I must e'en have him, I think.

Betty. You made him a kind of promise to send to him.

Narcissa. I did so, and will keep it. I will write to him this moment, before any company comes in to prevent me.

Betty. You are in the right, Madam: there is nothing like the time present.



## TO CAPTAIN PIKE.

‘SIR,  
 ‘I should be guilty of an injustice  
 ‘both to myself and you, not to be  
 ‘sensible of the proof you offer of your  
 ‘sincerity. I find in it, indeed, all that  
 ‘can be imagined, and much more than  
 ‘could be expected, of love, honour,  
 ‘and generosity; and I hope I shall  
 ‘hereafter stand excused to my father  
 ‘and the world, for taking a step ex-  
 ‘cited by gratitude, and approved of by  
 ‘my reason. Meet me, therefore, to-  
 ‘morrow morning, at eight precisely,  
 ‘in the Piazza next King Street, Co-  
 ‘vent Garden; where I will put myself  
 ‘under your protection, and be con-  
 ‘ducted by you to whatever place you  
 ‘shall judge most proper for the ce-  
 ‘remony which must make me eternally  
 ‘yours.

‘NARCISSA.’

Having sealed this billet, she gave it to her maid, with a strict charge to send it by a trusty messenger. On which the girl replied—‘Yes, Madam, you may depend on the safe conveyance; for I will be the bearer of it myself.’

What farther chat passed between the mistress and maid was too insignificant to be repeated; nor, indeed, did I stay to hear much of it, having already gained all that was necessary for the present: so shut up my Tablets, and retired on the first opportunity I found for my leaving the house.

As it was plain to me, however, that Betty was deeply interested in the concession Narcissa had made to the captain, and I had also some suspicion that he was not in reality the person he pretended to be, I resolved to go in the evening to the coffee-house, and be witness of his behaviour on receiving the letter Betty was to bring. Accordingly I went, and found him there; not, as he said, in company with young officers, but sitting alone, in a corner of the room, with his hat very much flapped. A few minutes after I came in, a waiter called aloud to know if one Captain Pike was there; on which he started up, and answering to the name, was told a gentlewoman at the door desired to speak with him. He went hastily out, and I pursued his steps, not doubting but it

was the emissary of Narcissa: as soon as he saw it was she, he cried out, in some surprize—

*Capt.* What, sister, are you come yourself! You bring me no bad news, I hope?

*Betty.* No, no; the best you can expect. But walk this way; it is not proper to stand here to talk. For Heaven’s sake! why did you venture to appoint such a publick place as this?

*Capt.* Nobody knows me here; my captain never uses this house. But tell me, how goes our affair?

*Betty.* Rarely. She will have you; here is her promise under her own hand.

By this time they were got about the middle of Scotland Yard; where Betty having given him the letter of Narcissa, he stopped to read it by the light of a lamp at a gentleman’s door; and, as soon as he had finished, cried out—

*Capt.* This is brave, indeed! And nothing, sure, was ever so lucky as her fixing to-morrow for our wedding; for the captain went to Hampstead this morning, with a whore he picked up in the Park the other night, and will not be in town these two days; so I shall have all that time to myself, and can get at what cloaths and linen I want. But, my dear sister, what shall I do with this girl when I have married her? where must I carry her?

*Betty.* That is what I came to talk about. You must take a fine lodging for her, and order a handsome dinner to be provided at some tavern or other. Every thing must be done with a grand air, that she may suspect nothing till after you have consummated. Hah, brother!

*Capt.* But, Betty, I have no money: all will go wrong still if you cannot help me out.

*Betty.* Nothing would go right, if it were not for me: you may thank God for having such a sister; you might have been a foot-soldier else as long as you lived. But there is no time to be lost. I have brought you four pieces, and I believe that will be sufficient for every thing. Go and buy a ring, and secure a lodging, immediately.

*Capt.* You may be sure I shall not fail. But harkye, Betty, take care she brings the writings of her two thousand pounds, and all her jewels.

*Betty.*

*Betty.* Aye, aye; she shall leave nothing of value behind her, I'll engage.

With these words they separated; and I went home, heartily glad that I had made this discovery, and determined to save Narcissa, if possible, from the misfortune she was so near falling into: to which end I sat down to my escritoire, and immediately wrote to her father in the following terms—

‘ TO JOHN \*\*\*\*\* , ESQ.

‘ SIR,

‘ **T**HE shock I am now about to give you, can only be excused by it's being done to prevent you from receiving a much greater and more lasting one. Sorry am I to tell you, yet so it is, your daughter Narcissa is on the point of utter destruction; she has promised, and is resolved to keep her word to join herself in marriage with a wretch who, though of the most abject rank, in order to seduce her innocence, assumes the character of a gentleman, and calls himself Captain Pike. Betty, her waiting-maid, is sister to the impostor, and has been the conductress of his whole villainous design. Every thing is prepared for the accomplishment, and to-morrow is the day fixed, but I hope this intelligence will reach you time enough to prevent so irremediable an evil. I am, Sir, your unknown well-wisher and humble servant.’

Having sent this away, and fully discharged what my honour and conscience represented as a duty, I flattered myself with the expectation of seeing, the next day, treachery and deceit receive the mortification they justly merited.

#### C H A P. VIII.

CONTAINS A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE EFFECTS PRODUCED BY THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF THE INVISIBLE SPY, WITH SOME OTHER SUBSEQUENT PARTICULARS.

**T**HOUGH I had not the least room to doubt but that the information I had given the father of Narcissa would have all the success I wished, yet

I could not avoid being extremely curious to see in what manner the persons concerned would behave on this occasion. Accordingly I went to the house the next morning about eleven, expecting to find that the maid had been turned out of doors, the mistress in tears for her disappointment, and the old gentleman rejoicing in the thoughts of having saved his beloved daughter from undoing herself. A servant happening to be at the door, receiving some shoes from a fellow who had been just cleaning them, I gained an easy access. Finding nobody in the lower floor, I went up stairs; but the same solitude reigned likewise there. I then proceeded a story higher, and there saw only a servant-maid sweeping out a room, which, by a toilette being set out, I judged was the chamber of Narcissa. I was very much surprized to find every thing so quiet in a place where I looked for nothing but confusion, and stopped on the stairs to consider what might be the occasion; when, on a sudden, I heard the ringing of a small bell, and presently after saw a footman running hastily up. I followed him where he went, which was into the chamber of Narcissa's father, who was not yet up, but now called for his cloaths. As he was putting them on, he cast his eyes on the table, and seeing a letter lie there, asked his man when, and from whom, it came. To which he replied—‘ Sir, it was left for you last night by a porter; but as you came home so late, would not disturb you with it.’

I was astonished on finding that this was no other than the letter I had sent him; but more troubled that, by the delivery of it being delayed, poor Narcissa had fallen into the trap laid for her. But if I, a stranger, could be so much affected, what agony must rend the tender father's heart! Scarce had he gone through the half of what I wrote, before he cried out, casting, at the same time, a look full of despair and rage upon his servant—

*Father.* Ill-fated wretch! what mischief, what ruin, has thy neglect brought upon me and my family! You imagined I was drunk last night, I suppose; but had I been so, here is enough in this letter to have brought me to my senses. But go, run up to my daughter's chamber; see if she be there.

*Footman.*

*Footman.* Sir, she went out very early this morning with Mrs. Betty, and is not yet come back.

*Father.* Nor ever will, I fear. The intelligence this brings is too true, I find. Run to Mr. Oakly and my cousin Johnson's; bid them come this instant. Fly!—and, do you hear, bring a coach with you. If I can recover her before consummation, her ruin may be yet prevented.

The fellow went on his errand; and the old gentleman in the mean time stamping, biting his lips, and shewing all the marks of an inward distraction, made an end of putting on his cloaths, in order to go in search of his lost daughter, when the gentlemen he had sent for should arrive; but I staid not to hear what method would be pursued for that purpose, as thinking it of no moment, and that it would be better to return again in the evening, when I might probably hear what success had attended their endeavours. The time I chose for going was as late at night as I thought I might get an opportunity of entering, yet the disconsolate father was but just come home: his two friends were with him; they said all they could to alleviate his sorrows, but it availed no more than preaching to the winds. They had found out, it seems, where the marriage was performed: after which, they went to all the taverns, coffee-houses, and other publick places, which they heard were frequented by officers, to enquire concerning one who called himself Captain Pike, but could not receive the least information of any one who bore that name; and all the consolation the old gentleman had for the pains he had taken was, the cruel certainty that his dear daughter was inevitably undone.

Though I saw very little probability of my being able to learn any thing more at this house than I had already done, yet I could not forbear calling constantly there every day; and at last, by this dint of continued application, I became acquainted with the whole melancholy secret of Narcissa's fate almost as soon as the family knew it themselves. The pretended captain had managed every thing according to the direction of his sister. As soon as the ceremony was over, he had conducted his bride to very handsome lodgings, where an en-

tertainment suitable to the occasion was provided; and the poor deluded young lady, seeing nothing but what served to make her satisfied with what she had done, in return for his imaginary generosity, made him a present of her two thousand pounds, which was in India bonds.

Her contentment might, perhaps, have lasted some little time longer than it did, if she had not proposed waiting on her father, to implore his forgiveness and blessing; on which the impostor, having now got his ends, thinking it needless to continue the deception any longer, confessed that he was no more than a private man in the army; but told her that he was now treating with his captain for his discharge, and would purchase a commission with some part of the money she had given him; and added, that till these two points were accomplished, it would be altogether improper to appear before her father.

Narcissa fell into the utmost distraction on this éclaircissement, vowed not to live with a wretch who had put so base a trick upon her, but would go home to her father, who she doubted not would find means to punish such a flagrant piece of villainy. He only laughed at her reproaches, and said, that as she was his wife, she had it not in her choice to leave him. Betty, also, now threw off the character of a servant, and assuming the authority of a sister, pretended to rebuke her idle prating, as she insolently termed it.

She found an opportunity, however, of making her escape, and fled for refuge to the house of a near relation; who, on hearing her story, undertook to intercede with her father; which he did so successfully, that the old gentleman forgave, and took her again into favour. All possible measures were taken to set aside the marriage, and compel the impostor to refund the money Narcissa had so unwarily bestowed upon him; but as he knew the law was too much on his side, having not married her in a false name, though under a false character, he carried things with a very high hand; would part with nothing, not even the jewels she had left behind; but even threatened to commence a process against any one who detained her person. In fine, all that could be done was to get him to sign articles of separation. After which

Narcissa



Narcissa retired into the country, where I hear she resolves to waste the whole remainder of her days in a melancholy contrition for the rashness of her ungoverned conduct.

I must not forget to let my readers

know, that Marilla is since married to Mr. Oakly; with whom, as I am credibly informed, she was long passionately in love; and on that motive used the utmost of her endeavours to strengthen the aversion her fair friend had for him.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.



THE  
INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK VII.

CHAP. I.

THE AUTHOR FLATTERS HIMSELF  
WILL BE NO UNACCEPTABLE  
PRESENT TO ALL THOSE OF THE  
FAIR SEX, WHO ARE EITHER  
TRULY INNOCENT, OR WOULD  
PRESERVE THE REPUTATION OF  
BEING SO.



WHEN a young woman, of what rank or degree soever, indulges herself in a too great freedom of conversation with one of a loose and wanton behaviour, she cannot wonder that those who are witnesses of their intimacy should suspect her guilty of the same inclinations; and that, though perfectly innocent of the faults of her companion, is made an equal partaker of her shame. Women, who are either born to, or reduced by accidents, to low and indigent circumstances, excuse themselves by saying, that the necessity of their affairs compels them to keep an acquaintance with persons whom they find it their interest to oblige. But if this be an insufficient pretence, as certainly it is, since there is no interest which ought to be put in competition with reputation, what can be alledged in behalf of ladies of for-

tune and quality, who have it in their power to chuse their company, and it cannot be supposed would converse with any whose manners they did not approve?

In fine, there is no one error in conduct, which, according to my opinion, the sex in general should be more upon their guard against than this; for though some, dazzled with the pomp of show and equipage, may be weak enough to imagine, that to appear in publick, or to be known to have an intimacy with a woman of a polluted fame, provided she be a person of condition, will bring no blemish on their own characters, nor be of any prejudice to their morals; yet that such an intimacy is extremely dangerous to both, may be very easily demonstrated.

As to character. If the world should be more silent than it ever was, or ever will be on such occasions, it cannot be expected that a woman, who has thrown off all regard for her own honour, should have any for that of the persons she converses with, or would even wish they should be thought possessed of a virtue she is entirely destitute of herself. No; on the contrary, she will rather have recourse to all the wicked artifices she may be mistress of, to cast a shade over that brightness which would render her own deformity more conspicuous. But this

is not the worst danger to which an innocent person is exposed by keeping company with a bad woman. We are told, from an unquestionable authority, that it is hard to touch pitch without being defiled; and certainly there is nothing more evident, than that vice naturally loses great part of it's horrors by becoming familiar to the sight. The chaste heart, which shudders at the bare repetition of indecent actions, by accustoming itself to be a witness of them, ceases first to wonder, and by degrees to detest them; and though I will not be so uncharitable as to say, that the mind is always corrupted by such a communication, yet I will venture to affirm, that the manners will be so.

I know very well, that the timid modesty I would recommend, as the surest guardian of a virgin's honour, has for many years been exploded; and that since some foreign customs have unhappily been introduced among us, to be capable of blushing is looked upon, by those who pass for models of politeness, as an indication of the want both of wit and good-breeding. This audacity of behaviour being so much the mode, it is not a little difficult to distinguish between those who really pursue the dictates of a licentious inclination, and those who put on a shew of it, merely to comply with the example of others; and a person who judges of a woman by what he sees of her in publick, runs a very great risque of being mistaken. Often has my opinion been led astray in this point, even in regard of ladies with whom I was most intimately acquainted, and saw every day; nor did I ever dare to give a character of any one of them, till my Belt of Invisibilty afforded me an opportunity of prying into the secrets of the alcove.

Corisca and Emilia are two celebrated beauties. They are almost equally followed and admired by the men, but neither of them were ever jealous or envious of the praises given to the other; and there was once so excessive a fondness between them, that they were scarce ever seen asunder. Corisca has been married some years; Emilia has not yet been prevailed upon to part with her liberty: but though there is this difference in their circumstances, there has been too much appearance upon exact similitude in their humours and constitutions: I say in appearance, for

I have since discovered that light and darkness are not, in fact, more widely distant.

Corisca, long before she became a wife, was looked upon as what they call a female rake. Some there were, however, who imputed what she did only to the too great vivacity of her humour, and would not believe her guilty of any real crime; but far the greater number were of a quite different opinion: and, indeed, the little regard she takes of her family since her marriage, the publick contempt with which she treats her husband, and the frequent quarrels she has with him in private, but too much justify the worst character that can be given either of her œconomy or her chastity. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there is a certain something in her air, her wit, and manner of behaviour, so engaging to both sexes, that she has always been, and still continues to be, constantly visited by persons not only of the best fortunes, but of the best reputations; who chuse rather to seem blind to her faults, than deny themselves the pleasure of her conversation. It is, beyond all dispute, a very great pity, that a woman so plentifully endowed by nature with every qualification to shew virtue in it's most amiable colours, should, through a strange depravity of principles and inclination, make use of all the fine talents she is mistress of only to varnish over the foul face of vice, and give a pleasing aspect to the deformity of sin and shame.

The beautiful person of Emilia, her sprightly wit, her good humour and affability, rendered her the darling of all who knew her. They beheld, with an infinity of concern, her intimacy with Corisca; and those who, either by proximity of blood, or a long acquaintance with her, thought themselves privileged to offer their advice, did it in the strongest terms, and spared no remonstrances that might prevail on her to break off so dangerous a communication; but she was deaf to all that could be said to her on this subject. It was her misfortune to become the mistress of her own actions at too early an age; what fortune she was possessed of was in her own hands; and as she was entirely independent on her friends, would not submit to be directed by them.

In justice to this young lady's character, however, I must say, and shall hereafter



hereafter prove, that there is a fund of honour and virtue in her soul sufficient to have made her look with contempt and detestation on the conduct of Corisca; and to have obliged her, if not to break off all conversation with her, at least not to appear with her in public, or make one in any party of pleasure where she was engaged. But, alas! the seeds of those noble principles for a time lay dormant in her; choaked up with the natural levities of youth, and the modish excesses of the age, they had not power to shoot forth into action. Innocently wanton, and indolently gay, she saw not the danger to which she exposed her person and reputation, because she thought not of it, nor gave herself the pains to examine what snares might possibly be spread for her; but suffering herself to be continually hurried from one amusement to another, never considered or reflected on any thing farther than the present satisfaction.

I have been thus particular in describing the character and humour of Emilia, because in the course of my rambles I have found too many others of the same giddy bent, who, without the least propensity to ill, have heedlessly run into actions which have involved their whole future lives in dishonour. These have reason to pardon this digression, especially as it has not been tedious; and I shall now return to the adventure which occasioned it.

Among the many Invisible Visits which for a considerable time together I had made to the apartment of this celebrated Corisca, I happened to be there one morning when Favonius and Palamede were with her. The first of these gentlemen is of a very amorous inclination, and known to be what the world calls well with her; the other, though gay and lively as Mercury himself, has been restrained, either through want of inclination to her person, or his friendship to Favonius, from attempting to take any private liberties, and seldom visits her but in his company. The discourse they were engaged in, when I first broke in upon them, I found was on subjects of too trifling a nature for me to spread my Tablets for the reception of; so I shall make no repetition of any things which were said till the entrance of Emilia, who came in soon after. The first salutations were

no sooner over, than Corisca, taking her fondly by the hand, spoke thus—

*Corisca.* Dear creature, this is an excess of goodness in you to come thus early; I did not expect you till dinner-time.

*Emilia.* Indeed, my dear, I never waited on you with so ill a will, nor came on an errand so disagreeable to my inclination; for I have but just time to tell you, that I am deprived of the pleasure I proposed of passing the whole day with you.

*Corisca.* On what occasion?

*Emilia.* The most unlucky one that could have happened. An old aunt of mine has taken it into her head to quit her rookery and henhouse in the country, and come to stare and be stared at in town. She arrived last night, and sent me word she must needs see me this morning: decency obliges me to go; she is my godmother, and besides is pretty rich.

*Corisca.* But cannot you make some excuse to leave her as soon as you have paid your compliments? I shall have all the world here this afternoon, and would not have you absent upon any score.

*Emilia.* It cannot be avoided. She pretends to have a huge fondness for me; and I know will detain me, with a thousand impertinent declarations of it, till bed-time: so, my dear, adieu for this whole tedious day; to-morrow, I hope, will atone for this vexation.—Gentlemen, your servant.

In speaking these last words, she turned upon her heel, and ran out of the room; but not so hastily but that Palamede, with one stride, joined her at the door, and led her down stairs. In the mean time Corisca, looking on Favonius, said to him—

*Corisca.* I pity poor Emilia. The impertinent fondness of an old relation is almost as great a mortification as the saucy indifference of a young fellow one likes.

*Favonius.* The beautiful Corisca, I am sure, can never be in danger of experiencing the latter of these vexations.

To prove the sincerity of this assertion, he closed it with a strenuous embrace, which Corisca returned. There was time for no more; Palamede came back; and Favonius, with a smile, spoke in this manner—

Z z

Favonius.

*Favonius.* By the sparkle in your eyes, Palamede, I should imagine the piece of gallantry you have shewed to Emilia has been more than ordinarily well received.

*Palamede.* This, and all others I have yet had in my power to treat that lady with, have been too trifling to deserve much notice from her.

*Favonius.* Oh, every kind glance gives transport to a man in love!—You must know, Madam, I have just found out that Palamede is desperately in love with Emilia.

*Corisca.* Indeed!—And do you allow the charge, Palamede?

*Palamede.* Not altogether, Madam. I am not absolutely in love; but confess I think Emilia an extremely fine girl, and have had some very odd dreams on her account.

*Corisca.* What hinders you, then, from making your addresses to her?

*Palamede.* Why, faith, Madam, to confess the truth, I was afraid of not succeeding on the terms I wish'd to do; and as for marriage, the circumstances of my estate require I should make choice of a wife with a much larger fortune than Emilia is possessed of.

*Favonius.* You are perfectly in the right, Palamede. A good fortune with a wife is absolutely necessary for a man of pleasure, as it enables him to make handsome presents and entertainments to those women he may happen to like better.

*Corisca.* So, Palamede, you durst not ask Emilia the question, for fear of meeting with a rebuff from her over-scrupulous virtue?

*Palamede.* That is indeed the case, Madam.

*Corisca.* Then you are a fool. Not but I believe Emilia is perfectly innocent as yet; but what is innocence, what is virtue, what is honour, when opposed to love and inclination! Do you not know what Mrs. Behn, who must be allowed to be a perfect judge of nature in our sex, says upon this occasion?

‘ Oh, cursed Honour! thou who first didst  
‘ damn

‘ A woman to the sin of shame!

‘ Honour! who taught her lovely eyes the art

‘ To wound, and not to cure the heart;

‘ With love t’invite, but to forbid with  
‘ awe,

‘ And to themselves prescribe a cruel law.

‘ His chief attributes are pride and flight,

‘ His pow’r is robbing lovers of delight.

‘ Honour! that puts our words, that should  
‘ be free,

‘ Into a set formality!

‘ Thou base debaucher of the gen’rous  
‘ heart,

‘ That teachest all our looks and actions  
‘ art.

‘ What Love design’d a sacred gift,

‘ What Nature made to be possess’d,

‘ Mistaken Honour made a theft.

‘ Thou foe to Pleasure, Nature’s worst dis-  
‘ ease!

‘ Thou tyrant over mighty kings,

‘ Be gone to princes palaces,

‘ But let the humble swain go on,

‘ In the blest paths of the first race of man,

‘ That nearest were to gods allied,

‘ And, form’d for love, disdain’d all other  
‘ pride.’

The emphatick accents and graceful manner with which Corisca pronounced these lines adding to the beauty of the poetry, struck so much upon the hearts of the two gentlemen, that they could not forbear clapping their hands, and crying out—‘ Encore, encore, charming ‘ Corisca!’ On which she laughed heartily, and replied—

*Corisca.* I want none of these theatrical testimonies of approbation; I would only convince Palamede, from the unquestionable authority of our English Sappho, that when a woman loves, no considerations are of force to restrain her from acting up to the dictates of her passion.

*Palamede.* Aye, Madam, if I could flatter myself with the hopes of being loved by Emilia, I should have nothing to apprehend.

*Corisca.* I will not pretend to tell you that she is so much in love as not to be able to eat, drink, or sleep, for the thoughts of you; but I have heard her say a thousand times over, I believe, that you are, without exception, the prettiest fellow in the whole town; that you dress the best, and have something peculiarly agreeable in your air and manner of behaviour: and on the strength of this, and some other indications I have observed about her, I dare venture to affirm that you are far from being indifferent to her, and that she would be little less pleased than yourself with an opportunity of being entertained by you in private.

*Palamede.* Dear Madam, you make me the most transported man alive! But  
by

by what means can such a thing be brought about? Some scheme must be laid for that purpose.

*Corisca.* Nothing more easy; I have it all in my head already; she will go any where with me; we shall be together to-morrow; you two shall come in as if by accident, and propose going to take the air on the other side of the water: there is a house the most commodiously situated that can be; good gardens, good wine, good every thing.—Favonius is well acquainted with the place.

*Favonius.* I suppose you mean that kept by Mrs. \*\*\*\*\*?

*Corisca.* The same. When we have been there some time, and it begins to draw near the hour proper to think of going home, you shall discharge the coach, and pretend the fellow got drunk and went away without your knowledge. There will be no possibility of procuring a vehicle to bring us to town, especially at night. Favonius must be content to do penance with me in loitering about the gardens, or in something or other, till morning, while you make the most of your time with Emilia.

*Palamede.* Excellent, my charming Machiavel! But how shall we prevail on Emilia to be separated from her dear Corisca?

*Corisca.* Leave that to my management; she shall suspect nothing of the matter, till she finds herself alone with you, and then it will be your business to make her satisfied with being so.

*Palamede.* Kind creature! where shall I find words to thank this compassion to a suffering lover?

*Corisca.* Never trouble yourself about thanks; good actions, they say, reward themselves.

*Favonius.* As for my part, I shall defer those acknowledgments which your excess of goodness demands from me, both on my own score and that of my friend, till to-morrow night, when they shall make part of that agreeable penance I am to perform.

This speech of Favonius paved the way for a conversation conformable enough to the characters of the persons engaged in it; but I am certain would not be well relished by that part of my readers which I am most ambitious of obliging: I shall therefore close the scene, as indeed I did soon after my Tablets, and quitted the apartments of this fair

libertine. in order to retire to my own, and contemplate at leisure on what I had seen and heard.

## CHAP. II.

PRESENTS THE READER WITH THE CATASTROPHE OF AN ADVENTURE VERY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT THE BEGINNING MAY HAVE GIVEN HIM REASON TO EXPECT.

**T**HOUGH I had thought myself too well acquainted with the principles and inclination of Corisca, to be at all surprized at any act of licentiousness she could possibly be guilty of, yet I could not defend my senses from being seized with the extreme shock, on finding she could be base enough to condescend to become the instrument of others pleasures, and betray the innocence of a young lady for whom she had as much friendship as is consistent with a woman of her character—forgetting all this while what the good old poet, Mr. Philip Massenger, tells us on an occasion similar to this of Corisca and Emilia—

‘ Virtue and Vice in one sole point agree,  
‘ Each would be glad all like themselves might  
‘ be.

In ruminating very wisely, as I then imagined, on what Corisca had said to Palamede, I must confess I entertained suspicions not at all to the advantage of poor Emilia: I fancied that she had in reality confessed a passion for that gentleman; and Corisca, in forming this contrivance to bring about a private interview between them, had done nothing but what she was convinced in her own mind would be highly satisfactory to her fair friend. It was never my custom, however, to place an entire dependance on conjecture, whether my own or that of another person; so resolved to be as convinced as my Invisible inspection could make me. Accordingly the next day, in the afternoon, I girded on my precious Belt, and went to the house of Corisca. Emilia was not yet come; but just as I arrived I heard her give orders to refuse admittance to all of her own sex except that lady, and also to all those of the other except Favonius and Palamede.

As



As I doubted not but I should be able to fathom the whole truth of this affair, by the conversation that would pass between these two ladies while they believed themselves alone together, I was extremely impatient for the approach of Emilia, and equally rejoiced when I saw her enter. The first salutations they gave each other, were such as might be expected from persons who mutually professed so warm and tender a friendship. The subjects they afterwards talked upon were not of any consequence; not one word of Palemede nor the projected tour was mentioned; on which I absolved Emilia from all blame on this account, and was sorry I had ever wronged her. But the less room I had to condemn, the greater cause I had to pity her, and to detest the cruel plot contrived, and so near being put in execution against her virtue. But I had no time to indulge meditation; the gentlemen presently came in; the proposal, as agreed upon between them and Corisca, was immediately made; the ladies gave a ready assent; a hackney-coach was ordered to be called, and every one seemed equally on the wing to be gone.

The reader will now perhaps imagine, that it being easy to see into the end of this affair, there was no occasion for any farther enquiries in relation to it, and that curiosity had received it's utmost gratification; but I happened to be of a different way of thinking. I sincerely pitied Emilia, and could not help being desirous to see how she would resent the base artifice practised on her when she should discover it, and also how Corisca would conduct the plot she had contrived. It was no difficult matter for me to know the house they were going to, both by the description I had heard given of it the day before by Corisca, and also by what I had been told by other people concerning it's commodiousness for intrigue; so I no sooner found that a hackney-coach was ordered, than I hastily quitted the post I was in, made the best of my way to the place of rendezvous, got there before them, took up my stand at the entrance, saw them alight, and followed them into a well-furnished spacious room, to which they were ushered by a spruce waiter.

Wine and biscuits were immediately served up; and the company, after having refreshed themselves with this little regale, went to walk in the gardens,

which I found indeed very pleasant, well laid out into parterres and knots, and larger than I could have imagined. Favonius led Corisca, and Palamede had Emilia by the hand, who, during this promenade, took the opportunity of entertaining her with many tender speeches, but intermixed with nothing that the most chaste ear might not have listened to without calling a blush upon the face. I was sorry, however, to observe that she received what he said with a certain languishment in her eyes, which emboldened him to go on, and made me fear that he had indeed a secret ascendancy over her incautious, unsuspecting heart.

On their return into the house, a table was spread with every thing that could excite the appetite or exhilarate the spirits. The cheerfulness and good humour of the guests gave a double relish to the repast; wit and sparkling Champagne crowned the board; and though the ladies allayed the too great potency of the one by the assistance of water, yet the other flowed with no less strength and vigour. After some hours had been passed in the height of gaiety, Corisca on a sudden looked upon her watch, and assuming a more serious air than she was accustomed to wear, told the company that it was near one o'clock, and they must think of departing for London. To which Favonius replied—

*Favonius.* Among all the ridiculous things mankind was ever guilty of, I know none more so than the having set their wits to work to invent a machine, and then submitting to be governed by it.

*Corisca.* There are many other laws, as well as this, by which the silly world have bound themselves to go contrary to the primitive rules of nature and inclination, indulging by stealth only those pleasures which they were born freely to enjoy: but, however, all these customs, disagreeable as they are to people of real wit and spirit, must in some measure be complied with, or the stupid vulgar would presently accuse us of irregularity and indecency.

*Palamede.* I look upon every one here, Madam, to be above the censures of the vulgar, yet I will not pretend to enter into any arguments on that head; and dare answer for Favonius, as well as for myself, that he would not presume to detain you a moment beyond the time you think proper to go.

*Emilia.*

*Emilia.* Indeed, gentlemen, I think, and I believe Corisca does so too, that to stay any longer at this time would rather diminish than add to the satisfaction we have hitherto enjoyed.

*Favonius.* After such a declaration, Madam, any farther pressures to the contrary on our part, might justly be looked upon as impertinent and troublesome; it is certainly your province to command, ours implicitly to obey.

In speaking these last words, he went out of the room with Palamede, as it might be supposed to discharge the reckoning of the house; but in a few minutes returned, and, with a seeming concern in their faces, said, that the coachman, either by having got drunk or mistaking his orders, had gone away soon after he had set them down: on which Corisca affected to be extremely surprized, and Emilia being really so, they both cried out at the same time—

*Corisca.* This is the oddest accident sure that ever happened!

*Emilia.* Bless me! which way shall we get home?

*Palamede.* As for going home, Madam, it is a thing quite out of the question: we have enquired, and there is no possibility of procuring either coach, chariot, post-chaise, or any sort of carriage whatever, till the morning breaks; so, ladies, you must content yourselves with being our guests for the remainder of the night.

*Corisca.* Well, since it is so, we must e'en make a virtue of necessity, and divert ourselves as well as we can.

*Palamede.* It would be an unpardonable vanity in us, Madam, to imagine that any thing in our conversation could compensate for the want of your repose; we will therefore order a bed to be got ready for you two ladies, while Favonius and myself watch the approach of day, in order to provide a vehicle for carrying us to town.

*Corisca.* No, no, by no means, we will all share the same fate; it would be strange indeed, if four people of taste and spirit could not find some way to amuse each other for the space of one night.

While she was speaking, a concert of flutes, a hautboy, a double curtal, and some other wind-musick, on a sudden saluted their ears; on which she cried out—

*Corisca.* Hark! musick! if it continues, it will very well atone for the loss of a few hours sleep.

*Emilia.* Nothing ever happened so fortunately for me; I love musick as I love my life, especially of this sort.

In speaking this, she ran hastily to the window and threw up the sash, in order to hear the several instruments more distinctly. Palamede followed, and they both seemed absorbed in a most profound attention; which Favonius and Corisca observing, took that opportunity of passing softly behind them, and slipped out of the room. Emilia turning her head presently after, with a design, as I suppose, to say something either to the one or the other, was surprized at seeing neither of them there, and cried out to Palamede—

*Emilia.* Bless me! what is become of Favonius and Corisca?

*Palamede.* I know not, Madam; perhaps they are gone down into the garden, to be nearer to the musick, which seems to proceed from the lower end of the walk.

*Emilia.* Very likely; they might have told us, however; but since it is so, we will follow them.

*Palamede.* With all my heart, Madam; but first permit me to reveal a secret to you which you ought to be told, and my breast has long laboured with an impatience of discovering.

*Emilia.* A secret! What secret can you have with me, that would be worth losing one note of this musick to listen to?

*Palamede.* I hope you will be of another opinion, Madam, when I shall tell you that the whole happiness of my future life, and even my soul's eternal peace, depends upon it.

*Emilia.* You may tell me what you will, but I shall believe nothing of the matter; so let us rejoice our friends.

It is not so much by what people say, as by the manner in which they deliver themselves, that the sincerity of their words may be guessed at; and I was heartily glad to find, both by the looks of Emilia and the tone of her voice, that she indeed had more inclination to do as she had proposed, than to stay and suffer herself to be entertained by Palamede in the way she might easily perceive he was about to do it. The discreet intentions of this young lady, however, could avail her but little in her present situation; Palamede got between her and the door as she was endeavouring to go out, and throwing himself upon his knees before her, and at the same time catching fast hold of both her hands, said to her—

*Palamede.*

*Palamede.* No, charming Emilia! I have not so long languished for an opportunity like this to let it now escape me! You must, you shall hear me. By Heaven I love you!—love you to the most raging height the passion can inspire! For many, many tedious weeks, you have been the only object of my nightly visions and waking thoughts; and—

He was going on, but Emilia interrupted him by replying in these terms, accompanied with an air full of resentment and confusion—

*Emilia.* Fye, Palamede, this raillery is impudent and insipid, and what I could not have expected to be treated with by a person who has the character of good sense and breeding.

*Palamede.* Cruelly urged! Oh, could you see into my heart, you would find it all devoted to you! devoted to you with a tenderness so perfect as can be equalled by nothing but the charms that have subdued it. Frown not, adorable Emilia, nor struggle to get loose; for, by all my hopes, never will I quit the grasp I have taken of you, nor rise from the posture I am in, till I have convinced you of the sincerity, as well as ardency, of the flame you have kindled in me!

*Emilia.* Sir, this nocturnal declaration is little consistent with that respect which is always the attendant of an honourable passion. If you had, indeed, any thoughts of me of the nature you pretend, I am no recluse, and you might have found a more proper season to acquaint me with them.

*Palamede.* The passion I am enflamed with, is not of a nature to submit to the dull forms observed by vulgar lovers. Besides, what season can be more fit for love than night, the friend of love? Turn your eyes towards the window, and behold the silver moon, with all the thousand twinkling stars! see how sweet, how mild they shine! with what benevolent aspects they dart their rays upon us! Listen to the melodious sounds you just now praised! Will not all these soften your soul, melt you into pity, and make you think such love as mine deserves some recompence?

*Emilia.* I'll hear no more; unhand me, Sir, and give me liberty to seek our friends; or be assured my cries shall raise the house.

He then let go her hands, and rose from the posture he had been in; but still

kept his back close against the door, while with half a smile he replied to what she had said in this manner—

*Palamede.* Madam, you are obeyed in part; and if I acquiesce to every thing you demand, it is not to be imagined you would be one jot less in my power than now. Our friends are too deeply engaged with each other to suffer themselves to be interrupted; and as to the people of the house, they know their distance, and are always extremely deaf on these occasions.

On hearing him speak thus, she burst into a flood of tears, and throwing herself into a chair, cried out—

*Emilia.* O Heavens! is this possible! Can Corisca be so vile! Am I betrayed! basely given up by her to infamy and ruin!

On hearing her make this exclamation, he left the place where he had been standing, and seated himself near her; then taking one of her hands, and pressing it tenderly to his lips, spoke to this effect—

*Palamede.* Not so, my angel! By Heaven, the transactions of this night shall be for ever a sacred and inviolable secret! not even Favonius nor Corisca shall be acquainted with it if you desire the contrary: I know they will laugh at me; but no matter, I can bear all that, and much more, to comply with the least request made by my dear Emilia. O, then, be kind, and bless my longing wishes! let no reluctance damp the coming joys, but yield to share the happiness you give!

The consternation of Emilia, on finding she was exposed to the danger she now was in, by the very woman whom she most had loved, and most believed her friend, had thrown her into so profound a reverie, that I much question whether she heard any part of what Palamede had lately been speaking to her; till closing his protestations with a strenuous embrace, she started up, broke from him, and looking wildly round the room, she espied two swords, which Favonius and Palamede had plucked off on their entrance, and put in a window; she snatched up one of them, and drawing it out of the scabbard in an instant, held the point to her breast, saying at the same time—

*Emilia.* Here is at least a refuge from dishonour! That base woman, who thought to make me as vile as I now find she is herself, shall meet with a disappointment she perhaps does not expect.



If you offer to approach me, or advance one step beyond the spot you stand upon, this goes into my heart.

The amazement, the shock, the confusion Palamede was in at this action, is altogether impossible to describe; her words, her looks, her voice, convincing him she was indeed in earnest, he remained speechless, without motion, his eyes fixed on her in a kind of stupid stare, and seemed like one transfixed with thunder; at length, recovering himself a little, he said to her in a faltering voice—

*Palamede.* For Heaven's sake, Madam, wound not thus my soul by the sight of your despair! You have no cause. It is certain that I long have loved you, but never had a thought of seducing your innocence. The plot to bring you hither was not of my contriving. 'Tis true I came into it, as where is the man who would not? But be assured I am no ravisher, nor capable of owing my pleasure to brutal violence: Oh, therefore, throw aside that cruel weapon, or turn the point on me, and if I make the least attempt to offend your modesty, bury it to the hilt within my bosom.

*Emilia.* Sir, I once looked upon you as a man of honour, and should rejoice to find you could redeem yourself in my opinion.

*Palamede.* By all that's sacred, not the utmost gratification of my loosest wishes could have given me half the joy as now, to prove myself not wholly unworthy the esteem of such exalted virtue. Charming Emilia! perfect in mind as well as form! in both angelic! behold me your convert! The love I had for you is now rarified into adoration! Your virtue, like chemists gold, turns all into itself, and leaves no grosser particles behind! Forgive what is past, and never—never more will I presume to entertain you with discourses less chaste and pure than your own virgin thoughts!

*Emilia.* May I believe this penitence sincere?

*Palamede.* You may, by Heaven! and when I relapse into my former crime, may infamy, diseases, the contempt of the whole world, your eternal hatred, and every other curse, fall on me!

*Emilia.* Then find some way, if possible, to take me immediately from this place, and conduct me safe to my own apartment.

*Palamede.* My readiness to obey you,

Madam, I hope, will prove the integrity of my present intentions, and be some atonement for the past. It is my happiness to have it in my power to do what you require with much more ease than you imagine; you shall no longer, beautiful Emilia! be imposed upon: the coachman, whom we pretended had left us, has only put up at an inn not above forty yards distant from this house; I suppose he may be gone to bed by this time, as we told him we should not return to London till the morning; but I will send and have him roused.

He had scarce made an end of speaking these words, when he rang the bell, and a waiter coming presently up, he gave him the necessary orders for fulfilling the promise he had just given to Emilia; on which that young lady, with the utmost satisfaction in her voice and eyes, cried out—'This is truly honourable indeed, and worthy of yourself.'

Something which that instant started into the mind of Palamede, hindered him from making any answer, or even, perhaps, from hearing what she said: he rang the bell a second time with all his force, and called for pen, ink and paper; which being brought, he told Emilia that decency and good manners would not suffer him to depart without taking some notice of the occasion to Favonius, with whom he had always lived in a perfect good understanding, and therefore entreated her permission to write a few lines to that gentleman. The request was too reasonable not to be complied with, and he sat down and dictated the following epistle—

'MY DEAR FRIEND,  
'THINGS have happened very differently from what I was made to expect in regard to Emilia: in fine, she is not a woman, but an angel! As such I shall always esteem her, and think it my glory to obey every command she is pleased to lay upon me: the first she has honoured me with, is to remove her hence, and conduct her to her own apartment, which I am just now about to do. I have no opportunity to discharge the misick or the expences of the house, so beg you will take the whole upon you, and meet me to-morrow evening at Braund's, where we will sup together, and settle that affair. Make what compliments  
A a 'and

‘and excuses you shall think proper for me to Corisca; and believe me, yours,’ &c.

‘PALAMEDE.’

While Palamede was thus employed, it also came into Emilia’s head to let Corisca know some part of the resentment she had conceived against her: accordingly she took another pen out of the standish, and expressed herself in these terms—

‘MADAM,

‘**W**HAT the united report of all who know you could never have made me believe, your behaviour this night has not only convinced me of, but also that the tongue of malice can find nothing wherewith to aggravate your real guilt. Was it not enough, O most ungenerous woman! to sink your own honour and reputation in eternal infamy, but you must also endeavour to drag others into perdition with you! Know, to your confusion, that I happily escaped the snare you had laid for me; and shall reap this benefit by my late danger, as to avoid the company of a person whom to preserve an acquaintance with must in the end have been the ruin of my character, if not of my virtue; for, be assured, I shall henceforward be as careful to shun your presence, as ever I was eager to come into it. Here ceases all farther intercourse between us. May the disappointment of your base designs on me, serve as a warning to you not to attempt the like on any other equally inadvertent and incautious as the much deceived

‘EMILIA.’

They had just finished, and made up the above billets, when the waiter returned, and told Palamede that he had, though not without some difficulty, prevailed on the coachman to rise; and that, before he left the inn, he had seen him go into the stable to bring out the horses. Palamede then gave him the letter he had wrote to Favonius, saying—‘Be sure you deliver this to the gentleman who came with us as soon as he shall be stirring, and let him know I shall send the coach back in the morning.’ Emilia also put into his hands her epistle to Corisca, with these words—

‘And let the lady know I left this for her.’ The fellow replied, that they might depend he would be punctual in discharging the commission they entrusted him with, and then withdrew.

Finding my Crytalline Tablets were now overcharged, I was obliged to shut them up; so can relate no farther particulars of what conversation passed between Palamede and Emilia during the small time they waited for the coach to carry them away; and can only say in general, that the greatest reserve and distance was observed on both sides. Emilia, though now perfectly satisfied with the contrition of Palamede, thought it would be imprudent to appear too gay; and Palamede, fearful to renew her apprehensions, behaved to her with all the solemnity of a Chinese mandarin.

On their going down, they were met at the bottom of the stairs by the woman who kept this tavern, or rather brothel; who ushering in what she had to say with a low curtsy, told Emilia, that she flattered herself with the expectation of her sleeping there that night, and hoped nothing disagreeable had happened to occasion her departure at so unreasonable an hour; adding, that she should never forgive herself if any thing in her house had disobliged so sweet a young lady. Emilia answered this fawning speech only with a look of contempt; but Palamede told her she need be under no concern on that score; the lady had no objections to her house, but chose never to sleep out of her own apartment. No more was said; they went into the coach, and I followed on foot; for I had not curiosity enough to make me stay the remainder of the night in that place, for no other purpose than to see how Favonius and Corisca would behave on being told that Palamede and Emilia were gone, and receiving the epistles that gentleman and lady had left for them. I had a long walk home, but my Invisibleness secured me from the danger of any insults; and the satisfaction that rose in my mind, on the noble conquest virtue had gained over vice, made the way seem much less tedious.

A few days after I was informed, by the report of the town, that Palamede made his publick addresses to Emilia. Being willing to be better convinced of the truth of this matter, I made several visits to Emilia’s apartment, and found that in fact the thing was as I had been told.

told. Palamede, who really loved Emilia much more than perhaps he was sensible of himself, before this proof she had given him of her virtue, got over that objection which the scantiness of her fortune had before laid in his way; and Emilia, who had liked him as much as Corisca had said she did, gave all the encouragement he could wish to his honourable passion. I look upon the affair to be now in a manner concluded on, and that a very short time will consummate their mutual wishes; a catastrophe which I doubt not but every generous reader will heartily rejoice at as well as myself.

Favonius, who is in reality a man of strict honour and good principles, though somewhat too sanguine in his amours, still continues his intimacy with Palamede, and highly applauds his conversion in favour of the fair inspirer of his honourable flame. Corisca bites her lips whenever the name of Emilia is mentioned, and endeavours all she can to traduce that virtue which she had not the power to destroy: but all she says on that score serves only to shew more plainly her own bad heart; and Emilia, by refraining all conversation with her, has entirely regained that esteem and good opinion which she had well nigh lost.

### CHAP. III.

CONTAINS THE REHEARSAL OF A CONVERSATION WHICH THE AUTHOR ACCIDENTALLY HAPPENED TO BE WITNESS OF, AND LOOKS UPON HIMSELF AS BOUND BY AN INDISPENSABLE OBLIGATION TO MAKE PUBLIC; THOUGH PERFECTLY CONSCIOUS, FROM HIS OBSERVATIONS OF MANKIND, THAT THERE ARE MANY OF HIS READERS WHO WILL LABOUR ALL THEY CAN TO BRING THESE PAGES INTO DISCREDIT.

ONE whom I shall always rank among the number of our best English authors, tells us, in a justly esteemed poem, that—

- Wisdom is still to sloth too great a slave;
- None are so busy as the fool and knave.\*

How widely different are the pictures drawn of a person whose prudence makes

him act and talk with circumspection and reserve! How various are the representations made of him! He has almost as many characters as there are speakers of him; by the abundance one hears of him the judgment is distracted, and there is no forming a right idea of what he truly is. One can go into no company without hearing some mention made of Lord Honorius, yet one shall seldom find any two people agree in their opinion concerning him, either as to his abilities or principles, whether in religious, moral, or political matters. He is no follower of the court, yet does not totally avoid going thither. He professes himself a member of the established church, yet converses freely with those of different persuasions. He listens attentively to the arguments urged by persons of all parties and all sects, without offering any of his own, or giving his opinion which are wrong or which are right.

For this reason all the zealots, both in religion and politicks, brand him with lukewarmness, and say he is a man of an uncertain way of thinking, and has no settled principle of acting. Some few there are who applaud his moderation, but many more who look upon it as a piece of low cunning, thereby to cover some latent designs he has within his bosom; but of what nature these are, I have heard many warm disputes about. Some will needs have him in the interest of the Pretender, and others that he is secretly a tool of the ministry. Some have confidently averred, that they have seen a white rose carried into his house on the tenth of June; and others, that he has worn a yellow waistcoat on the birth-day of his present Majesty; as if an innocent flower, or the colour of a piece of silk, were sufficient tokens to shew the wishes of the wearer's heart.

As to his œconomy in private life, he is not at all expensive in dress, equipage, or the furniture of his house; chusing rather to appear below his rank, than in any particular to exceed it. This is frequently attributed to his covetousness, while more favourable judges suppose it to be owing to his contempt of the modish fopperies of the age. He partakes of all the pleasures of the town, but never pursues them to an excess, or with eagerness. The graver sort of people ascribe this to his discretion, and the more gay to want of spirit and coldness of constitution.



Thus apt are we to form a vain judgment on things we know nothing of. The heart of man is incomprehensible, unless discovered by himself in some glaring proof either of virtue or vice: he first he may not have an opportunity to set forth in any conspicuous light, and the latter he may have artifice and hypocrisy enough to gloss over and conceal. How impossible, then, is it to be certain to which of these he is in reality devoted!

Among the variety of descriptions and reports in relation to Lord Honorius, I found, notwithstanding, that it was agreed on by all hands, that though he would not suffer himself to be imposed upon by his tradesmen, yet he always took care their bills should be paid with the utmost exactness and punctuality, and that he never dealt with foreigners. These articles, however insignificant they may seem to some of those who call themselves the polite world, I confess gave me such an idea both of his prudence and justice, as made me immediately join with those who spoke the greatest things in his praise in other respects; but being desirous of penetrating more deeply into the reality of this nobleman's disposition, I resolved to try how my Invisibilityship would serve that end, and accordingly made a visit one morning at his house.

I passed through several neat rooms, the furniture of which was rich, and besitting the dignity and fortune of the owner, but had nothing of gaudiness in it. At last I found the person I went to seek; he was in a closet within his dressing-room, and had a book in his hand. I was curious to see what was the subject of his meditations; and, looking over his shoulder, perceived it was the poems of our English Pindar, the celebrated Mr. Cowley. The page he was employed in on my entrance contained, among others, these lines—

‘ O fountains! when in you shall I,  
 ‘ Eas’d of unpeaceful thoughts, myself espy!  
 ‘ O fields! O woods! when shall I be made  
 ‘ The happy tenant of your shade!  
 ‘ Here’s the spring-head of pleasure’s flood,  
 ‘ Where all the riches lie,  
 ‘ That she has coin’d and stamp’d for good,  
 ‘ To charm the mind as well as eye.  
 ‘ Pride and ambition here,  
 ‘ Only in far-fetch’d metaphors appear;  
 ‘ Here’s nought but winds can hurtful mur-  
 ‘ murs scatter,  
 ‘ And nought but echo flatter,

‘ The gods, when they descended hither  
 ‘ From heaven, did always chuse their way;  
 ‘ And therefore we may boldly say,  
 “ That is the way, too, thither.”

When he came to this part of the poem, he stopped, and cried out with the greatest emphasis—‘ Charming, inimitable Cowley! how just, how truly delicate, are all thy notions, and how widely different from those of the age I have the misfortune to live in! If one may form a judgment, as sure one may, by the writings of seventy or eighty years ago, the genius of Britain was far unlike what it appears at present.’

He had scarce finished this exclamation, when a servant opened the door, and told him that Sir Whimsy Brain-sick was come to wait upon him; on which he laid aside the book, and went into the next chamber to receive his guest. After giving and returning the customary salutations of the morning, and having seated themselves, the following dialogue ensued between them—

*Honorius.* It is a wonder to see you dressed and abroad thus early, Sir Whimsy; I think you are commonly in your first sleep after this time.

*Sir Whimsy.* Aye, my lord; but pleasure mult on some occasions give way to business. I have vast affairs upon my hands at present. I only snatched a moment to take leave of your lordship, and two hours hence shall set out for the country.

*Honorius.* On your election, I suppose?

*Sir Whimsy.* No, no; my Lord Triffi Triffi has secured me a borough, without my taking the trouble of ever going near it. My business, at present, is down at \*\*\*\*\* where I have a considerable estate, and, I believe, a pretty good interest; and I have engaged myself to strain both, as far as they will go, in favour of Sir Crafty Shallowbuggen.

*Honorius.* Sir Crafty Shallowbuggen! What, then, has Mr. Worthy, the present member, declined standing?

*Sir Whimsy.* No, no, my lord, he has not declined; but we are resolved to have him out, at any rate.

*Honorius.* I would not have you deceive yourself, Sir Whimsy. Mr. Worthy is a gentleman who, I am told, is highly esteemed by his constituents; and you may be at a great deal of expence to oppose him, to no purpose.

*Sir Whimsy.*

*Sir Whimsy.* As to the expence, I don't doubt but it will be made up to me some way or other. I have my eye upon a place; and, I can tell you, am as good as promised either that or a ribband.

*Honorius.* The character I have heard of Mr. Worthy makes me sorry so powerful an opposition should be set on foot against him.

*Sir Whimsy.* He has been stubborn, my lord, very stubborn; has voted against the Jew and Clandestine Marriage bills; and it is not fit the ministry should be affronted. Your lordship, I suppose, is a friend to the ministry?

*Honorius.* Sir, I never gave any man reason to believe I was the contrary.

*Sir Whimsy.* No, no, your lordship is too wise. Those who are friends to the ministry, are friends to themselves. For my own part, if it were not to oblige them, I would not give two-pence who had the election at \*\*\*\*\*, or any where else. But I must beg your lordship's pardon; I have a thousand things to dispatch, and would not be waited for by four or five gentlemen who accompany me on the same expedition; so your lordship's most obedient.

*Honorius.* Yours, Sir Whimsy. I wish you a good journey.

With these words they parted. Lord Honorius saw him to the top of the staircase, and then turned back to his closet, saying to himself as he went—'What a wild world is this! How do men toil to bring infamy on themselves, and entail certain ruin on their posterity!'

As I thought, by the little sample I had seen, that it was now in my power to make a better judgment of the sentiments of this nobleman than by all I had heard from others, I was following Sir Whimsy down stairs; but on hearing some debate between a plain, honest-looking countryman, and a spruce footman, who, as I found afterwards, had been but lately taken into my lord's service, I stopped short to listen to the occasion. I soon perceived that the countryman was desirous of speaking to his lordship; and the fellow, judging by appearances, thought it too great a presumption, and would fain have turned him from the door; but the rascal was not so easily repulsed as the other had

imagined. The first words I could hear distinctly were as follow—

*Footman.* I tell you, friend, I know not whether my lord is at home or not; or, if he is, whether he pleases to be seen; but if you let me know what business you have with him, and from whom you came, I will take care his lordship shall be informed, and you may have your answer to-morrow.

*Countryman.* Goodluck, Mr. Skipjack, who are you? My lord is not used to have such malapert fellows about him. But if I must not see my lord, pray let me speak to Mr. Downright, the gentleman that dresses and waits upon him; he knows me well enough, and will give me a better answer.

The footman then vouchsafed to call the person he mentioned, and the countryman had the satisfaction to find himself well received. Mr. Downright shook him cordially by the hand, told him he was glad to see him in London, and asked him what business had brought him hither. To which the other replied—

*Countryman.* In good troth I did not come upon pleasure; I have business, very great business, with my lord, and would fain speak to him, if so be I may have liberty to come into his presence, as you know, Mr. Downright, I have done many a good time in the country; but that Mr. Finikin there, with his pigtail wig, stands as it were like a mud-wall to keep every body off the house.

*Mr. Downright.* Oh, he did not know you, Mr. Goodacre; and besides, he has lived in families where nobody without a coach or chair is admitted. But I will acquaint my lord you are here; he is alone, and I am sure will see you.

*Countryman.* Thank you, Mr. Downright. It is well there are some civil people in this same town.

Mr. Downright then went on his message; the footman looked very sheepish, and sneaked away; while the countryman strutted about the hall as great as an emperor, till the valet returned, and desired him to walk up. As I took Mr. Goodacre for one of my lord's tenants, and imagined he was only come on the score of renewing a lease, or some other country affairs relating to himself, which I had no manner of curiosity to pry into, I was in some debate within myself whether I should

should stay, or go directly out of the house; the door being then open; but a certain impulse, the meaning of which I cannot account for, swayed me to pursue my first thought, and I turned back and accompanied him into the presence of my lord, from whom he met with a reception not commonly given by persons of quality to a man of his plain appearance, except on particular occasions. His lordship made him sit down in a chair very near himself, and, with a smiling countenance, and the greatest affability in his voice and air, told him, he was glad to see him look so well and hearty; that he hoped his wife and family enjoyed the same share of good health; and then asked what business had brought him up to London. To the former part of these obliging speeches he only answered with several low bows, but to the latter replied in these terms—

*Goodacre.* Why, my lord, your lordship knows we are going to have a new parliament, and belike there will be a great bustle all over the kingdom about elections; and no wonder if there be; every one makes us such fair promises when they come to ask us for our votes, that it is a hard matter to know which we can most depend upon. We have been served basely, very basely, by some of our representatives, and it behoves us to be very cautious for the future.

*Honorius.* Very true, Mr. Goodacre, it does so indeed; and I hope the nation will think so.

*Goodacre.* Now, as to our borough, no man could make finer speeches to us, or pretend he had our interest more at heart, than Squire Earnly, before he was chosen; yet he no sooner got into the House, than he shewed he did not care a straw for us, laughed at all our petitions and remonstrances, and, I am told, made a merit of it to the ministry.

*Honorius.* I am afraid there are too many who have done so. Does the same gentleman set up again?

*Goodacre.* No, my lord; he would have no chance for it if he did; we know him too well, he sees that well enough. But it is thought, however, that he will get in for some place or other.

*Honorius.* Nothing more likely. But do you hear who intends to offer himself in his stead?

*Goodacre.* Yes, my lord; great interest is already making for one Captain Sashbright. He is as fine a person, in-

deed, as the sun shines upon, but we know nothing of him. He is recommended by Sir Courtly Jobber, and has brought a power of money down with him. They went together in Sir Courtly's coach to \*\*\*\*\* fair, bought a many things, and gave them to every body about them. Guineas and broad pieces fly about like hail; any one, almost, may have them for picking up.

*Honorius.* So then he may easily carry it, I suppose?

*Goodacre.* I cannot tell that, my lord. There was a numerous meeting at the Rose about a fortnight ago, and Squire Wellwood, of the Green, was put in nomination. His family has been settled for a long time at \*\*\*\*\*; he lives most part in the country, does a great deal of good among the poor, and is mainly beloved.

*Honorius.* I know him, Mr. Goodacre; he is certainly a very worthy gentleman.

*Goodacre.* Aye, my lord, he would have it all to nothing, if it was not for one consideration.

*Honorius.* What is that?

*Goodacre.* The captain has promised that, if he gets his election, he will procure an act of parliament for a new road to be cut, at the government's expence, from \*\*\*\*\* to \*\*\*\*\*; which your lordship knows would be a great advantage to our market.

*Honorius.* A very great one, indeed.

*Goodacre.* Aye, my lord, if we were sure it would be done; but there lies the query. Some people will promise any thing to gain their point, and never think of it afterwards. We all know Squire Wellwood to be a noble gentleman, and so may Captain Sashbright too; he may, or he may not. Now we are strangely divided in our opinions, whether we ought to leave the certain good for the uncertain better, and have at length resolved to be decided by your lordship.

*Honorius.* By me!

*Goodacre.* Yes, my lord. We know your lordship to be a wise man, and a true lover of your country.

*Honorius.* I have always thought, Mr. Goodacre, that to meddle in these things would prove me deserving neither of the one nor the other of the epithets you give me. Every elector ought to give his vote according to the dictates of his conscience, and not suffer himself to be



be swayed by any interest or motive whatever; and for a nobleman, or other person of distinction, to attempt, either by menaces or cajolings, to make them act to the contrary, appears to me to be the most gross encroachment on liberty that can be offered.

*Goodacre.* But here the case is widely different, my lord.

*Honorius.* I grant it is. You desire my advice as a friend, not submit to be governed by me as a director; it would therefore be ungenerous, and even cruel, in me, to suffer you to be deluded by false pretences, when it is so easily in my power to put you upon your guard against them. In the first place, you ought to consider that Captain Sash-bright, whatever his character may otherwise be, is an officer in the army; and, as such, it is his interest to promote the continuance of a standing army, and consequently of those taxes which are necessary for the support of it. In the second, Sir Courtly Jobber, who it seems is the person who recommends him, has for a long time, to my certain knowledge, been an agent for the ministry, and is indebted for his title and the best part of the estate he is in possession of, merely to the good services he has rendered them.

*Goodacre.* Aye, marry, these things are worth thinking of indeed! so I suppose, my lord, the money he so plentifully throws about is none of his own?

*Honorius.* Not a doit; he will be reimbursed with interest.

*Goodacre.* And yet I know not, my lord, but there may be some among us foolish enough to be inveigled by this bait. Alackaday! we country people are ignorant of such practices; we little think what the great folks in town are doing; and a many there are that would not believe a word of it without good authority. Oh, I wish your lordship were down at Egum Hall at this critical juncture!

*Honorius.* I will be there, Mr. Goodacre, in spite of the aversion I have always had to appear at elections, or to distinguish myself on any occasion. My love to the place which gave me birth, and good-will to my countrymen, shall overbalance all other considerations. I will do all I can to strengthen the weak eyes which are in danger of being dazzled with Sir Courtly's gold, and shew

them the false lustre of his fleeting promises.

*Goodacre.* Heaven bless your lordship!—A noble resolution!

*Honorius.* When do you return, Mr. Goodacre?

*Goodacre.* I shall lie but this one night in town, my lord, and set out betime to-morrow morning.

*Honorius.* I will not be two days behind you: in the mean time, you may tell them what I say.

*Goodacre.* It will be joyful news to some.

There passed no farther conversation between them; the honest countryman rose up to take his leave, full of transport at the success of his negotiation; but Lord Honorius would not permit him to depart, till he had rung the bell for Mr. Downright, and given orders that he should be made welcome to the best entertainment the house afforded. I left him to accept the invitation, and returned to my apartment, well satisfied in my mind that I was now enabled to form a right judgment of this nobleman's principles and disposition.

#### CHAP. IV.

PRESENTS THE READER WITH THE  
DETAIL OF A VERY REMARKABLE  
INCIDENT; WHICH, I BELIEVE,  
IF CONSIDERED WITH A DUE AT-  
TENTION, THERE ARE BUT FEW  
PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY OF THE  
FAIR-SEX, WHO WILL NOT FIND  
THEMSELVES ENABLED TO BE-  
COME BETTER MEMBERS OF SO-  
CIETY BY HAVING PERUSED.

A Certain sacred writer tell us, that the tongue is an unruly member, and preaches much concerning the government of it; but I dare not presume to insist too much on his authority, as he has been, with others of his contemporaries, pretty much exploded; and I might be looked upon, by my polite readers, as a very old-fashioned, silly fellow, to make any mention of him. But I may venture, without running the risque of being read with a horse-laugh, to quote the words of another very great and learned person of a more modern date, who says, that the tongue is the  
most

most dangerous of all weapons; that it is capable of destroying all peace, all love, all harmony, in the world; of sowing dissensions among families; of disuniting the hearts of the dearest friends and relations; of ruining the reputation and fortune of whomsoever it is levelled against; and that even murders and the worst of mischiefs may be occasioned by it.

That the tongue, when it becomes the instrument of a malicious heart, carries a thousand daggers in it, is a truth which the observation of every one evinces. But this is not all: publick abuse or private scandal, defamation and detraction, are not the only vices of the tongue; an unguarded word is frequently productive of the most unhappy consequences; it wounds, as it were, by chance-medley, and a person may be stabbed in the most tender part without any intention in the giver of the blow. A talkative disposition, or, in other words, a passion for repeating every thing one sees and hears, or even guesses at, is extremely dangerous to society; and though it is a foible proceeding rather from levity than ill-nature, sometimes produces the same effects. Those guilty of it, perhaps, may mean no hurt; but, alas! they consider not how far the person to whom they are speaking may be interested in the report they make, and that what they imagine of no moment may stab him to the quick. Nothing is more common than for people to hurt thus at random; and, by their rashness, to occasion accidents, which, if they foresaw, they would be most careful to prevent. As a late poet emphatically enough expresses it—

- ‘ Thinking to shoot my arrow o’er the  
‘ house,  
‘ I have kill’d my brother.’

But this inadvertency, as great a weakness as it doubtless is, has in it somewhat yet more excusable than to reveal a secret which we are conscious must give the hearer pain. I confess that this is sometimes done through good-will; but then it is a very mistaken good-will in many cases. If I know a person sustains an injury, and has it in his power to redress the grievance, it is certainly my duty to acquaint him with it; but when the evil is without a remedy, it is infinitely more kind to suffer him to re-

main in ignorance. To be well deceived, is almost equal to not being deceived at all: our happiness consists in the imagination of it; and if we firmly believe ourselves possessed of what we wish, it is the same thing as being so in reality. How cruel is it, then, for any one to draw back the friendly curtain that hides ill-fortune from us, and compel us to behold our wretchedness! Every one who is thus unhappily undeceived, may cry out with Bellamira, in the play—

- ‘ Ah, cruel friend!  
‘ Why didst thou wake me from my dream  
‘ of bliss!  
‘ Why bring me from that scene of fancied  
‘ joys,  
‘ To one of real anguish, horror, and de-  
‘ spair!’

Many unhappy instances of these well-meant ill offices have come to my knowledge since I was in possession of the gift of Invisibility; but I shall recite only one of them; which, as it is a very late transaction, and but few people know the real truth of, is at present a matter of much speculation among those who are any way acquainted with the parties concerned, or have even heard their names.

Meroveus and Deidamia were an extreme happy pair; the railers against marriage could find nothing in the conduct of either of them to countenance any sarcasms on that state. The most tender affection had been the chief, if not the sole motive of the union between them; and the secure and uninterrupted possession of each other, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase their mutual ardour, and their first bridal fondness appeared in their behaviour after having served a more than seven years apprenticeship to Hymen. Yet how, on a sudden, have we seen all this sweet serenity turned into storms and tempests! Meroveus and Deidamia, who it was thought could not have lived a single week out of each other’s presence, are now parted; according to all probability, parted to meet no more in love.

Besides the many great accomplishments which justified the affection they so long had towards each other, both of them were accounted persons of an excellent understanding and solid sense. Nothing, therefore, could have more amazed

amazed the world, than that they should come to this open rupture; even though some little cause of complaint had happened either on the one side or the other. An event so strange, so little dreamed of, put all conjecture to a stand; people pretended not even to guess what should be the occasion, much less to unravel so great a mystery; the accomplishment of that work was reserved by fate for the Invisible Spy alone. The manner in which I made this discovery, I shall relate as concisely as the conversation which let me into it will admit of.

As I was one day taking a solitary walk on Constitution Hill, I saw Deidamia leaning on the arm of Eutracia, a lady of birth and fortune, who had been bred up with her at the boarding-school, and ever since been her most intimate friend and companion. Just as they approached the place where I was, the following dialogue began between them—

*Deidamia.* Now for the secret you have to tell me; methinks I have a more than ordinary impatience to hear it, and we cannot be more retired: no living soul is near us, and there is no danger of any one coming to interrupt our discourse, as all the world are in the Mall.

*Eutracia.* I will not keep you long in suspense, my dear; but first you must answer two or three questions I have to ask you, and then resolve to arm yourself with all the fortitude you are mistress of, not to be too much shocked at what I shall relate.

*Deidamia.* I cannot conceive that there is any thing which either you or any one else can tell me capable of giving me a shock. But pray, what is it you would know from me?

*Eutracia.* The town looks upon you as one of the most happy women in it; is it true that you are really so?

*Deidamia.* Indeed, my dear, I think myself so; and if I would labour to be more blessed, know not how to form a single wish beyond what I possess.

*Eutracia.* There are many private causes of disquiet, which prudence obliges us to conceal. Are you thoroughly convinced of the affection of your husband?

*Deidamia.* I never had the least cause to doubt it; and the tenderness I have for him is so sincere and delicate, as I think would make me easily perceive a want of it in him. But wherefore do

you ask? you cannot have any reason to suspect him.

*Eutracia.* Ah, poor Deidamia!

*Deidamia.* Why do you sigh, and look so piteously upon me? Some wretch has certainly belied Meroveus to you.

*Eutracia.* No. But one more interrogatory, and I have done. Does he never absent himself without letting you know where he goes? never lie out of his own house?

*Deidamia.* Very seldom, and that but lately. An intimate friend of his makes his addresses to a young lady at Hammersmith. He frequently desires my husband's company with him, and they sometimes stay all night; when having supped there, it is dangerous to return to London, as the roads are now infested.

*Eutracia.* How easy is it to deceive the innocent!—Meroveus is a villain!

*Deidamia.* How, Eutracia! a villain! Had any other called him so, my resentment should have shewn how much I despised so base an accusation.

*Eutracia.* Alas! it is your own love and honour makes you so tenacious of his, but he is false in both; and I again repeat the name, he is a villain! and will put it in your power to prove him so, by the testimony of your own eyes and ears, provided you promise to give him no previous hints, that you have discovered, or even suspect his perfidy.

*Deidamia.* But how—how, Eutracia, is he a villain?

*Eutracia.* He keeps a mistress; some common wench, no doubt: but he adores, doats on her, pretends himself her husband; and those nights when you imagine him at Hammersmith, he passes with her.

The tender Deidamia was now so overcome at these words, that her spirits quite forsook her, and she must certainly have fallen on the earth, if they had not happened to be very near a bench, at the lower end of the walk, where Eutracia placed her. The keeper of the gate perceiving her condition, was so humane as to run and fetch some water, which being sprinkled on her face, soon brought her to herself. Eutracia, on seeing her fair friend thus agitated, seemed, and I believe really was, very much concerned at what she had done; for she could not restrain some tears from falling down her eyes, while she expressed herself in these terms—



‘My dearest Deidamia, if I had not thought you would have received this intelligence with more moderation, you should have been for ever ignorant of it.’ The afflicted lady made no reply to these words; but in a few minutes growing somewhat more composed, quitted the bench, and leaning on Eutracia, the conversation was renewed in this manner—

*Deidamia.* Oh, Eutracia! little are you capable of conceiving the agonies this poor, distracted, bleeding heart, sustains! Yet I must know all. Tell me by what means you got information of this horrid secret, and how you are assured of it’s veracity.

*Eutracia.* It was not my intention to conceal any part of it; but you must determine to listen with calmness to me.

*Deidamia.* I will.

*Eutracia.* Well, then, I will tell you all. I believe you know Mrs. Flounceit, my mantua-maker.

*Deidamia.* I saw her once. You may remember I was with you when she brought home your last new sacque.

*Eutracia.* That woman, you must know, has an interest with some foreign merchants, and can frequently oblige her customers with some curious things which are prohibited to be sold in publick. She came last Monday, and acquainted me that she had several patterns of the most beautiful chintz that ever were seen. I went the next morning in order to see them, and was carried into a back-parlour, for the sake of privacy. As I was looking over the goods, I heard a man call from the top of the stair-case, to know if the coach was come. I thought myself perfectly acquainted with the voice, though I could not just then recollect whose it was; but presently after saw Meroveus lead a woman across the garden, at the lower end of which there is a little door that opens into another street. A pebble, or some such thing, happening to lie in the walk, she stumbled in passing; on which he cried out, with the greatest tenderness—‘I hope you are not hurt, my love!’—‘No,’ replied she, briskly; ‘not at all. I cannot receive any prejudice when my guardian angel is so near.’ I was so astonished at what I saw and heard, that I had not power to speak; till Mrs. Flounceit, seeing me look earnestly after them, told me they

were her lodgers; that they were lately married; but some reasons obliging them to keep it private, they met each other there only once or twice a week. ‘So,’ said she, ‘I have very little trouble with them, and they pay me a good rent.’—‘But are you sure,’ cried I, ‘that they are man and wife? It may be an intrigue.’—‘No,’ answered she: ‘they were recommended to me by a gentleman who formerly lodged with me himself, one Sir David Townly.’

*Deidamia.* Oh Heavens! Sir David Townly! Why he is the very person my husband pretends he goes with to Hammer-smith.

*Eutracia.* It is very likely he may be his confidant in this amour.

*Deidamia.* Yet still I know not how to think it real; one man may be like another. Are you certain it was Meroveus whom you saw?

*Eutracia.* As certain as that it is Deidamia to whom I am talking. Did he not lie abroad last Monday night?

*Deidamia.* He did.

*Eutracia.* And had he not on a dark brown velvet coat, and a black waistcoat trimmed with bugles?

*Deidamia.* He had. Oh, I can no longer shut my eyes against conviction! The dreadful truth is too glaring to be resisted, and I see myself the most miserable of women!

*Eutracia.* Do not think so; rather exert the spirit of an injured wife, detect him in his guilt, shame him to repentance, and make him sue for pardon.

*Deidamia.* Oh that such love as ours has been should come to this!

*Eutracia.* Ah! may be yet retrieved; your just reproaches may make him loathe his past follies, and become more yours than if he never had transgressed. The next time he takes his pretended journey to Hammer-smith, let me know it.

*Deidamia.* He is gone thither now. Just before you came to call me to the Park, he told me Sir David had engaged his company, and he believed he should not return till morning.

*Eutracia.* Well, then, he shall be met, my dear Deidamia; he shall be met by those he least expects, or desires to see. I will take you in the morning to Mrs. Flounceit’s, under pretence of bringing her a new customer; there you will have the same opportunity I had of discovering your husband’s guilt, and may

may act as you shall judge proper on the occasion.

*Deidamia.* How shall I contain myself! Base, base man! cruel deceiver of my fond, my unsuspecting heart!—How bear the sight of that vile *sie*! that infamous deluder of his honour! that cursed *she* who has robbed me of the only treasure I valued upon earth, my husband's love!

Here *she* burst into the most vehement exclamations. But my *Crytalline Remembrancer* being already overcharged, I can only say that her behaviour verified the words of Mr. *Nat. Lee*; who, in his description he gives of the passions of womankind in general, has these lines—

- ‘ They shrink at thunder, dread the rust-  
‘ ling wind,
- ‘ And glitt’ring swords the brightest eyes  
‘ will blind;
- ‘ Yet when strong jealousy enflames the  
‘ soul,
- ‘ The weak will rage, and calms to tem-  
‘ pests roll.’

The ladies continued their walk, till *Phœbus* beginning to withdraw his beams, they both thought proper to retire from the approaching dews. *Eutracia*, justly apprehending the agitations of her friend would become more violent if left alone and at liberty to indulge them, offered to be her companion that night, which the other gladly accepted, and I saw them take coach together for *Deidamia*'s house, after which I went home.

## CHAP. V.

WHICH, ACCORDING TO THE AUTHOR'S OPINION, STANDS IN NO NEED OF A PRELUDE, AS IT CONTAINS ONLY THE SEQUEL OF AN ADVENTURE TOO INTERESTING TO ALL DEGREES OF PEOPLE NOT TO DEMAND THE ATTENTION OF EVERY READER.

**I** Was truly concerned at the injustice which I perceived poor *Deidamia* sustained; and but little pleased with *Eutracia*, either for the information she had given her of it, or for advising her to detect *Meroveus* in the manner con-

certed between them: indeed, I feared that the consequences of such an interview would be only to make the husband become more hardened in his guilt, and her affliction increase by finding her resentment disregarded.

Few men can bear reproofs, much less reproaches. If ever they quit a darling folly, the reformation must come of themselves; it must proceed from a consciousness they have done amiss, and not from being told so by others. There is a pride in human nature which disdains admonition, and makes us persist in error, which, if not taken notice of, perhaps in time we might discover to be such, grow ashamed of, and amend. Besides, remonstrances from a person whom we look upon as any way our inferior, either in point of understanding or circumstances, will be so far from having any weight, that they will rather add to our contempt, and, it may be, raise in us an utter aversion to the giver. Custom has made the husband so much the head of the wife, that, tenacious of his authority, it is but seldom he submits to be influenced by her in matters of much less moment to him than his pleasures.

Indeed, when a woman is wronged in the manner *Deidamia* was, it must be confessed that the shock is greatly trying, and that she has the strongest reason for complaining; yet will she still find it most prudent to forbear. Love and gentleness are the only weapons by which that sex can hope to conquer; and she who attempts to have recourse to any other, only hurts herself. By seeming not to suspect her husband's vices, she will, at least, oblige him to keep them as private as he can, and also to treat her with all the respect due to her character, and the sacred union between them; whereas, by growing clamorous and impatient, she furnishes him with a pretence to use her ill, and turns the indifference he before had for her into hatred and detestation.

One of our best poets has an observation on this head, which I think is very well worthy of the serious attention of all who are either injured in reality, or imagine themselves to be so, yet find it their interest to preserve an amicable correspondence with the person guilty of the injury; as it is certain that no man, detected in the thing which he wishes to

conceal, can ever love the person by whom he is detected. The words of the author I mentioned are these—

- ‘ Forgiveness to the injur’d does belong;
- ‘ But they ne’er pardon who have done the  
‘ wrong.’

These reflections, together with my impatience to see how Deidamia would support the full conviction of her husband’s falsehood, so much took up my mind, that it was a considerable time before I remembered how great an impediment lay between me and the gratification of my curiosity. Mrs. Flounceit’s house was to be the scene of action; and the ladies, during their whole conversation, had made no mention in what street, nor even in what quarter of the town, that woman lived: however, as I supposed her to be a noted woman in her business, I hoped to get over this difficulty; and did so, by sending an emissary to enquire among the mercers, hoop-petticoat-makers, and other such people who are employed in the equipments of the ladies; and I went not to bed without receiving the direction I stood in need of.

As I knew not the hour in which Meroveus and the partner of his looser pleasures would be preparing to depart, nor that in which Deidamia would be conducted by Eutraccia to behold this proof of her misfortune, I took care to go very early to Mrs. Flounceit’s, and was obliged to wait a considerable time before the door happened to be opened to let any one pass in or out: at last, however, it was so; I got an opportunity to enter, went into the back parlour, and posted myself in that corner of it which I thought would be the safest and most commodious. My patience was not here put to any long trial; the ladies arrived a few minutes after I came, ushered into the room by Mrs. Flounceit, who placed them on a settee with a great deal of formal complaisance, and then made some apologies, as many people do when they are dressed as well as they can be, for being in such a dishabille, and not in the order she could wish to receive them.

It was easy for me to perceive, by Deidamia’s countenance, how ill she had passed the night; Eutraccia also seemed in some agitation, though she dissembled it as well as she was able; and

after giving some slight answer to Mrs. Flounceit’s compliments, told her she had brought a friend to look over some of her fine things; on which the mantua-maker immediately opened a large press, and brought out several pieces of chintz, with some French brocades, and rich Italian silks; these she spread upon a table, accompanying that action with many praises on the beauty and curiosity of each. But it was in vain she boasted, in vain she magnified; all she said, as well as the real merit of the goods she exhibited to sale, was wholly lost on Deidamia; the mind of that afflicted lady was too much bent on those things which she expected to be witness of, to have any eyes or ears for those which were not present to her: she took up first one piece, and then another, but without seeming to know what she did; and had something so distracted in her air and gestures, that Eutraccia was obliged to keep Mrs. Flounceit in discourse, to prevent her taking any notice of it. Her behaviour, joined with my knowledge of the cause, reminded me of Mr. Dryden’s words; which, if she had been inclined to think of poetry, she might pretty justly have applied to her own condition in this crisis—

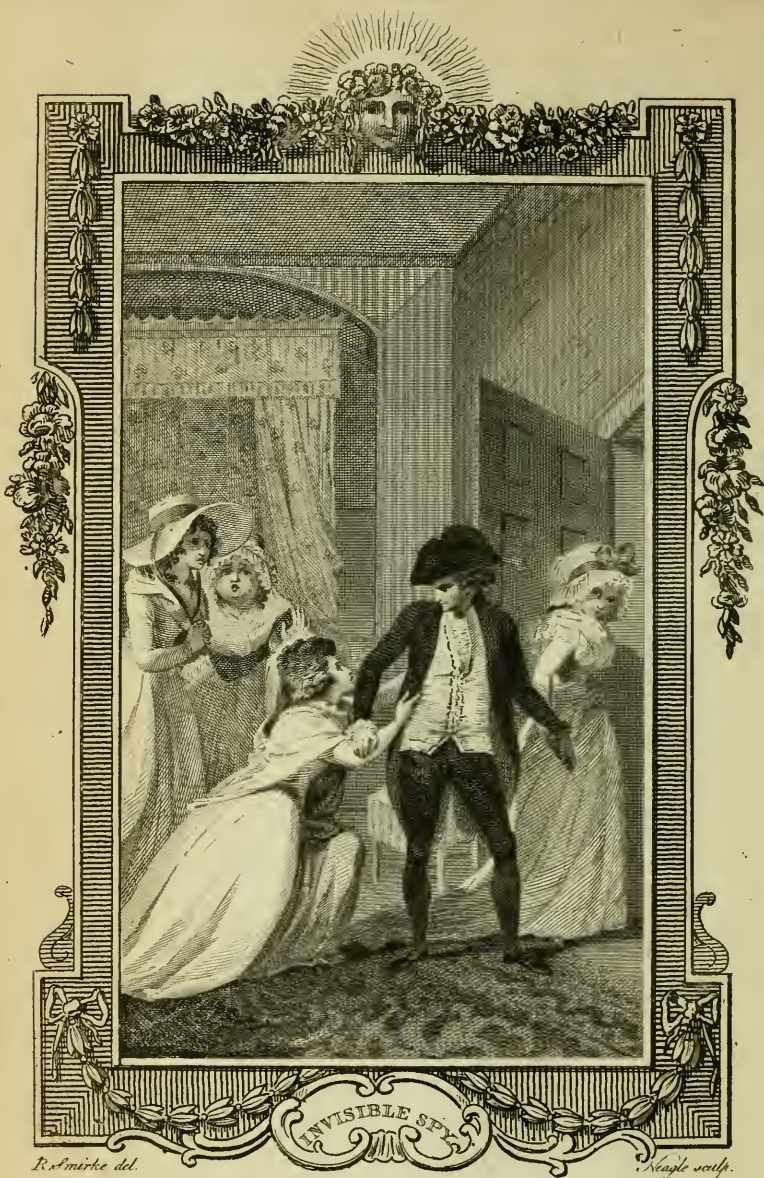
- ‘ Love, justice, nature, pity, and revenge,
- ‘ Have kindled a wildfire in my breast;
- ‘ I am all a civil war within,
- ‘ And, like a vessel struggling in a storm,
- ‘ Require more hands than one to keep me  
‘ upright.’

But if she was so little able to support the bare idea of the shock she came on purpose to receive, what must she endure when suspense, and all the remains of hope, were swallowed up in the cruel certainty of her misfortune, and conviction left no farther room for doubt? The maid of the house came into the room with a chocolate-pot in her hand, and told her mistress that the gentleman and lady above stairs gave their compliments, and desired the favour of her company to breakfast with them. Mrs. Flounceit was about to make some answer to this invitation, when Deidamia, not able to contain herself, flew out of the parlour, and directly up stairs, where she found Meroveus and a young woman sitting on the side of the bed they had but lately quit-

Deidamia







R. Amérke del.

Neagle sculp.

Deidamia had scarce entered the chamber, when she surprized the guilty pair with these words—‘I have a right, Sir, to think my company ought to be as acceptable to Meroveus as that of Mrs. Flounceit, or any other woman.’

Eutracia had followed Deidamia as fast as she could, in order, I suppose, to prevent any desperate effects of her present passion, and I was not far behind. But it will be more easy for the reader to conceive the surprize which appeared in the looks of Meroveus, than for me to express it; he started up, and, with a voice which the various emotions of his mind rendered almost unintelligible, said to her—

*Meroveus.* Confusion! Deidamia!—Madam, what brings you here?

*Deidamia.* That is a question which ought rather to be put to you. I came in pursuit of an ungrateful, too much beloved husband: you to indulge a lawless flame for an abandoned prostitute!

*Meroveus.* Madam, Madam, this does not become you!

*Deidamia.* Does it become you, Sir, to leave your honest home and wife, make pitiful excuses for your absence, and skulk in corners with a wretch like this—this abject hireling of licentious wishes!

*Mistress.* Madam, I would not have you think I am any such person: I did not know Meroveus was a married man.

*Deidamia.* ‘Tis false, vile creature! You could not know Meroveus, without knowing he had a wife; a wife who, without boasting, is every way his equal. But get out of my sight, that I may have liberty to ask my perjured husband what he could see in that face of yours to be preferred to mine.

On this Meroveus was opening his mouth to speak, but was prevented by Mrs. Flounceit; who being astonished on the lady’s running up stairs, and by the noise she immediately heard above, had hobbled up as fast as her fat would give her leave, and came into the room that moment, crying as she entered—

*Mrs. Flounceit.* Bless me! what is the matter here?

*Deidamia.* Perhaps, Madam, you are ignorant that your house is made a brothel?

*Mrs. Flounceit.* O, my stars!—A brothel! Heaven forbid!

*Eutracia.* My friend tells you true, indeed. She is the lawful wife of that

gentleman; they have been married above seven years; I was present at their wedding; and that woman, there, is no better than a prostitute.

*Mrs. Flounceit.* O the vile slut!—I wonder Sir David Townly should offer to bring me into this scrape; he knows very well I never countenance such doings.—Hussy, get out of my house this minute!

In speaking this, she advanced towards the mistress of Meroveus, and was about to push her out of the room; but that gentleman, perceiving her intent, stepped between; and with a visage all enflamed with wrath, said—‘Hold, Madam, hold! This lady has put herself under my protection, and I will take care to defend her from all insults whatsoever.’ Then turning to Deidamia, went on thus—‘As for you, Madam, you have only exposed me, and undone yourself. I will never see you more!’ He then took his trembling mistress by the hand, to lead her down stairs: Deidamia, in the utmost agony of spirit, followed him; and catching him by the arm, cried out to him—‘Oh stay, Meroveus! You will not, sure, add injury to injury! Stay, I conjure you, and let that woman go!’ To which he replied—‘Stand off, Madam! Your touch is now more hateful to me than ever it was agreeable; so leave you to repent the cause.’

This cruel rebuff not making her let go the hold she had taken of him, he threw her off with the greatest contempt, and in an instant was out of the house with his dissolute companion; who was, doubtless, as hasty as himself to get from a place where she could expect nothing but affronts. Deidamia would have pursued her ungenerous husband, perhaps even into the street, had she not been withheld by Eutracia, who endeavoured to convince her how little it would avail to remonstrate any thing to him whilst he continued in this humour.

Rage had till now kept up the spirits of this unhappy lady; but the objects of it being removed, and the power of reflecting returned, she sunk into a grief no less immoderate; she wept, she wrung her hands, beat her lovely breast, she swooned several times, and in her intervals of sense could only cry out—‘Cruel, barbarous Meroveus! Unfaithful, ungenerous



‘ ungenerous husband! Good Heaven! what unknown transgression am I become thus miserable!’ Neither Eutracia nor Mrs. Flounceit omitted any thing in their power which they thought might serve to give her consolation, but all they could do was insufficient; and it was some hours before she was enough recovered even to be carried home. As soon as she was, Eutracia went with her into the coach; and I walked home, touched to the very soul at the sight of her distress.

I have already given the reader my opinion concerning the extreme folly of revealing unwelcome secrets to our friends; so shall forbear adding any farther reflections on that head, and proceed, with as much brevity as the story will admit, to the catastrophe of this unhappy adventure.

I went the next morning to the house of Meroveus, and was convinced, by what I heard the servants say among themselves, that he had not been at home that night; which, indeed, I feared would be the case. On my going up stairs, I found Deidamia lying on a couch, in a very dejected, melancholy posture. Eutracia was sitting near her; that lady, it seems, having never quitted her since the unfortunate visit they made together at Mrs. Flounceit’s. But as the discourse between them consisted only of complaints on the one side, and persuasions to moderation on the other, I think it not material enough to be inserted. I had not been in the room above a quarter of an hour, before a servant presented a letter to Deidamia; it was from her husband, and contained these lines—

‘ MADAM,

‘ I Am determined to live easy, which I am certain is utterly impracticable for me to do with you, after what passed yesterday between us. What I then said in heat of passion, I now repeat in cool blood, and on the most mature deliberation. In fine, an eternal disunion must be the consequence of your behaviour, nor should the tongues of angels dissuade me from this resolution: you will do well to bear it with patience, as the misfortune, if it may be one, has happened entirely through your own fault.

‘ To leave you no just reason to complain, I shall order the jointure, settled on you by our marriage articles, to be regularly paid to you, as though I

‘ were no more; and shall resign to you all the plate, linen, and household furniture, excepting only my books, the India chest and bureau in my dressing-room.

‘ As to our children, the boy I shall take under my care, the girl I leave to yours; and shall also add one hundred pounds per annum to the above-mentioned jointure, for her maintenance and education.

‘ Farewel for ever!—As we no more must meet in love, it will be highly improper, and I think could not be very agreeable to either of us, to meet at all;—I shall therefore refrain, as much as possible, going to any of those places you are accustomed to frequent, and hope you will have prudence enough to take the same precaution in avoiding me, especially when I tell you, that it is the only thing in which you can now oblige your ill-treated husband,

‘ MEROVEUS.

‘ P. S. I shall send to-morrow for the things I mentioned.’

My fair readers will be the best judges of what Deidamia felt on finding her husband had taken a resolution which could not but give the most mortal stab both to her love and pride. She paused a little after having read it, then gave it to Eutracia, crying out at the same time, with the greatest emphasis—‘ See there, my dear Eutracia, this wicked husband is the sole aggressor, yet pretends to be the person who has reason to repent!’ That young lady, who was all fire and spirit, could not forbear loading Meroveus with reproaches at the end of every paragraph she read; and when she had finished, said to Deidamia—

*Eutracia.* And how, my dear, do you intend to proceed with this base, this most injurious man?

*Deidamia.* Indeed I know not.

*Eutracia.* If I were in your place, I would write him such an answer as should make his ears tingle.

*Deidamia.* Alas, you know not what it is to be a wife!—But I will write, however.

She then rung her bell for the footman, and asked whether the person who brought the letter waited for an answer.

*Footman.*

*Footman.* No, Madam, he only bid me deliver it into your own hands, and told me my master ordered me to come to him about two hours hence at George's Coffee-house, and bring some linen with me.

*Deidamia.* 'Tis very well. But do not go till I have spoke to you again; I have a message to send by you.

The fellow assured her he would not fail to obey her commands, and withdrew; after which she sat down to her *écritoire*, took pen and paper, and began to write in the following terms—

' Cruel and unjust, yet still dear ME-  
' ROVEUS!

' IF there needed any other proof than  
' that shameful one I yesterday was  
' witness of, that I am miserable in the  
' total loss of your affection, the letter  
' I have just now received would be a  
' convincing one. What! after seven  
' years conjugal tenderness, perfect and  
' sincere on my side, and well dissembled  
' on yours, can you entertain a thought  
' of parting? of tearing a family to  
' pieces which has hitherto lived so re-  
' spectable in the world? Must I be  
' doomed to mourn a husband's loss  
' even while that husband lives? Must  
' my son be bred an alien to his mother,  
' and my daughter a stranger to her fa-  
' ther? O think, *Meirovus*! and if no  
' consideration of me has any weight,  
' let that of your own reputation, and  
' the interest of our children, prevail on  
' you to alter this cruel resolution! We  
' may at least live civilly together, it not  
' with the same fondness as before this  
' accident. Yet why should we not? I  
' am willing to meet you more than half  
' way in love. You cannot deny but  
' you have wronged me in the most ten-  
' der point. I confess I was too rash  
' in the manner of detecting you. We  
' both have been to blame. What is  
' done cannot be recalled, but it may  
' be repented of: let us exchange for-  
' giveness, and endeavour to forget what  
' is past.

' There was a time when every little  
' ailment felt by your *Deidamia* gave  
' equal pain to you; oh! can you then  
' throw off at once all pity, all huma-  
' nity, all remorse, for the agonies you  
' cannot but be sensible my poor tor-  
' mented heart now labours under!  
' No, 'tis impossible! reason, honour,  
' and good-nature, forbid it! You will

' return, accept the pardon I shall with  
' joy bellow; and, in return, vouchsafe  
' me yours. Let not my hopes deceive  
' me; I am sure they will not, if you  
' will suffer yourself to reflect seriously  
' on the unhappy consequences that must  
' infallibly attend a separation from her  
' who ever has been, and desires to con-  
' tinue, with the greatest sincerity, your  
' most faithful, and most affectionate  
' wife,

' DEIDAMIA.'

This she communicated to *Eutracia*, who approved of the former part of it, but highly condemned the latter, as thinking it too submissive. *Deidamia*, however, was of a different opinion; and the footman coming in soon after to know her commands, she sealed it up, and put it into his hands to deliver to his master; bidding him say withal, that she was very much indisposed.

After he was gone, the ladies began to enter into some dispute concerning the authority of a husband, and the duty that was expected from a wife; but as I could promise myself no farther information by their discourse on this subject, and, besides, remembering that I had some business of my own to dispatch, I left the place that instant, not without an intention to return thither the next day. Accordingly I went in the morning, and found poor *Deidamia* almost drowned in tears, and walking backwards and forwards in one of her rooms in a distracted posture. The cause of these fresh agonies I easily perceived by a letter which lay open on the table; the contents whereof were as follow—

' MADAM,

' I Have been in some debate within  
' my mind, whether to answer your  
' epistle in the manner I now do, or not  
' to answer it at all, would be the most  
' effectual means to prevent your giv-  
' ing me or yourself any future trouble.  
' You find I have pursued the former of  
' these methods, and hope you will  
' have discretion enough not to involve  
' me in a second dilemma on this score.  
' Be assured, I did not resolve on a final  
' separation without having well weighed  
' the consequences attending it, and find  
' them such as can no way come in com-  
' petition with my peace of mind; with-  
' out which life would be a curse, my  
' bed a bed of thorns, my table a de-

' sart,

‘fart, my house a hell, and every friend  
‘that came to visit, a fury to torment  
‘me.

‘See the reverse your jealous folly  
‘has occasioned! tax me not, therefore,  
‘with ingratitude. A thousand times  
‘you have confessed you thought your-  
‘self as happy as a woman could be,  
‘and it is certain you were truly so.  
‘During the whole-course of the years  
‘we lived together, you never had the  
‘least shadow of a cause to complain of  
‘my want either of respect or tender-  
‘ness. If I indulged any pleasures  
‘which I imagined would give you dis-  
‘quiet, I took care to be very private  
‘in them. Why, then, did you suffer  
‘yourself to be led by an idle curiosity  
‘to pry into secrets which the discovery  
‘of must give you pain, and possibly  
‘prove the total destruction of that love  
‘which once you called your greatest  
‘blessing?

‘It is doubtless best for both of us,  
‘as you rightly enough observe, to for-  
‘get what is past; but am far from  
‘thinking it can be done by the way  
‘you mean. No, to forget can only  
‘be accomplished by avoiding each  
‘other’s presence, and ceasing all kind  
‘of communication between us. I shall  
‘therefore give orders to my servant to  
‘charge himself with no letter or mes-  
‘sage you may think fit to send; and  
‘desire you will assure yourself, that this  
‘is the very last you ever shall receive  
‘from me. Farewel. I wish you all  
‘happiness in any other sphere of life  
‘than that you lately lived in with

‘MEROVEUS.’

After having examined this epistle, I listened to what passed between Eutracia and Deidamia: but though I staid till my Tablets were crouded, I shall forbear inserting the particulars of these ladies discourse, for reasons which will be hereafter explained; and only say in general, that Eutracia would fain have spirited up her friend to resentment and disdain against a husband whom she thought so unworthy of her; that Deidamia’s love overcame her sex’s pride; and, in fine, that the one argued like a virgin, and the other like an affectionate wife. Whether Deidamia made any further attempts to move her obdurate husband to a reconciliation, I cannot be positive; but believe she did not, for

she retired soon after into the country, whence she is but lately returned; and, whatever her heart may endure, has very much regained her usual composure of countenance and behaviour.

## CHAP. VI.

IS SOMEWHAT MORE CONCISE THAN ORDINARY, BUT TO THE PURPOSE; AND WILL BE FOUND NOT THE LEAST WORTHY OF ANY IN THE BOOK OF BEING REGARDED WITH ATTENTION.

AS during the course of these lucubrations I have been extremely circumstantial in the reports I have made, the reader has a right to be surprized that I omitted the discourse between Deidamia and Eutracia; I shall, therefore, according to my promise, relate my motive for so doing, and flatter myself it is such as will render me perfectly excusable in this point. Much about the time of the adventure related in the two preceding chapters, I happened to be witness of a conversation which, though between different persons, and on a very different occasion, was still on the subject of marriage, the authority of a husband, and the submission expected from a wife; I left out the former, and made choice of the latter, as of the two the most interesting.

Two sisters, whose characters I present to the publick under the names of Flavia and Celemena, have both of them a tolerable share of beauty, but no other qualification, either natural or acquired, that could entitle them to the hope of an elevated station; yet, by the benevolent aspect of their happy planets, are they become the brides of Alcandor and Thelamont, persons distinguished in the world by their birth and fortune, and still more so by the greatness of their merit. These nuptials, so astonishing to the town, and which happened soon after one another, gave me a curiosity to discover, by the help of my Invisibility, in what fashion the ladies would behave themselves in a sphere of life so altogether new to them, and so little expected, even in their vainest wishes, ever to arrive at.

Flavia was the eldest, and it was to her I made my first visit. She was in her dressing-room, sitting at her toilet,

with



with her waiting-maid behind her, giving the finishing stroke to her head-tie. Thelamont was also there, and stood leaning his elbow on a bureau, with a good deal of dissatisfaction in his countenance; while she kept looking in the glass, and, without turning her head towards him, said—

*Flavia.* Pr'ythee, Thelamont, let us talk no more of this stuff; I am quite sick of it. I am certainly the best judge of these things, and it is in vain to persuade me, for I will not be contradicted.

*Thelamont.* You will not, then, oblige me?

*Flavia.* Positively no; not when you intermeddle in these affairs.

*Thelamont.* Well, then, Madam, I shall say no more; but must tell you, that I thought I had a right to expect this proof of your complaisance.

With these words he flung out of the room, and she said to herself—

*Flavia.* Pith! was there ever any thing so teasing! Men are mighty foolish sometimes.—Catharine, bring me my gauze handkerchief.

*Maid.* Oh, Ma'am, did not your ladyship say you would wear your new tippet to-day?

*Flavia.* Hah!—Yes—no—it will shew too much of my neck.

*Maid.* Oh, Ma'am, your ladyship cannot shew too much of so beautiful a part.

*Flavia.* That's true: but I scratched one of my breasts with a pin this morning.

*Maid.* Oh the ugly pin! I wish I knew which it was, that I might crook it quite double, and throw it in the fire.

Just as the maid had expressed her resentment against the weapon that had wounded her mistress, Celemena came into the room; and, after saluting her sister with a freedom suitable to the nearness of their blood and friendship, said to her—

*Celemena.* What is the matter, my dear sister? You do not look pleased to-day.

*Flavia.* Umph! No, not very well pleased; nor, indeed, much displeased.

*Celemena.* I met Thelamont going out as I came in. I thought he seemed more reserved than usual, and in a very ill humour.

*Flavia.* If he chuses to be so, it would be a pity any one should attempt to put him out of it.

*Celemena.* I hope no misunderstanding has happened between you?

*Flavia.* No, no, we understand one another pretty well. I understand that he would fain pretend to take upon him the government of my actions, and he understands that I will not let him do it; so we have exchanged a few words this morning, that's all.

*Celemena.* Have a care, sister; quarrels in the beginning of marriage promise but little felicity in the continuance of that state.

*Flavia.* That's true: but it is very provoking when a man will needs interfere in things he has no manner of concern with.

*Celemena.* Pray, what is the subject of your dispute, if it be not too great a secret?

*Flavia.* Why, you must know, he wants me to leave off putting any carmine upon my cheeks, calls it nasty daubing, and says I should be a thousand times handsomer without it.

*Celemena.* I can see nothing extraordinary in all this. There are many men who have an utter aversion to a woman's using any art to her complexion.

*Flavia.* They may cry out against it; but yet I am sure it is frequently owing to art that they fall so much in love with us. A little red upon the cheeks gives a sparkle to the eyes, and a lustre to the features, which otherwise would appear flat and languid. But they are so foolish as not to consider this; they like us as they see us altogether; and though they may be sensible we are painted, never once imagine it is to that necessary auxiliary to beauty that we are chiefly indebted for those charms which attract their admiration.

*Celemena.* Suppose it as you say, which, however, I am far from allowing to be always the case, Thelamont has now seen you such as Nature made you: the night wears off that borrowed lustre, and the morning shews you what you truly are; and if he approves of you in this light, I know of no other person whom you need be studious to please.

*Flavia.* I am of a quite different opinion. O the joy of being gazed at and followed by a whole crouded Mall!

*Celemena.* Perhaps to laugh: but if sincere, a very empty joy, and what a married woman ought not to be too ambitious of.

*Flavia.* So, then, you would have

me comply with my husband's request?

*Celemena.* Indeed I would advise you to it. I am sure, if Alcandor expressed a desire that I should cut off my hair, and never let it grow again, though it is the gift of Nature, and bestowed upon us as the greatest ornament of our sex, I would not hesitate one moment to oblige him.

*Flavia.* Then you are a fool.

*Celemena.* In this point I do not think I am: for besides that duty which the law exacts from every wife to her husband, there are other reasons which would oblige me to refuse nothing to Alcandor.

She accompanied these words with a very significant look; which Flavia observing, ordered her maid, who had been all this time in the room, to withdraw; and, as soon as she was gone, replied to what her sister had said in these terms—

*Flavia.* I know not what you would say; you would infer that, because Alcandor and Thelamont married us without fortunes, we are therefore bound to be their slaves.

*Celemena.* Not so: and I dare believe, that neither of them will ever require any submissions from us but such as, if we had always been their equals, would very well become us to grant.

*Flavia.* Laird! what a bubble you make about equals! Whatever we were before, marriage has made us now their equals; and, for my own part, I shall never submit to do any thing Thelamont requires of me, unless my own inclination happens to concur.

*Celemena.* Oh, sister, I am amazed to hear you talk in this manner! Have you been married but one month, and can already forget the unhappiness of our single state; our scanty and precarious dependance; the difficulties we found to supply ourselves with even the common necessities of life? We made, indeed, a kind of tawdry show when we appeared abroad; but how did we pinch for it at home! Is there no love, no gratitude, due from us to men who have raised us to opulence, grandeur, and respect!

*Flavia.* Pish! they married us to please themselves, not out of pity to us. But let us have no more of this dull stuff. You must go with me to Mrs. Rake-love's rout to-night; it is the first she

has had, and I promised her to bring all the company I could.

*Celemena.* Indeed you must excuse me.

*Flavia.* For what reason?

*Celemena.* Alcandor sups at home, and I cannot be abroad.

*Flavia.* Heavens! how strangely silly you are grown!—Alcandor sups at home! What then? he did not marry you to make you a cook! You do not dress his victuals?

*Celemena.* No; but he married me to make me a companion at his victuals: and while he continues to desire my presence, as I flatter myself he always will, I shall never form any pretences to be absent.

The face of Flavia grew more red than the carmine had made it, on finding in her sister sentiments so opposite to her own; but was prevented from making any answer by the entrance of a servant, who told her that some ladies were come to visit her; on which she went, accompanied by *Celemena*, into the dining-room, in order to receive them. Thus ended the conversation I mentioned; and by it the reader may judge which of these two sisters had the greatest share of prudence, best deserved her good fortune, and was most likely to enjoy a long continuance of it.

## CHAP. VII.

PRESENTS THE ACCOUNT OF AN INCIDENT WHICH CANNOT BUT BE DEEPLY AFFECTING TO THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES, AND NO LESS REMARKABLE IN IT'S SEVENTH THAN ANY THE AUTHOR'S INVISIBILITYSHIP EVER ENABLED HIM TO DISCOVER.

**A**MONG all the various deceptions which are carried on in this great world, I know of none more cruel, and more liable to be attended with the worst of consequences, than those practised in the affairs of love; yet it is a crime which passes with impunity, and is scarce censured by any but the persons injured by it, and their particular friends and confidants. Even the ladies, generally speaking, for there is no rule without exceptions, are to the friends of each other, that we may

find them taking up the quarrel of their sex in this point; on the contrary, they are apt to absolve the vow-breaker, and let the whole blame fall on the believer. A man who has triumphed over the credulity of an hundred women, sees himself not less respected; and sometimes the number of past conquests shall serve him as a recommendation, and be a means of his attaining new ones. Perjury is deemed but a venal transgression in this case; few think that oaths and imprecations, when dictated by the heart of an amorous inclination, though formed in the most binding terms, and uttered in the most solemn manner, are ever registered in heaven.

This vice, as I must take the liberty to call it, is not, however, wholly confined to the male sex; I am sorry to observe, that those of the other, either through pride, vanity, or an inconsistency of nature, are sometimes found guilty of deluding their lovers with fallacious expectations. I hope also to be forgiven by the more discreet part of womankind, when I say that a propensity to such a behaviour is yet less excusable in them than in the men; as a perfect innocence, a sweetness of disposition, and a simplicity of manners, are, or ought to be, the distinguishing characteristics of the fair-sex.

A young lady, to whom I shall give the name of Syrenia, was endowed by nature with every requisite to command love and admiration; she had fine eyes, a regular set of features, fine hair, and a most delicate complexion; was tall, well-shaped, and had somewhat peculiarly attractive in her air. Fortune had not been altogether so propitious to her; through the extravagancies of her parents, she was left in possession of a very moderate fortune: it was, however, entirely at her own disposal, and sufficient, with the good oeconomy she was mistress of, to support her in a very genteel, though not a grand way of life.

Proposals of marriage had often been made to her by several eminent and wealthy citizens; but she rejected them all; and despised the thoughts not only of a shop, but also of all other callings and occupations whatever. Ambition was the predominant passion of her soul; and she had vanity enough to think that her birth, her person, and accomplishments, were such as might very well

compensate for the smallness of her fortune, and entitle her to higher expectations.

She had lived till the age of twenty-three without having any offer of the kind she hoped; but about the expiration of that æra, a young gentleman, named Rossano, happening to see her at the house of a relation whom he visited became violently in love with her; and soon after finding means to get himself introduced, made a declaration of his passion; to which, knowing what and who he was, she gave all the encouragement he could wish, or that was befitting the character of a modest woman. It would, indeed, have been much to be wondered at, if the addresses of Rossano had not been acceptable to her: he is descended from a very ancient and worthy family; has an estate of eight hundred pounds per annum, entirely free from any incumbrance, either mortgage, dowry, or portions to be paid out of it; his person and behaviour are extremely agreeable; and, to add to all, this, has deservedly the reputation of a man of strict honour, and more sobriety than could be expected from his years and the dissoluteness of the present times.

The sincerity and warmth of his affection making him very strenuous in his pressures, and the advantages she found in a match with him rendering her complying, they were beginning to talk of ordering articles for their marriage to be drawn up; when an unexpected accident, relating to his estate, obliged him to go immediately into the country. Though he proposed to stay but a short time, yet he could not think of being deprived of the sight of his beloved Syrenia, even for a few weeks, without an infinity of grief. She testified little less regret for this enforced separation: their parting was extremely moving; each seemed to endeavour to outvie the other in expressions of tenderness; and the only consolation he had was, the repeated assurances she gave him, that wherever he went he carried her heart along with him.

It is highly probable, that the affection she professed for him was at that time perfectly sincere, and that she looked upon the accident which delayed the celebration of their nuptials as no inconsiderable misfortune to her; but whatever chagrin she might feel at first on this account, it was very soon dissipated,



pared, and gave way to ideas of a far different nature. The motive which brought about so sudden and so extraordinary a change in her sentiments, I shall relate, as I was afterwards fully informed of it by the several conversations I was present at by the help of my Invisibility.

She was one morning in the Park with a lady of her acquaintance called Delia, where they were met and joined by a young officer, brother to Delia, and a gentleman who was with him, and equally a stranger to both the ladies, but behaved towards them with the greatest respect and politeness. They walked two or three turns up and down the Mall; after which the gentlemen took their leave, and Syrenia and Delia went to their respective habitations, without thinking any more of what had passed. Little, indeed, could either of them apprehend the consequences of this adventure: but the next day, early in the forenoon, Syrenia was surprized with a visit from Delia; who came running into her apartment without any ceremony, crying out as she entered—

*Delia.* Joy to you, my dear! I come to with you joy!

*Syrenia.* Of what? for I see no other subject of joy than what I always feel on seeing you.

*Delia.* Me! No, no; a thousand such as me are quite out of the question; but I have the pleasure to congratulate you on the greatest conquest your beauty ever made, or perhaps ever can make!

*Syrenia.* You are got into a vein of railery this morning.

*Delia.* No, upon my honour I never was more serious. Do you not remember the fine gentleman that was with my brother yesterday in the Mall?

*Syrenia.* Yes; you know they joined company with us.

*Delia.* His name is Leontine; he is the eldest son of his father, and heir apparent to three thousand pounds a year. You saw his person; for my part, I think nothing can be more agreeable: and my brother tells me he is the most accomplished man he ever knew.

*Syrenia.* Well, and what is all this to me?

*Delia.* It is all to you. It seems he saw you last Sunday at Westminster Abbey, fell violently in love with you, and would have followed to have seen where you lived, but was prevented by

some gentlemen of his acquaintance, who that instant laid hold of him, and forced him along with them.

*Syrenia.* 'Tis possible such a one might be there; but I did not take notice of him.

*Delia.* That may be; but he took so much of you, as not to be able to sleep ever since.

*Syrenia.* Very romantick, truly! But, pray, how came you so well acquainted with the secrets of his heart, who yesterday seemed an utter stranger to his person?

*Delia.* I will tell you the whole affair, as my brother last night came and informed me of it. After they had left us, they went and dined together at a tavern. Leontine asked a thousand questions concerning your family, your fortune, and your character; all which, you may be sure, were answered not to your disadvantage. He then made my brother the confidant of the passion you had inspired him with, and intreated him to use his interest with me, as he found I was pretty intimate with you, to engage me to introduce him to you, which I have faithfully promised to do.

*Syrenia.* What! without my consent?

*Delia.* I hoped to be forgiven. Such an offer, my dear, is not to be rejected.

*Syrenia.* It is much beyond my expectations, I must confess; but the disparity between our fortunes is too great.

*Delia.* If he thinks your person an equivalent, it is not your business to make objections.

*Syrenia.* That is true: and if I could flatter myself he were really sincere— But I will consider of it.

*Delia.* It will be time enough for you to consider, when you have heard what he has to say; for I have promised to bring you together this evening.

*Syrenia.* This evening! As how?

*Delia.* As thus: I invite you to sup with me to-night; my brother and Leontine shall come in, as if by accident. Neither your pride nor your modesty has any thing to scruple; for I assure you I will not let even my brother know that I have previously acquainted you with any thing of the matter.

*Syrenia.* Well, on that condition I will come.

*Delia.* Indeed, my dear, I should think you very much to blame to turn your back on a prospect so highly advantageous;

advantageous; for though you are well born, well-accomplished, are handsome, and have some fortune of your own, yet the three first of these as men now think of marriage, weigh but lightly against what they call the incumbrance of a wife; and as to the latter, you know it will not entitle you to a coach and six.

*Syrenia.* The justice of what you say cannot be denied; but I would do nothing that should occasion my character being called in question, nor would seem too forward, though to promote the highest expectations: therefore, my dear Delia, remember I depend on your prudence.

*Delia.* In this you safely may. I know too well what is owing to my sex, and the cruel aspersions men are apt to throw on our most innocent freedoms, not to be extremely cautious in avoiding giving the least room for censure.

*Syrenia.* Indeed, my dear, my observation on your own conduct ought to put to silence all my doubts on that score; and, whatever is the event of this affair, I shall always gratefully acknowledge your good wishes towards me.

*Delia.* If it succeeds, I shall be a sharer in your good fortune; as nothing gives me a more sensible satisfaction, than to have it in my power to contribute to the happiness of my friends. But I must leave you: I promised to let my brother know whether you could come or not, that he may apprize Leontine of it.

The good-natured Delia, who did not know how far Syrenia had gone with Rossano, went away in speaking these words: but I could easily perceive, by the glow on Syrenia's cheeks, how much she was transported with the purpose of her visit; and was yet more confirmed of her being so, by some disjointed soliloquies she uttered when she thought there was no witness of what she said. 'Three thousand pounds a year, and so fine a gentleman as Leontine! so handsome, so polite, so every thing that is agreeable! If he is as sincere as Delia imagines him to be, I shall have cause to bless the hour I went to Westminster Abbey; or rather, that which carried me to the Park yesterday; without which, he might never have known who I was, or where to find me, and should have lost all the advantage my good stars seem to have decreed for me.'

Here she ceased to speak, other sort of emotions rising in her mind; to which she gave a loose in this exclamation—

'It was an unlucky thing I went so far with Rossano. The poor man loves me to distraction: he will certainly break his heart when he finds I have forsaken him; and, it may be, reproach me as the occasion of his death.'

On this her countenance seemed a little disconcerted, but it soon wore off; and, after a short pause, she went on thus—'I am glad, however, that no contract has passed between us. The encouragement I gave his passion, and the verbal promises I made him, need be no impediment to my accepting a better offer. It will be prudence in me, however, not to throw him off, nor give him any room to suspect I have less affection for him than I had, till I am well assured that Leontine is in earnest.'

This was enough to shew me the principle and disposition of Syrenia; both which, indeed, were so little pleasing to me, that I had not patience to stay with her any longer, but quitted her apartment with a contempt which, could she have been sensible of, would no doubt have given her some mortification.

I made one of the company that night at Delia's, however; but as it could not be expected that in a meeting which was to pass for casual there should be any conversation except on general topics, I reaped no other benefit by being present, than to be convinced that Leontine, by the glances he took every opportunity of casting at Syrenia, was indeed very much enamoured, and that she spared no pains to make him more so. The next day he went with the brother of Delia to visit her, and the succeeding one took the liberty of going thither alone, and made a declaration of his passion; which she, having well prepared herself with answers, received in such a manner, as neither to reject, nor with too much readiness encourage.

The ice once broke, he prosecuted his addresses with so much vigour and assiduity, that she thought it would be no breach of modesty to give him room to hope he was not altogether indifferent to her: by degrees, therefore, she became more kind on every visit he made; but did it with caution and reserve, neither by her looks or words forfeiting that

that character of discretion she so much valued herself upon; dropping only some hints, as if forced from her from a fund of tenderness within, which she would fain endeavour to conceal, but had not the power of doing it. Thus artful in appearing artless, Leontine, though a man of very good sense and penetration, never once suspected she was any other than such as she affected to be, plain, simple, generous, and incapable of disguising her sentiments.

It is certain, indeed, that her natural cunning was greatly assisted how to proceed on this occasion by the intelligence she daily received from Delia, to whose brother Leontine made no scruple of disburdening all that passed in his heart in relation to his passion for Syrenia. From this faithful friend she learned, that though it was not to be doubted but that Leontine was as much in love with her as man could be, yet the great respect and reverence he had for his father would not permit him to think of venturing on a thing of so much consequence as marriage, without having first obtained his consent and approbation of the woman he made choice of for a wife; and that, to this end, he had already sent two letters to his father, who lived entirely in the country; but the answers he received not being quite so satisfactory as he wished, he had wrote a third, dictated in the most passionate and pressing terms.

She could not avoid being under some very uneasy apprehensions on the score of this old gentleman, and also feared that the passion Leontine was inspired with might not of itself be strong enough to get the better of that obedience owing from him to a father's will; she therefore wished to interest his good-nature and generosity in her favour, and judged that the surest way to secure his affection was to make him a confidant of her's. But the means of accomplishing this was a difficulty she knew not presently how to get over. To confess by word of mouth she loved him, seemed too great a breach of modesty, especially as his courtship to her had not yet been of any long continuance; and to get him informed of it by Delia she thought would be the same thing, as he would doubtless imagine it was not done without her privacy and consent; besides, she knew not whether that lady would approve of such

a step. Being one day desired by him to favour him with a tune on her spinnet, she entertained him with an air out of the opera of *Artinoe*, the first in the Italian taste ever exhibited on the English stage, and, in my opinion, has been exceeded by none that have come after it. The words she sung to her instrument were these—

- ‘ Wanton zephyrs, softly blowing,
- ‘ Watching, catching, whispering, going,
- ‘ Bear in sighs my soul away :
- ‘ Tell Ormondo what I feel,
- ‘ Tell him how his chains I wear,
- ‘ Tell him all my grief and care;
- ‘ Gently stealing,
- ‘ And revealing,
- ‘ More of love than I can say.’

But though Leontine extolled both the musick and the voice which gave it utterance, yet he shew'd no indication of imagining she had any design of flattering his passion in the choice she made of this song. This making her perceive she must be more explicit, her fertile invention soon presented her with a stratagem, which pleasing her fancy at the same time that it promised the success she aimed at, she put into immediate execution. It was this—Having a natural talent for poetry, she sat down at her escritoire, took pen, ink, and paper, and, without being at the pains of much study, wrote the following lines—

‘ THE BREATHINGS OF A LOVE-  
‘ SICK HEART.

- ‘ Wit, manly beauty, every grace combine,
- ‘ To deck the youth I love with charms  
‘ divine.
- ‘ But, ah! my too uncautious heart take  
‘ heed,
- ‘ Nor with gay hopes the growing passion  
‘ feed.
- ‘ Wealth’s the chief idol that mankind  
‘ adore,
- ‘ The sovereign power they all fall down  
‘ before;
- ‘ My niggard fortune does that charm deny,
- ‘ And love alone will not it’s wants supply:
- ‘ Let me then guard each avenue to my  
‘ breast,
- ‘ And bar all entrance to this dangerous  
‘ guest;
- ‘ Left, by indulging the presumptuous flame,
- ‘ I fall the victim of despair and shame:
- ‘ But, oh! ’tis vain!—the god of love con-  
‘ spires

‘ To



- ' To aid my Leontine with all his fires;
- ' Speaks in his voice, and sparkles in his eyes;
- ' And what he sweetly forces, justifies.
- ' 'Tis sure determin'd in the book of fate;
- ' I must adore, ev'n though he proves ungrate.'

This paper, which she wanted him to believe was a sincere confession of the whole secret of her soul, she contrived should fall into his hands in such a manner as should have too much the appearance of chance to be liable to any suspicion of design. At his next visit, her maid being well instructed by her how to act, ran hastily into the room, and told her that the man whom she had ordered to come for his money was below. Syrenia affected not to understand what she meant, and cried—

*Syrenia.* What man? What money?

*Maid.* Mr. Shapely, Madam, your staymaker.

*Syrenia.* Oh, now I remember I did bid him come for his money. He takes a strange unreasonable time. People should always come in a morning on these affairs. However, I'll see if I can find his bill; and do you carry a pen and ink into the parlour, that he may write me a receipt on the back of it.

On this the maid withdrew, and Syrenia opened a little desk that stood in the dining-room, and beginning to tumble over some writings she had there, as in search of the pretended bill, dexterously slipped from among the rest the paper which contained the above recited verses, and let it fall to the ground without seeming to observe that any thing was dropped; then saying she had found what she had looked for, shut up the desk in a great hurry, begged Leontine would excuse her absence for a few moments, and went down stairs. She was no sooner gone, than Leontine, happening to cast his eyes that way, saw the paper, and took it up, as I suppose with no other intention than to deliver it to Syrenia when she should return; but it being purposely folded in such a manner that part of the writing appeared on the outside, he must have been strangely incurious indeed, if seeing it a poem, and wrote in his mistress's hand, he had forbore examining it. Never was any transport more visible than in the countenance of

Leontine while reading these delusive flanzas: his look put me in mind of the poet's words—

- ' Kindness has resistless charms,
- ' All things else but faintly warms;
- ' It gilds the lover's servile chain,
- ' And makes the slave grow pleas'd and vain.'

Though, by the particulars I have been repeating, the reader will easily suppose I was both an eye and an ear witness of them, yet it is utterly impossible for me to describe either the looks or attitude of the one or the other, in the joyous surprize of finding himself, as he imagined, thus extremely dear to the only woman to whom he wished to be so. She took care to stay so long below, as to give him time to read over, more than once, what she intended for his perusal. It was still in his hands when she returned; but she seemed to take no notice of it, and was beginning to apologize for her absence, by laying the blame on the impertinence of her staymaker; but Leontine, with a gesture full of rapture, interrupted her, saying—

*Leontine.* O, Madam, you must allow me to become an advocate for this honest tradesman, since by his fortunate detaining you I am made the happiest of mankind.

To this Syrenia, affecting not to comprehend the meaning of what he said, replied with a smile—

*Syrenia.* What riddle is this you are about to pose me with? I am the dumbest creature in the world at giving a solution to these things.

*Leontine.* This paper, Madam, waisted to me by the god of love's own hand, has given me the wished-for opportunity of proving myself less unworthy of the blessing I aspire to, than your doubts suggest. No, my charming Syrenia, not all the treasures in the world could add one ray of lustre to the graces of your mind and person; 'tis those alone I covet to enjoy, and in possessing them shall be more rich than in possessing both the Indies.

While he was thus speaking, Syrenia cast her eyes upon the paper, and blushed excessively; partly, perhaps, through shame, but more through the pleasure which diffused itself through all her veins on perceiving, by the behaviour of Leontine,

ontine, how well the success of her plot had answered to the intention of it. The well-dissembled confusion she was in was an excuse for her not speaking; and Leontine went on to assure her, in the most tender terms, that no consideration whatever should have the power to oblige him to withdraw that firm affection he now vowed to her; and that he hoped a very little time would put a final period to all her apprehensions on that score. What farther conversation passed between them at this time I shall forbear to repeat, as it may be easily guessed at; and proceed to the conduct of Syrenia in regard to her other lover, who the reader may think I have too long neglected.

The business which called Rossano into the country detained him there much longer than he had expected; and an unlucky fall from his horse, the very day before he intended to set out for London, occasioned a second delay to his journey. This absence of his gave Syrenia a full opportunity of entertaining her new lover, though she received every post a letter from the former, all which she did not fail to answer with that tenderness which might be expected from a woman who had promised to be his wife; still keeping close to her first maxim, not to give any umbrage to the one, till she was perfectly secure of the other. All impediments, however, being at last removed, that gentleman arrived in town on the same day that Syrenia and Leontine were engaged in the manner above recited. His impatience to see his beloved mistress carried him immediately to her lodgings: he came while his rival was with her; but her maid, well knowing how improper it was that they should meet, told him her lady was abroad; on which he went away, saying he would return in the evening, as he knew she was not accustomed to stay late from home.

He was doubtless much disappointed, but not at all suspicious of the cause; till having crossed the street, he happened to cast his eyes back upon the house, either by chance, or possibly through fondness of the place which contained the idol of his wishes. Syrenia was sitting in the window, and Leontine very near to her. Rossano had a full view of both; but Syrenia was too earnest in discourse to observe him, though he stood motionless on the spot where he was for some minutes. It seemed not

strange to him that a gentleman should be with her, though he could find no way to account why he should be denied access to her but one, which stung him to the soul. He was more than once tempted by his jealousy, as I afterwards discovered, to return, and demand of the maid a reason for his having been refused admittance; but second thoughts prevailed, and he went home, to deliberate how it would best become him to behave in such a circumstance.

Leontine staid supper; and Syrenia stepping out of the room to give some necessary orders to her maid, was informed by her that Rossano had been there, and the message he had left. This greatly disconcerted her; but, after a little pause, she recovered herself enough to give these directions—'This is very unlucky! Leontine will probably stay late: you must therefore tell Rossano that I am not yet come home, and that you believe I am gone to the play.' The maid punctually obeying these directions, Rossano only replied that, since it had happened so, he would do himself the honour to breakfast with her lady the next morning; and then departed, seemingly well satisfied. But though he forbore giving any indications of his jealousy to this girl, he doubted not but that the second repulse was owing to the same motive the first had been. Resolving, however, to be more fully convinced, he posted his servant, whom he had brought with him for that purpose, under a lamp a few doors from the house where Syrenia lodged, charging him to observe carefully who came in or out; and if he saw a gentleman in black velvet and a bag wig, to follow him wherever he went, find out his name if possible, and bring him an exact account.

Leontine was so much charmed with the discovery he had made of Syrenia's affection, that he quitted her apartment not till the night was far advanced. Rossano's servant, however, kept close to his stand, till a chair being called, he saw the gentleman his master had described go into it. He followed; and as soon as Leontine had entered the house where he lodged, and the door was shut, asked the chairmen if they knew the gentleman they had carried; but they answering in the negative, and he seeing no house open where he might enquire, could learn nothing farther that night; but early the next morning he went again,

again, and had the address to find out all the particulars that could be expected from him.

Rossano was now assured not only that he had a rival, but also a rival highly favoured by his mistress. The distraction he was in may easily be conceived; but he dissembled it on his first approach to Syrenia, whom he did not fail to visit the next morning, as he had told her maid. Syrenia, before she was informed of it, knowing very well, that missing seeing her that night, he would not let another day pass over without coming, had the artifice to tell Leontine she was obliged to go some few miles out of town to see a relation who she heard was dangerously ill.

I am not a person who live without having some business in the world, yet there are few things of consequence enough to me to have detained me from being a witness of what passed in this interview between Rossano and Syrenia, and shall present my readers with it as recorded in my faithful Tablets. Syrenia no sooner heard he was there, than she ran to the top of the stair-case to receive him, and with the greatest shew of tenderness saluted him in these terms—

*Syrenia.* My dear Rossano, how grieved have I been for losing the sight of you last night, after having been so long an age of time deprived of it!

*Rossano.* The misfortune, Madam, was wholly mine; for while I moaned your absence, you doubtless found something to amuse and entertain you. I heard you were at the play.

*Syrenia.* I was so: but what could I find there to compensate for the satisfaction I missed by being so unluckily from home!

*Rossano.* Were you at Covent Garden?

*Syrenia.* No, at Drury Lane. But why do you ask?

*Rossano.* Only for a foolish fancy.

*Syrenia.* Nay, I may answer myself that question. I will lay my life you went in search of me. But I chose to go in a dishabille, and sat on the back bench in Burton's box; so it was impossible for you to see me.

*Rossano.* Not so impossible as you imagine, Madam. But I had no need to go to either of the theatres; the object I so much languished to behold presented itself to me without my taking any pains.

These words occasioned a visible change in her countenance; she blushed excessively, cast her eyes upon the ground, and had not power to lift them up while she said only—

*Syrenia.* What is it you mean?

*Rossano.* There needs no explanation: the disorder you in vain endeavour to conceal, shews but too much how well you are acquainted with my meaning. Ah, Syrenia, Syrenia! how did I once flatter myself with an assurance that your heart was mine, inviolably mine; but now I find my absence has been fatal to me!

*Syrenia.* Forbear to talk thus. These suspicions are unjust to me, and cruel to yourself.

*Rossano.* Why, then, was I last night turned from your door? Why twice repulsed, while my more happy rival was allowed the privilege of entertaining you till midnight?

*Syrenia.* Who tells you this?

*Rossano.* My own eyes, Madam, were my first intelligencers. I saw you at that window; saw also your new favourite; and easily judged, by both your attitudes, what was the subject of your conversation. As to the rest, I was informed of it by means to which I afterwards had recourse.

The false Syrenia was now absolutely confounded. There was no giving the lye to ocular demonstration as to the first part of Rossano's charge against her; but she endeavoured to avoid the latter, by saying—

*Syrenia.* Well, Sir, I own I was at home, and had ordered myself to be denied; but expected not your coming, or knew you had been here till after you were gone. As for the gentleman you saw with me, 'tis your own jealous fancy alone that makes you regard him in the light of a lover.

*Rossano.* I grant you did not expect me; but as your servant is no stranger to the footing we are upon, she would certainly have looked on me as an exception to the general order you had given, if she had not known I was no proper person to join in the company you had above: besides, you cannot plead ignorance of my second visit, yet I was again turned back.

*Syrenia.* You wrong me: I protest I never heard of your being here till I was going to bed. Think no more, therefore, of such idle stuff: this is not



discourse for two people who love, and have so long been absent from each other.

*Rossano.* Ah, Syrenia! I wish the treatment I have received would allow me to entertain you with any other. There was a time when I could be as gay, perhaps, as he who now supplants me in your esteem.

*Syrenia.* Still harping on the same string? Remember what the poet says—

‘ No signs of love in jealous men remains,  
‘ But that which sick men have of life, their  
‘ pains.’

She had just done repeating these lines, when the tea-equipage was brought in for breakfast; and *Rossano*, who I could perceive by his countenance was little pleased with the trifling answers she had made to his reproaches, rose up to take his leave; on which she suddenly caught hold of his hand, and, with a well-counterfeited tenderness in her voice and eyes, said to him—

*Syrenia.* You will not go and leave me in this humour?

*Rossano.* Indeed I must. I have this moment thought of a business that requires immediate dispatch.

*Syrenia.* Shall I then see you in the afternoon?

*Rossano.* I cannot promise.

He was half way down stairs while speaking these last words; and though she followed him two or three steps, and called to him to stay, he turned not, nor even looked back upon her, but went hastily out of the house. I was resolved to see what was his intent, and accompanied him to the house of that kinswoman where he had first seen *Syrenia*. He was beginning to tell her what cause of complaint he had against that lady, but she stopped his mouth, by saying that she was already acquainted with every thing he had to relate; and then proceeded to inform him, that having a friend who lived opposite to *Syrenia*, she had learned that she entertained a new lover, who visited her almost every day, and that the neighbourhood believed it would very shortly be a match. *Rossano* went from this relation to his own lodgings; where, having vented some part of his rage in exclamations on the levity and ingratitude of womankind, he sat down and wrote the following lines to *Leontine*—

‘ SIR,  
‘ YOU have endeavoured to supplant  
‘ me in the affection of the wo-  
‘ man I loved, and am engaged to  
‘ marry; I need not tell you I mean  
‘ *Syrenia*. I expect, therefore, you  
‘ will either resign all pretensions to her  
‘ under your own hand, or give such sa-  
‘ tisfaction as one gentleman has a right  
‘ to demand from another in these cases.  
‘ I shall attend you behind *Montague*  
‘ House at eight to-morrow morning;  
‘ till when, yours,

‘ ROSSANO.’

This he sent immediately to *Leontine*; who happening to be at home, returned an answer by the bearer in these terms—

‘ SIR,  
‘ I own myself a lover of *Syrenia*, but  
‘ I know nothing of your courtship  
‘ to her, nor will believe she is under  
‘ any engagement of the nature you  
‘ mention, either to you or any other  
‘ man; and shall be so far from resign-  
‘ ing my pretensions, that I will defend  
‘ them to the last moment of my life:  
‘ you may therefore rely on my meeting  
‘ you at the time and place appointed.  
‘ Yours,

‘ LEONTINE.’

*Rossano* had scarce finished reading this billet, when a porter brought him a letter from *Syrenia*, the contents whereof were these—

‘ MY VERY DEAR ROSSANO,  
‘ YOUR behaviour this morning has  
‘ thrown me into disquiets which  
‘ might excite compassion in a heart less  
‘ devoted to me than I flattered myself  
‘ yours was. I thought the love be-  
‘ tween us was established on a more so-  
‘ lid basis, than to be shook by every puff  
‘ of jealous caprice; I doubt not but to  
‘ convince you that yours is no other.  
‘ If this is so lucky as to find you at  
‘ home, or you receive it time enough, I  
‘ beg to see you this evening; for I can-  
‘ not bear you should pass another night  
‘ in such cruel suspicions of your faith-  
‘ fully affectionate

‘ SYRENIA.’

I perceived he was in some dilemma on reading this billet; he paused awhile, then said—‘ My compliments to the la-  
‘ dy, and——’ Then paused again; at  
last

last cried—‘ Tell her I am engaged this day, but will wait on her to-morrow.’

Various reflections seemed now rolling in the mind of this much-abused lover; but I left him in them, and contented myself with going the next morning to the field of battle, in order to see how the combatants would behave. They were both so punctual to the time, that it is hard to say which of them was first within the lists. *Rossano*, however, having some idea of *Leontine*, as he had seen him through *Syrenia*’s window, advanced towards him, and said—

*Rossano*. I guess, Sir, you are the gentleman I invited hither.

*Leontine*. You are not deceived, Sir, if your name be *Rossano*.

*Rossano*. The same, Sir.

*Leontine*. Mine, then, is *Leontine*; and you find me ready to maintain my pretensions to the fair *Syrenia*.

*Rossano*. And I to assert that right which a long series of encouraged courtship and mutual vows has given me.

*Leontine*. This, then, is the way we must dispute the prize.

Both their swords were already drawn; and *Rossano*, either through superior skill or better fortune, gave his antagonist a slight wound in the side on the first pass, and on the second a much deeper on the right-arm; which occasioning a great effusion of blood, he was obliged to drop his sword; on which the other, imagining the mischief to be greater than it really proved, stepped hastily towards him, with these words—‘ Sir, though I might expect the justice of my cause would give me some advantage over you, I should be extremely sorry to find it attended with any bad effects; I beg, therefore, as there are scarce any chairs abroad so early, you will give me leave to support you to my lodgings, which are very near, and where you may have immediate assistance.’

*Leontine* accepted the offer. A surgeon was immediately called, and his cloaths stripped off in order to have his wounds examined: that on his side was not at all deep; and that on his arm happening not to be near any tendon, required little more than a tight bandage for its cure. He was advised, however, to drink some mulled wine, and then endeavour to compose himself to sleep for a few hours. *Rossano*, with a great deal of humanity and politeness, took

care to see this injunction performed; and, on *Leontine*’s requesting it, sent to his lodging for fresh cloaths and linen for him to put on when he should awake.

As *Rossano* was retiring, to leave his guest to that repose which was thought needful for him, he saw a paper lying on the floor, which he took up, not knowing but it was something belonging to himself; but how great was his amazement when he found what it contained, this being the very verses *Syrenia* had wrote on *Leontine*, and had fortuitously been shook out of that gentleman’s pocket as his cloaths were hastily thrown to the other side of the room. Till now, the love he had bore *Syrenia* kept him from entertaining any worse opinion of her conduct, than that it was the vanity incident to her sex, which alone had made her encourage the addresses of *Leontine*; but this plain proof of her inconstancy gave a sudden turn to his sentiments, and changed at once all the tenderness he ever had for her into contempt and hatred. *Leontine* also had some uneasy thoughts on the score of *Syrenia*; *Rossano* seemed to him to be a man of too much honour to assert a falsehood; and began to fear that himself had been deceived in his opinion of that lady’s sincerity. Being less inclined to sleep than to be satisfied in this point, he rung a bell which hung by the bedside; on which *Rossano*, who was no farther than the next room, went in, and asked how he did; to which he replied—

*Leontine*. So well, that I think I need lie here no longer than till my man brings me some clean apparel, that I may rise with decency. In the mean time, Sir, should take it as a favour you would let me know how far I have been guilty of injustice to you in regard of *Syrenia*. In your billet to me, you mention an engagement: if it be so, I was perfectly ignorant of it, and, at that time, imagined I had strong reasons for disbelieving it; otherwile, I do assure you, Sir, not all my passion for that lady should have made me attempt to disunite your loves.

*Rossano*. Though it may seem ungenerous to boast a lady’s favours, as I have no other way to justify my rash proceedings towards you, be pleased to read that letter.

In speaking this, he presented to *Leontine* the letter he had received from *Syrenia*.

renia the day before; which that gentleman had no sooner looked over, than he cried out, with the greatest surprize—

*Leontine.* Good Heaven! Why this was dated but yesterday!

*Rossano.* Yes, Sir; and wrote on account of my testifying some jealousy on your being with her the evening before. But I have now done with that idle passion, and can now resign my claim with as much calmness as I would lately have maintained it with eagerness.

*Leontine.* Is it possible you can be in earnest!

*Rossano.* Were Syrenia more beautiful than she is, the enjoyment of her person, without her heart, could give me no happiness; and had this paper, which accidentally fell from your pocket in the hurry this morning, happened sooner into my hands, I should not have proceeded as I have done.

In speaking this, he gave Leontine the paper he had taken up: the other immediately saw what it was; and, receiving it with a smile, made this reply—‘I thank you, Sir; but I assure you I am not at all vain of these verses, as they serve only to prove that the lady was willing to be double armed; and in case one lover should fail, to be provided with another.’

After this they began to enter into a very free discussion on the conduct of Syrenia towards them both; and there now appeared so much deceit, mean artifice, ingratitude, and perfidy, as well to the one as the other, that it is hard to say which of them entertained the most despicable notions of her: in fine, they agreed to resent the impositions she had practised on them in such a manner as some of my fair readers, how greatly soever they may condemn Syrenia, will not, perhaps, easily absolve them for.

The servant of Leontine being arrived with the things his master had ordered to be brought, that gentleman rose, and got himself dressed; and Rossano in the mean time employed himself in gathering up all the letters he had received from Syrenia, and made them up in a large packet, and wrote on the cover—

‘Amorous billets from a lady of a very extraordinary character.’

They went in two chairs to the house

where Syrenia lodged; and the door being opened, rushed up stairs without any ceremony, and even into the dining-room where she was sitting. Leontine was the first that entered: she rose to receive him; but seeing his arm in a scarf, cried out—

*Syrenia.* Oh, Sir! what accident has befallen you?

*Leontine.* No unlucky one, Madam. I have indeed received two slight wounds on your account; but I bless the hand that gave them, since they have been the means of curing one of a more dangerous nature in my heart.

She had no time to ask what he meant by these words; Rossano was now in the room, and rejoined to what the other had said in this manner—

*Rossano.* My heart is also in a pretty good condition too; for though I have lost a mistress, I have gained a friend, from whom I have reason to hope more sincerity. You see, Madam, two persons together, whom doubtless you wished to keep separate, while we had separate interests: but we have now agreed; and as we lately joined to persecute you with our addreses, now join in the resolution of troubling you no more.

*Leontine.* I have nothing to add, Madam, to what my friend has delivered, but to restore this paper; which can be of no use to me, and may be of some to you; as, change but the name, the picture may suit some happier man.

*Rossano.* And I return those letters you have from time to time favoured me with.

He then laid down the packet, at the same time Leontine did the verses, upon a table. Syrenia was all this while immovable as a statue: she had found, from their first entrance, that they had compared notes; that she was exposed, her arts laid open, and her hopes irrecoverably lost with both. Fain would she have spoke, but had not power; and all she could utter at last was—

*Syrenia.* Mighty well!—So, then, I am to be insulted?

*Rossano.* No, Madam, your birth and beauty are your protection; and had your mind been equal to either, neither of us, I believe, would have broke his chain, or even wished to regain that liberty







*R. Smirke, del.*

*W. H. W. sculp.*

liberty we now have so much cause to triumph in.

*Leontine.* Come, Sir, you see the lady is disconcerted: let us leave her to meditate on this adventure; it may be of service in some future one.

*Rossano.* With all my heart.—A good husband to you, Madam.

*Leontine.* I join in the same wish.

—Your servant, Madam.

They departed with these words, and I staid not long after them; the sight of Syrenia's despair, how justly soever she had brought it on herself, giving more pain than satisfaction.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.





THE  
INVISIBLE SPY.

BOOK VIII.

CHAP. I.

CONTAINS A VERY BRIEF DETAIL  
OF SUCH OCCURRENCES AS PRE-  
SENTED THEMSELVES TO THE  
AUTHOR'S OBSERVATION IN AN  
EVENING'S INVISIBLE RAMBLE  
THROUGH SEVERAL PARTS OF  
THIS METROPOLIS.



It has often been a matter of  
very great concern to me,  
and I believe must be the  
same to every thinking  
mind, to see how some peo-  
ple are continually hurried

and busied about mere trifles, of no  
manner of consequence to themselves,  
or scarce to any body else; while all the  
duties of religion, all the regard for the  
welfare of their most particular friends, all  
love of country, and even the dearest in-  
terests of their own families, are totally  
neglected. What judgment can we  
form of a person of this cast, but that he  
has a vacuum in his head ready to be  
filled up with the first toy that presents  
itself; and not being endowed with a  
strength of reason sufficient to direct his  
choice, suffers himself to be engrossed  
by such things as he finds make most  
noise in the world, not such as have

most relation to his own affairs, either as  
to fortune or reputation?

Can there be a sight more farcical  
than for a man who, without any peti-  
tion to prefer, or suit to solicit; in fine,  
without any call or business whatsoever,  
is continually cringing at the levee of a  
minister of state; and, when the compli-  
ments are paid, and the circle is dis-  
missed, runs through the whole round of  
his acquaintance, reporting where he  
has been and what he has seen, saga-  
ciously remarking on every nod, wink,  
or smile, of the great man, and finding  
mystery even in the tye of his wig, or the  
loose or strait buttoning his coat?

Another, whose affairs at home per-  
haps are involved in the utmost per-  
plexities, shall pass the best part of his  
time among the jobbers in 'Change Al-  
ley, go from coffee-house to coffee-  
house, enquire of every broker he meets  
with the price of stocks, in which he  
has no share, or money to purchase any;  
and be more solicitous in finding out the  
uses to which the Sinking-fund is ap-  
propriated, than for the means of extri-  
cating himself out of his present diffi-  
culties.

A third values himself much upon be-  
ing a great connoisseur in politicks, re-  
gisters all the publick papers from year  
to year, pretends to reconcile all the con-  
tradictions

traditions they contain, and to discover some latent meaning in every paragraph; and takes more pains to unriddle their imaginary ænigmas, than a poor servitor at the university does to translate Perseus for a rich student who pays, and fathers the labour of his brain.

Others have a taste for building, are extremely curious in ornamenting the structures they cause to be erected with carvings, paintings, and such like superficial beauties; but never once examine how the foundation is laid, or whether the pompous outworks may not be liable to sink very soon into a heap of rubbish. Some employ their whole cares on the breeding and well managing their horses, hounds, and game-cocks, leaving the education of their sons entirely unregarded.

Impossible is it to enumerate the various trifles with which too many, even among the highest class of life, suffer themselves not only to be amused, but wholly taken up; but I think, without any danger of being accused of too much severity, one may justly say, with Shakespeare, of such men, that—

- ‘ The earth has bubbles, as the water  
‘ hath,
- ‘ And these are some of them.’

In a word, ‘ Much Ado about Nothing,’ is a play so universally acted in this town, that one can go to very few places without being witness of some scenes of it. As insignificant, however, as these people may seem by the description I have given of them, and as in effect they really are, they are yet of more consequence to the publick than is generally believed, or than they themselves, with all the stock of vanity they are usually possessed of, are capable of imagining. This, though it may be thought a paradox, will be easy for me to make appear; as thus—These unjudging creatures, for I have already proved them to be such, are frequently made the tools by which evil and designing men fashion out their ends. When those in power have any thing on foot from which they find it necessary to divert the attention of the nation, it is but throwing out some whisper, though of ever so absurd and ridiculous a nature, among the people I am speaking of, and they will immediately ring it in the ears of the populace till it becomes the cry, and every argu-

ment that truth and reason can alledge is deafened with the noise.

An experience of many years, joined with a diligent observation of the world, has convinced me, beyond all doubt, that these inconsiderates, without being sensible of the mischief they do, have been, and daily are, the instruments of propagating the most infamous scandals, gross falsities, and base aspersions, on the great and good; as also the most ridiculous and idle stories, invented and calculated by men of more thinking heads, to amuse and divert the attention of the publick from what most demands it’s regard. A glaring instance of this latter kind now takes up the town; all mouths are full of it, all ears open to it; but it appears to me that there are few eyes clear enough to discern the secret ground-work of this mountain of absurdities, and on what motive it was erected. I think it not my province, however, nor shall presume to infringe the judgment of any one in this point; but shall only relate a passage I happened to be witness of, which every one is at liberty to descant upon as he shall think proper.

Being one day on the other side of the Royal Exchange, where some business I had there being dispatched sooner than I expected, it came into my head to call in at a certain celebrated coffee-house, which I had been told was frequented by a great number of the most eminent and wealthy citizens; but as I had no acquaintance with them, and some other more substantial reasons for not appearing in *propria persona*, I chose to go in my Invisible capacity. Pursuant to this resolution, I stepped into the first obscure alley I could find, and there girded on my precious Belt; which, as well as my Tablets, I seldom went out without taking with me, and then hastened to the place I mentioned.

I found the room very full of company, most of whom were of that sect of dissenters from the established church which are under the denomination of Presbyterians. I would not here be understood to mean any thing in ridicule of those gentlemen; for I love and revere every man of real virtue and good sense, be he of what persuasion soever. How far the persons I have just now occasion to speak of answer to either of these characters I will not pretend to say; let their own words testify. I shall, according  
to

to the phrase of the inspired writer, set a guard upon my mouth, that I offend not with my lips. But to proceed—

Three or four, who I afterwards perceived were leading men among them, were engaged in a very warm dispute with a gentleman, who endeavoured, with a great deal of spirit, to expose the gross absurdities and falshood of a cause they took upon them to maintain, and with a kind of magisterial air attempted to enforce the belief of in others. The odds appeared to me at first, I confess, a little ungenerous; but I was the more strengthened in this opinion, when I heard the manner in which they delivered their arguments, and that were urged in favour of one of the most preposterous and ridiculous complaints that ever engaged the attention of any men of common sense. After saying this, I think it is needless to add, it was the affair of Squires and Canning. As I am utterly unacquainted with the names either of those who defended the cause of the latter, or of him who treated it with contempt, I shall distinguish the one by that of *Assertors*, and the other by that of *Opponent*. The conversation which passed on both sides, after I had got a convenient place to post myself, and had spread my Tablets, I shall give the publick a faithful transcript of, as taken from those unerring testimonies, and was as the reader will find underwritten.

*First Assertor*. I am surprized, Sir, you should rack your brain for arguments against the cause of helpless innocence and virtue in distress.

*Second Assertor*. 'Tis barbarous! 'tis cruel! Where shall we find an object of compassion, if Betty Canning is not one? We know her, Sir.

*Third Assertor*. Aye, she is of our congregation; has always been a diligent frequenter of the meeting-house, and fervent in her devotions.

*Opponent*. So, because she is of your congregation, it naturally follows she must be chaste; the lambs of your flock never go astray. But I forbear to make any reflection on this score, and shall only say, I never shall give credit to a story so full of inconsistencies and improbabilities as this which has been forged by her and her accomplices.

*First Assertor*. Sir, there is no reasoning against fact. She has sworn to the truth of it before a magistrate, and that magistrate has testified his belief of it.

*Opponent*. Yes, the story she told was romantick; it suited his taste; he thought it might be a proper subject to work up into a farce or puppet-show; to was willing to promote the credibility of it.

*First Assertor*. Mere spite and scandal.

*Opponent*. Not at all; and I doubt not but the imposition will be fully laid open by another magistrate, superior in every degree to him who takes her part.

*First Assertor*. Sir, it is profane and impious in him, or you, or any man, to espouse the cause of a wicked old hag, a vagabond, a gipsy, such as Mary Squires; and a known instrument of libidinous pleasures, such as Mother Wells.

*Opponent*. Gentlemen, I have nothing to alledge in defence of these creatures, but that, however guilty they may have been, or continue to be, in other respects, they are entirely innocent in this they are accused of.

*First Assertor*. No, no; 'tis impossible.

*Opponent*. Saying a thing does not prove it to be so. But give me leave only to offer a few queries, in relation to some of the many inconsistencies in the tale told by that idle wench Betty Canning.

*Second Assertor*. Do so; we shall know how to answer them.

*Opponent*. First, then, supposing her to have been robbed, in the manner she pretends, by two ruffians, what could induce fellows who live upon the spoil, after having taken from her all they found worth taking, to quit the pursuit of other booty, and lose their time in dragging her into the country, only to throw her into the house, and then leave her there; for she does not accuse them of making any attempt upon her chastity?

*First Assertor*. As to that, it is highly probable they might be seduced by Mother Wells to bring the first young woman they could meet with to her house, in order to be made a sacrifice to her mercenary views, and the lust of some vile fellow.

*Opponent*. Then they would certainly have chosen an object of a more tempting aspect, or would have deserved little for their pains: but let that pass. If it were as you imagine, would any woman, who it is said has long been in practice in the seducing trade, have be-  
haved



haved towards the prey brought into her clutches in the fashion she did to Betty Canning? Would she not rather have footed the frightened maid, revived her drooping spirits with good eating and drinking, promised her fine cloaths, and then introduced some man to her, who might have allured her to the sin she aimed to make her guilty of? Surely the way to tempt her to be a prostitute was not to lock her up alone in a wild, desolate room, without a bed to lie upon, or any other refreshment than a little bread and water; such usage, one must think, was intended to mortify, not excite a carnal inclination.

*First Assertor.* Sir, I am grieved, greatly grieved in spirit, to find you so ignorant of the force of virtue. I tell you, Sir, that the courage and resolution of this virgin struck such an awe into the minds of those profligate wretches she was placed among, that they had not the power of putting their wicked designs in execution: Heaven, indeed, for a trial of her patience, permitted them to distress her helpless innocence, but not to destroy it.

*Opponent.* Very extraordinary, truly! But pray, Sir, why did this suffering saint remain so long under the roof of such abandoned creatures, since all accounts agree, that in three days, nay, in three hours, after her confinement, she had the same opportunity of making her escape as at the time she pretends to effect it?

*Second Assertor.* Her eyes were not open to the means of her deliverance till that blessed moment: it was ordained she should undergo the persecution she did, in order to make her virtue more triumphant over sin and shame.

*Opponent.* Oh, gentlemen, these arguments will never be swallowed any where but in a conventicle.

*Third Assertor.* Sir, they will always have their due weight with every one but a reprobate.

*Opponent.* How, Sir!

The Opponent was so much incensed at these words, that he started from his seat, and was about to reply with his fist; but some of the more moderate part of the company interposed, and prevented the mischief that might otherwise have ensued. By their persuasions he sat down again; and the dispute would doubtless have been renewed, it may be

with greater vehemence than before, if a drawer from a neighbouring tavern had not luckily come, and told him that two gentlemen, whose names he mentioned, desired to speak with him: on which he went away, perhaps to the great satisfaction of the assertors of Betty Canning's cause; who, if he had staid and continued his queries, might probably have been a little puzzled to find answers to them.

During the debate I have been repeating, every one in the room kept a profound silence; but afterwards the conversation became general; several other subjects were started by particular persons, but they were not listened to: the majority seemed to have their heads so full of Betty Canning, that they could scarce think or speak of any thing beside. It is true, indeed, they did not all give credit to her story; yet the positiveness with which they heard it affirmed, made the least credulous divided in their thoughts, and afraid to pass a judgment either on the one or the other side of the question. The reader will doubtless naturally suppose, that it was impossible for me to live in the world, and have any acquaintance in it, without having heard, long before I came to this place, much talk of Elizabeth Canning, her piteous distress, miraculous preservation and escape, and all the other prodigies of that amazing story.

It is true, indeed, I was a stranger to no part of it; but then my conversation being chiefly among the gay part of the town, I was not much surprized that people who can find very little to employ their thoughts should be fond of a tale which had so much of the marvellous in it; as children, before they arrive at years capable of being instructed in more solid matters, listen with pleasure to their nurses stories of giants, fairies, and enchanted castles: as such I regarded all they said, and thought no farther of it. But when I heard grave citizens, men of business, of a sedate deportment, and good understanding in other things, argue with serious countenances on such a heap of wild absurdities, I cannot say whether my astonishment or indignation had most dominion over my faculties; but this I know, that both together destroyed all the little stock of patience I am master of, and would not suffer me to stay any longer to listen to

Et c. those

those insignificant debates which I found were likely to continue among this company.

## CHAP. II.

RELATES SOME FARTHER INCIDENTS OF A PRETTY PARTICULAR NATURE, WHICH FELL UNDER THE AUTHOR'S OBSERVATION IN THE SAME EVENING'S INVISIBLE PROGRESSION.

THOSE turbulent emotions which the scene I had just come from being witness of had raised in me, being somewhat quieted by air and walking, I had the curiosity to call in at another great coffee-house, hoping I should find there something to give a turn to the present disposition of my mind; but I found that the remains of my ill-humour were not to be so soon dissipated as I had imagined. Here was indeed a vast deal of company; clerks in publick offices, lawyers, physicians, tradesmen, and some few divines, composed the promiscuous assembly: but all were engaged on the same dirty, draggle-tail subject, as one of our news-writers justly terms it; the names of Betty Canning, the Gipsy, and Mother Wells, resounded from each quarter of the crowded room, and the cause then depending between these creatures made the whole conversation at every table.

Here I would not be at the trouble of opening my Tablets, easily perceiving that nothing worthy of being recorded in them, or of communicating to the publick, was likely to ensue; and also that the smallest part of time I should waste in this company, would be paying too dear for any discourses I should hear from them. Accordingly I left the house after having staid there about seven minutes; but had not reached the next street, before a confused noise behind obliged me to stand up in the porch of a door till the hubbub was pasted by.

The occasion of this uproar presently appeared. It was a poor fellow carried on a bier, with very little signs of life in him; his face covered with blood, which issued from his nose and mouth; his cloaths torn, that the naked flesh appeared in many places, but so deformed with bruises, that it could scarce be known, for what it was; a mixed rabble of men,

women, and children, followed, shouting, hallooings, and crying, it was good enough for him, and that they were glad he had got his reward.

I was startled at so much inhumanity, for I thought nothing could excuse such cruel treatment, though I doubted not but the fellow had been guilty of some atrocious crime: but I was soon undeceived in this point, and let into the whole affair; which was no other, than a quarrel this fellow had entered into on account of Canning.

I had now no design in my head, no particular course to steer; but as I was entirely free from any engagement that evening, and thought it too soon to go home, I rambled from one street to another for a considerable time, yet without meeting any one thing sufficient to tempt my curiosity to make a farther enquiry into. Any observing reader may reasonably imagine, that the little satisfaction I had been able to reap in the visits I had made at the two, coffee-houses I had been already in, would have hindered me from going into another, and indeed I was of that opinion myself; but I soon found I was mistaken, and so will he; I really ventured into a third; but the motive which excited me to do so was this—

As I was passing by, I perceived through the windows—for then the candles within were lighted up—several gentlemen with newspapers before them, on which they seemed to be discoursing with each other with a great deal of seriousness and gravity. As I have naturally an extreme passion for knowing the affairs of the world, those of Europe especially, I thought it highly eligible in me to hear what was said upon them by persons who had the appearance of some understanding in them. At the first table I came to were six or seven gentlemen, most of whom were some way or other concerned in the British herring-fishery: but though they talked very learnedly on the subject, it suited not my taste; so staid not long with them, but adjourned to the next company. These were merchants; who I found were greatly disconcerted at an article they had been just reading in relation to the strict engagements the French had entered into with the Indians, and the daily incursions those mis-called friends and allies made on the English colonies; but as I cannot pretend to any skill in commerce,

commerce, I did not spread my Tablets to receive the impression of their discourse; so can only say, in general, that they made very heavy complaints, and cried out, that if speedy care were not taken to put a stop to those proceedings, trade must be ruined, and our settlements in that part of the world utterly destroyed.

The third table was filled with persons who seemed to be of no avocation, nor at all interred in any branch of business or publick affairs, but talked of every thing they had been reading merely as things which afforded matter for conversation. On my joining them, the magnanimity of the Prussian monarch was the topic; they extolled his wisdom, his bravery, his temperance, his clemency, the encouragement he gave to merit wheresoever he found it; and all unanimously agreed that he was the father of his people, a blessing to the land he governed, and a pattern to his fellow-rulers of the earth. The just admiration I ever had of this truly great and most amiable prince, exclusive of that regard due to him as so near a relation to our gracious sovereign, would certainly have kept me at that table as long as the company had continued speaking on so agreeable a subject, if I had not been hurried from it by a propensity, I believe more or less natural to all mankind, that of being most eager to explore what is hid from us with most care.

I observed at a little table, which was placed at one corner of the room, a good distance from the others, two elderly persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse on some important and secret affair. By the winks, nods, and other significant gestures, I doubted not but that they were profound politicians, and were discussing some extraordinary transaction of the cabinet. Their heads were pretty close together, and they spoke in so low a voice as to render it impossible to be heard by any one except each other: but this precaution had no efficacy when once my wonderful Tablets were displayed; which had this excellent property, of receiving the impression of whatever was said within the distance of nine yards, though uttered in the most soft whispers. On my drawing near to them, they seemed a little impatient for the coming of a person who they expected, and who presently

after appeared. As soon as he had seated himself, the following dialogue ensued—

*First Man.* Oh, Mr. Slycraft, I am glad you are come! We were beginning to think you long.

*Slycraft.* I am somewhat beyond my hour, indeed; but I assure you nothing could have made me so but the good of the cause.

*Second Man.* Your zeal and diligence are not to be doubted. But let us hear what success your endeavours have met with.

*Slycraft.* Truly not so much as I hoped. I do not think there is a more difficult thing in the world than getting people to subscribe: I have been half the town over, and have been able to procure no more than three.

*First Man.* Then I hope they are fat ones?

*Slycraft.* Pretty well, as times go. Credulous Woodcock, Esq. has set his name for twenty guineas.

*First Man.* Very handsome! Five or six hundred such as he would do the business.

*Slycraft.* Aye; but where shall we find them?

*Second Man.* Well, but who are the others?

*Slycraft.* Then there is Mr. Simon Goosly, the haberdasher, ten guineas; but has promised to prevail on some friends of his to set their names very generously.

*Second Man.* I dare say he will do all he can. But have you seen Mrs. Waver?

*Slycraft.* Yes; but she still desires a little more time to consider; says she will enquire farther into the affair, and hear what her friends think of it: and all I could get from her was an assurance, that if she found it proper to subscribe at all, she would not set her name for less than an hundred pieces.

*First Man.* Then we may be pretty certain of her; for I know she will be directed by Mr. Cantwell, the Non-conformist preacher, who labours all he can to promote the cause in question.

*Second Man.* Have you yet found an opportunity of talking with the orator?

*Slycraft.* I was with him above an hour; and when I had once convinced him that he should find his account in it, he gave me his word and honour that he



would rant and roar till his chapelechoes in favour of the party.

*First Man.* That is well. All engines must be set to work, or the town will grow cool on this business, and begin to renew their clamour against the Jew bill, &c. The spirit of the people will have vent on something or another, and you know it, behoves us to keep them silent on those scores: nothing ever did it more effectually than this we are upon. But it must be kept up for a time. I could wish, methinks, we had the Welleys on our side.

*Second Man.* 'Tis a vain attempt. They are now grown too rich to accept of a small gratuity; and I much question whether their exhortations would answer the expence.

*Slycraft.* I am of your opinion. Besides, you know there is a person who can influence their congregations as much as any thing they can hear from the pulpit. But I will tell you what I have done to-day; I have engaged a clergyman of the established church to write a pamphlet in behalf of the cause we have in hand.

*First Man.* A clergyman of the established church employ his pen in behalf of such a cause! Pr'ythee, Slycraft, how didst thou work upon him? It must certainly be by some very extraordinary method.

*Slycraft.* The promise of a small present at first wrought upon his necessities; but on my telling him who and who were concerned in this business, and the motives which induced them to be so, the hopes of having a good fat living made him wholly ours.

*First Man.* Admirable!

*Second Man.* But may we depend upon his secrecy?

*Slycraft.* Never doubt that, as his own interest is concerned.

*First Man.* Hitherto things go pretty swimmingly on our side. But let me see the subscription-book: I have received five guineas to-day from Mr. Prim. and must insert his name.

Till now I was at the greatest loss, as it is probable the reader will also be, to know what all this meant, or in whose favour, or on what account, the subscription they talked of was raised; but on Mr. Slycraft's delivering the book to his friend, I looked over the shoulder of the latter as he opened it, and saw, in

the first leaf, by way of title-page, these words, wrote in a very fair hand—

'A List of those worthy Persons who  
'have subscribed to the Relief of  
'Elizabeth Canning.'

The names underwritten were too numerous to be inserted; I shall therefore only say, that the sum of what was raised by their subscription amounted to little less than a thousand pounds. Monstrous abuse of charity! preposterous benevolence! which will hereafter reflect more shame than honour on the bestowers. 'Good God!' said I to myself, 'in an age when numberless, nameless miseries, abound; when all our prisons labour with the weight of wretches confined within their walls, many for small debts which their necessities obliged them to contract, and some by unjust and malicious prosecutions; while every parish, nay almost every street, affords objects of real distress; while a girl sprung from the lowest dregs of the people, bred up to toil, a drudge, one of the very meanest class of servants, receives donations which she as little knows how to make a proper use of as to deserve!—a girl who, if she had really suffered all she pretends to have done, would indeed have had a claim to justice against those who had wronged her, but none to the bounties so lavishly bestowed upon her.'

These kind of meditations would doubtless have accompanied me to my own door, if they had not been interrupted, as well as my course towards home, by an unexpected accident, which the reader will find faithfully related in the succeeding chapter.

### CHAP. III.

PRESENTS THE READER WITH AN  
ADVENTURE OF MUCH MORE IM-  
PORTANCE TO THE PUBLICK  
THAN ANY CONTAINED IN THE  
TWO LAST FOREGOING CHAP-  
TERS.

THE human heart is liable to many bad propensities, which, if not timely corrected by reason, shoot forth into practice, and become vices. But of these there are two sorts; the one born with

with us, and part of our nature; the other imbibed by the fatal prevalence of example, and rooted in us by custom, which is a second nature. Those born with us, as the indulging them is attended with some pleasure, urge in their defence the unconquerable desire of gratifying the senses: the lustful man pleads the warmth of his constitution, and the strong allurements of beauty; the soul of the ambitious triumphs and exults on every degree of power he gains over his fellow-creatures; the miser thinks himself happy in counting over his bags, and being master of a thing that will purchase all things else; and the epicure feels no care, no sorrow, while he is emptying the full-charged goblet, and palating the delicious viand. But what has the blasphemer, the profane swearer, or the gamester, to alledge in his vindication? These are crimes in which nature has no part, nor are the senses any way concerned in them, as they neither excite nor feel any satisfaction in them. One might therefore be apt to imagine, that men thus guilty sinned merely for the sake of sinning. But I will not allow myself to think that there are many so impudently daring; a few distinguished persons will serve to bring up a mode, and every one knows that at present an indiscriminate imitation is the reigning folly of the English nation.

These were reflections which occurred to me after I came home, as I was about to transcribe the remaining part of my evening's progress out of my precious Tablets. I had some farther thoughts on the occasion, but as they might seem more proper for the pulpit than a work of this nature, I shall add no more, but proceed to the narrative of that adventure which gave rise to them.

As I was passing, in my way home, through a street of no very good repute, two persons, from a little narrow alley, bolted hastily upon me, to the no small danger of my Invisibilityship, if an agility not very common with me had not that instant enabled me to give a sudden spring, by which I avoided the rush I must otherwise have received. They went on before me. The night was extremely dark; neither moon nor stars to assist the visual ray: but, by the help of some candles burning in a shop not yet shut up, I distinguished that the one was very richly dressed, and had much the appearance of a man of fashion; and that

the other was a fellow I had often seen on many occasions, and whose character I was perfectly acquainted with.

Scarce is there a greater villain to be found in low life: I say in low life, because should any persons in authority, or dignified with titles—which Heaven forbid!—ever appear in this nation, to deserve such black denominations, their crimes would, like their ranks, be distinguished; and, though placed in an orb too high to be reached by the just vengeance of their oppressed fellow-creatures, would doubtless incur what Mr. Addison makes Cato prophetically say in relation to Julius Cæsar, on his endeavouring to subvert the old Roman constitution, and become absolute and perpetual dictator—

- ‘ Sure there are bolts in the right-hand of  
‘ Jove,
- ‘ Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the  
‘ man
- ‘ Who owes his greatness to his country’s  
‘ ruin.’

But to return to my little knave. The wretch is now called Mr. Makeplea; he was formerly servant to a lawyer whom I employed in several affairs I had the misfortune to be engaged in. Living with that gentleman a considerable time, he picked up some scraps of law, and all the terms and phrases of that abstruse science, by rote; knew how to take out a writ, set an officer to work, fill up a bail-bond, and procure evidences in a dubious cause. With this fund he had the impudence, after his master's death, to pretend he had been his clerk; got himself entered as an attorney, and has ever since practised as such. His sole business, however, as may be easily supposed, has always been among the very meanest sort of people; fomenting litigious quarrels, and then making them up, after having drained the purses on both sides. I could not, therefore, avoid being amazed at seeing him in the company I now did; but my wonder soon ceased on hearing, as I was close at their heels, the following discourse between them—

*Makeplea.* It is very lucky, Mr. Coaxum, that I happened to be at home when you came. There are some of the profession who would have scrupled to undertake this business; but, for my part, I am always ready to venture every thing to serve my friends.

*Coaxum.*

*Coaxum.* My dear Makeplea, you never lost any thing, nor ever shall, by our fraternity. I know there are some who will sneak their heads out of the collar, and leave their lawyer in the lurch.

*Makeplea.* Aye, faith, I narrowly escaped the pillory once. A vile dog who, after I had procured him three evidences, pretended a panick in his conscience, threw up his cause, and suffered himself to be nonsuited.

*Coaxum.* You know we scorn such doings. And I can tell you, this will be a pretty good job to you. We drained the fool's pocket of above an hundred pieces before we plaid upon credit; so that there is enough in bank to make you a handsome present for your trouble.

*Makeplea.* Well, but concerning this reversion. I hope he has lost enough to give an air of justice—that is, a *quantum sufficit*, for the making over his estate after the decease of his father?

*Coaxum.* Upwards of a thousand pounds; besides a gold watch and a diamond-ring, which he seems to set a high value upon. The two last Count Cogdy has agreed to sell him again at a great price; so that, all together, the sum will amount to a sufficient purchase of the reversion of an estate of four hundred a year; especially as the present possessor is not above fifty, and may live a long time. Besides, we hear the young fellow is going to be married to a woman of fortune; so that the deeds may be made redeemable. We do not regard his dirty acres, the ready rhino is what we want; and he may pay the money out of his wife's fortune, and be clear of us again.

*Makeplea.* Oh, then it will be a mortgage, rather than a sale. Who are with him?

*Coaxum.* Only Count Cogdy, Jack Hazard, and Tom Wheedle.

*Makeplea.* They cannot be witnesses, as I suppose they are parties concerned.

*Coaxum.* We are equal sharers in the booty; but the money was lost wholly to the count. However, there will be no want of witnesses; the landlord of the house and his son will set their hands.

These words brought them to a door, which being opened at the first knock by one of the most ill-looking fellows that ever disgraced human nature, they went through a long, dark, narrow passage,

into a back-parlour; where I accompanied them, and was witness of a scene somewhat like what I remember to have seen some years ago in a play of Mrs. Centlivre's, called the Gamester. Count Cogdy, as he was called, sat leaning his arm upon a table, in a careless posture; Jack Hazard was walking backwards and forwards in the room humming an old tune; a gentleman, whose name I had not yet heard, had thrown himself across two chairs, with all the tokens of despair about him; Tom Wheedle stood near him, and, as we came in, was endeavouring to give him some consolation, in these terms—'Pr'ythee, dear Clerimont, do not be thus disconcerted; I have lost as much as you twenty times over, and as often recovered it again; these things will happen to gentlemen that play. Fortune, indeed, has been against you to-night, but may not always be so; one lucky hit at another time may bring all back.'

Clerimont made no answer, nor seemed to regard what he said, till hearing the name of Makeplea, and Count Cogdy beginning to instruct him in the business he was to do, that unfortunate gentleman started up at once, and staring somewhat wildly in the face of Makeplea, cried to him—

*Clerimont.* Are you the fiend who is to convey my soul, that is, my estate, into the regions of eternal darkness, whence it can never, never more return?

*Makeplea.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Cogdy.* The gentleman is only a little out of humour.—Faith, Mr. Clerimont you do not do well to behave in this fashion. You have lost some money indeed, but you have lost it fairly. I never take an advantage of any man, and shall be ready to give you your revenge at any time.

*Hazard.* Aye, I will say that for the count; he scorns a mean thing.

*Cogdy.* I believe there is not a more unlucky fellow at play in the world than myself, though I have happened to win to-night: yet, as I said before, I am ready to give Mr. Clerimont an opportunity of retrieving all he has lost whenever he pleases. For my part, I would stake all I am worth against a pair of shoe-buckles, rather than any gentleman should think I imposed upon him.

*Coaxum.* No, no, you are above any such thing,

*Hazard.*



*Hazard.* We all know that.

*Makeplea.* Come, come, gentlemen, this is doing nothing; all loss of time, and every moment of mine is precious. There are two noblemen now waiting for me at the Garter tavern. Pray proceed to the business: let me know how the deeds I have brought with me are to be filled up.

*Cogdy.* I will tell you immediately; but first I must do justice to this gentleman.—Here, Sir, are the watch and ring you staked; the value of which, you know, is added to the other sums.

Clerimont put the one in his pocket, and the other on his finger, with a deep sigh; and the count went on repeating to Makeplea the substance of what he was to write. The latter, at the end of every article, demanded of Clerimont whether he agreed to it; to which he suddenly replied—‘I do; I see no other remedy.’ The lawyer having dispatched his part, Clerimont was desired to sign and seal: he did both; but with such a trembling hand, and visible distraction of mind, that my heart bled for him. In delivering the writings to the count, he said—

*Clerimont.* There, Sir—I suppose this is all that is required of me, and I may now depart?

*Cogdy.* No, no, we must have a bottle and a bird together, to shew we are all still good friends.

*Hazard.* Aye, and each of us a wench, too. I know where there is a covey of as young, pretty, plump, partridges, as any in Covent Garden.

*Clerimont.* Rot your bottle, and your bird, and your wenches! I have done with them, and you, and the world, for ever!

In speaking these words he snatched up his sword and hat, and ran directly out of the house. As for me, I had as little inclination as himself to stay in the company of such blood-suckers; but having never seen him before, I was curious to know somewhat more of him, and also how he would behave when alone, and at liberty to ruminate on the misfortune he had plunged himself into; so followed his steps with all the speed I could.

It was not difficult to keep pace with him; for though he gained ground of me at first, he soon halted, and gave me an opportunity of coming up with him. Never did man traverse the streets with more disordered motions; crossing the way an hundred times, I believe, within

the space of half a quarter of a mile, without having the least occasion to do so. Sometimes he would run as if in pursuit of somebody, and sometimes stand quite still. And it was well the darkness of the night befriended him, otherwise whoever had met him would doubtless have taken him to be mad.

In this fashion he went part of the Strand, and turned down one of those streets leading to the water-side. He stopped about the middle of it at a door, and had his hand upon the knocker; but a sudden thought coming that instant into his head, he left it, without making the signal for admittance, and walked slowly to the end of the street; where leaning on a little wall that overlooks the river, he remained for some minutes in the most thoughtful and contemplative attitude; then said to himself—‘How profound, how solemn, is the silent scene! inviting to a certain rest from misery and shame! Here, within the bosom of this friendly element, may all my follies and misfortunes be hid for ever from the talking world!’

I feared nothing less would ensue, than that I should see him presently attempt to do as his words had hinted; I therefore drew as near to him as I could, in order to prevent so bad an effect of his despair. Here I cannot help remarking, that if the thing had happened as I expected, and Clerimont had found himself snatched from his fate by an invisible hand, he would doubtless have imagined his preservation owing to the interposition of some Supernatural Being, and reported it as a miracle.

But how he would have acted on such an odd occasion, is uncertain; for, after a pause, and disburthening himself of some few sighs, he started from the posture he had been in, and cried—‘No, it must not be; I have some business still for life—revenge on the curst cheat, the villain, that has undone me! Love, too, demands something from me; but by what means I shall repay that mighty debt, I know not. Oh, Charlotte! Charlotte! on how lost a wretch hast thou bestowed thy heart!’

These words were uttered with a groan which seemed to cleave his breast, and were the last I heard from him at that time. He turned back, and went hastily to the house where he had first stopped: the door was opened on his knocking; and

and too suddenly shut again for me to have entered with him if I had intended it; but the variety of accidents presented to me in this evening's ramble, had already sufficiently filled my head, and made me glad to retire to my repose.

#### CHAP. IV.

RELATES SOME PASSAGES WHICH  
MAY PROBABLY DRAW SIGHS  
FROM MANY A TENDER HEART.  
OF BOTH SEXES.

THE next morning, running over in my mind the detail of the transactions of the evening before, the vexation I had received on the score of Betty Canning very much subsided, and I looked upon the whole thing as below a serious consideration. I could not help, indeed, retaining some concern that the people of England should be so infatuated as to suffer their thoughts to be led astray and alienated from affairs of the greatest consequence by such an idle story; but as I doubted not but that the imposition she had been guilty of would be detected, though her abettors might perhaps find means to screen her person from the punishment, I became more easy, and resolved to banish, as much as possible, all remembrance of it.

But my ideas were widely different in regard to poor Clerimont. As much a stranger as he was to me, I was convinced, by what I had seen and heard, that as he had no stock of ready money to prevent the mortgage he had made of his reversion, so I was equally assured, by his despair, that he had no visible means of raising a sum sufficient to redeem it. His calling on the name of Charlotte with so much vehemence, made me also not doubt but that he had some tender attachment, which he feared would be broke through by what he had done.

Though I know no vice for which I have a more real contempt than the love of gaming, yet the age of this gentleman, which could not exceed three and twenty, seemed to me a very moving plea in his behalf; and the graces of his mien and aspect so much interested me in his favour, that I less blamed his inadvertency than compassionated the mis-

fortune it had brought him into. In fine, his person and his sufferings had made a very strong impression on me; he was the first object of my waking thoughts; and my impatience to be better acquainted with his circumstances, obliged me to leave my bed some hours before the time in which I was accustomed to do so. I rose in a hurry, transcribed what I have been relating, and got the dialogues expunged from my Tablets by the pure fingers of my little virgin; then hastened to the house where I had seen Clerimont enter the night before, and which, by the help of some lamps in the street, I had taken sufficient notice of to be able to know again. The door was luckily open when I came to it. A servant-maid, who seemed to have more inclination to hold a gossip's tale than to do the business she was hired for, stood leaning with both her hands upon her mop, very earnest in discourse with one of her own occupation in the neighbourhood. A few words served to convince me that these wenches were descanting on the affairs of the families they lived in; which, as I was not at present in a humour to pry into, I staid not to hear what was said, but went directly into the house, and up stairs, supposing Clerimont might be lodged in the first floor. I was not deceived; I found him writing at his bureau in the dining-room. A letter lay by him directed to Count Cogdy: this was folded, and ready for sealing, so it was not in my power to examine the contents; but his pen, on my entrance, was employed on another; which, looking over his shoulder, I saw was dictated in the following terms—

‘ My only dear, and forever dear CHAR-  
‘ LOTTE!

‘ A Thousand heart-rending sighs, a  
‘ thousand pangs more terrible  
‘ than any death can inflict, accompany  
‘ every syllable of this distracted epistle!  
‘ I foresee the anguish it will give you,  
‘ and feel all the weight of yours ad-  
‘ ded to my own. Oh, Charlotte! I  
‘ must see you no more! That love, so  
‘ long cemented by the utmost proofs  
‘ of mutual tenderness, and so near be-  
‘ ing fulfilled in a happy union, must be  
‘ now broke off at once—dissolved for-  
‘ ever! I have renounced all claim to  
‘ every future good, and justly incurred  
‘ the fate that now attends me. A few  
‘ hours

' hours will inform you, that I either do not exist at all, or exist only to be a vagrant! a wretched exile from father, country, friends, and you, more dear than all! In fine, my Charlotte, such is the sad necessity to which I have reduced myself, as compels me to do a thing which nature most abhors; I go this morning either to kill or be killed: which of these two shall happen, is in the hand of Heaven; each equally tears me from every earthly comfort. I chose to acquaint you previously with this accident, to the end you may be the less surprized when you shall hear it from the mouth of others. I can say no more. Farewel, thou loveliest, best, and dearest of thy sex! Hate not the memory of the undone

CLERIMONT.

P. S. As I have rendered myself unworthy of preserving any marks of your affection, I return the ring with which you blessed my finger in our happier days. Accepted once more my last adieu! May endless blessings await you, superior, if possible, to my woes!

This unhappy gentleman dissimbled not in the lines he wrote; his heart now laboured with agonies greater than could be expressed with words, and shewed themselves in every look and gesture. After having carefully inclosed the ring, and put both that and the letter under a cover, he ordered a chairman to be called; and delivering to him both these dispatches, and telling him where they were to be carried, he proceeded to give some farther instructions—' This, to Miss Charlotte, you are to leave with her servant, with orders to give it to her lady when she is stirring; this, to Count Cogdy, requires an immediate answer, which you must wait for.' The fellow, having assured him that he would be punctual in obeying his commands, went on his errand; and Clerimont continued walking backwards and forwards in the room, with a motion extremely discomposed; then threw himself down on a settee, and presently seemed buried, as it were, in a profound reverie.

I am pretty certain it was a full half hour before he exchanged this fixed and death-like position for one in a quite contrary extreme; his looks and ges-

tures now, methought, had somewhat like frantick in them; he beat his head against the wainscot, stamped, and ever and anon burst into the most vehement exclamations; some of which are these—' How unhappy a creature is man! The very reason we are so proud of makes us miserable! The brutes, equally void of passions as of sorrow, neither feel torments here, nor dread a future hell! What will poor Charlotte say on reading of my letter! How will my father support the story of my fate, when it shall reach his ears! Wretch, wretch, that I am! born to be a curse to all who love me!

The return of the chairman brought him a little to his senses, and he demanded hastily whether he had got an answer from Count Cogdy; to which the man replied—

*Chairman.* No, Sir. I went there first, but the people of the house told me he was not stirring, nor they believed would be for a great while; so I went on to Madam Charlotte's, and left the letter with her maid, as your honour bid me: but I had not got above half the street, before her footboy ran after me, and said his lady would speak to me; on which I went back with him.

*Clerimont.* Charlotte already up! that's strange.—What did she say to you?

*Chairman.* Sir, she only asked where the gentleman was that sent the letter by me, and whether you were alone. I told her you were at home, and that there was nobody with you that I saw. She said it was very well, and I came away; went again to the count's, and waited there till his own man told me that his master had not been in bed above two hours, and he was sure would not rise till twelve or one o'clock at soonest; said I might leave the letter, and come about that time for an answer. Now as I did not know whether that would be proper, I thought it best to bring it back.

*Clerimont.* You did well. I shall see him myself.

On this the chairman laid down the letter on the table; and finding Clerimont had no farther commands for him, withdrew. Clerimont then fell into a second pause, but it lasted not long, and he cried out—' Yes, I will go. And perhaps 'tis better that he did not see my billet; he might have found some way to evade the challenge that I sent

F f

him



‘him; but I shall now surprize and  
‘force him to accept it.’

While he was speaking, he stepped to the closet, and brought out a pair of pocket pistols, with some ammunition to load them with: he was just beginning to perform that work, when the maid of the house came up, and told him a lady desired to speak with him. Clerimont turned hastily about; but before he had time to speak, his fair guest was in the room. Charlotte, (for it was she herself, but extremely disordered both in her dress and looks) on finding how Clerimont was employed, thus accosted him—

*Charlotte.* Oh, Clerimont! Clerimont! what means that cruel letter you just now sent me? Wherefore these dreadful preparations? Tell me, this instant tell me, or I shall die with apprehension!

*Clerimont.* Ah, Charlotte! never till now unwelcome to my sight, why, in this fatal moment, dost thou set before me that angelick form, which serves but to remind me more of the heaven I have lost!

*Charlotte.* Shock not my soul with this despair, yet cruelly conceal from me the cause! I have a right to be made the partner of your griefs as well as joys. Speak, then, I conjure you; let me know all.

*Clerimont.* I cannot.

*Charlotte.* You love me not, if you hide aught from me. The worst of evils could not give me half the pain as this uncertainty. Clear, then, the tempest on your brow; compose your mind; remove those murderous instruments from my sight, and—Ha! what’s here!

In pointing towards the pistols, she saw the letter directed to Count Cogdy; which she hastily snatched up, and went on, saying—

*Charlotte.* A letter to that infamous villain!—Ah! then I guess what has happened; some cursed gaming quarrel!—Clerimont, I must read this letter.

*Clerimont.* You may: it will in part reveal what my tongue has not the power to utter.

Ever since my coming into the room, I had been extremely impatient to see the contents of this billet; so while the lady, with a trembling hand, was breaking open the seal, I slipped behind her, and read, at the same time she did, these lines—

‘SIR,

‘I Remember that, in the midst of my  
‘confusion last night, you offered  
‘to give me my revenge whenever I  
‘should demand it; which I now do,  
‘and expect you will meet me within  
‘an hour in the long field behind the  
‘bason in Mary le Bon, armed with  
‘sword and pistol; for it is not with  
‘cards or dice we now must try our  
‘skill. You have left me nothing but  
‘my life to lose, and I am impatient  
‘till I stake it against yours. Come  
‘wit out a second; for I know no gen-  
‘tleman whom I would demean so far  
‘as to engage him with any of your in-  
‘famous associates. If you refuse to  
‘comply with this summons, which  
‘does you too much honour, you may  
‘depend that, the first time I see you,  
‘in what place soever it be, I shall make  
‘you an example to all scoundrels,  
‘cheats, and cowards. So no more  
‘at present from

‘CLERIMONT,

‘P. S. Send your answer by the  
‘bearer.’

*Charlotte.* Then you would fight! would hazard a life so precious to me, only in revenge for being defrauded of a paltry sum! Pray how much have you lost?

*Clerimont.* My all.

*Charlotte.* Be more explicit.

He then related to her all the particulars of his misfortune; which, as the reader is already acquainted with, would be needless to repeat. When he had given over speaking, Charlotte, with the greatest serenity and sweetness, said to him—

*Charlotte.* And is this all that has disconcerted you in so terrible a manner?

*Clerimont.* What means my Charlotte? Am I not a beggar! irrecoverably a beggar!

*Charlotte.* How can that be, when you say the writings will be returned to you on payment of a thousand pounds? and am not I in possession of eight times that sum, which, with myself, you are shortly to be master of?

*Clerimont.* Plunder my Charlotte! No, forbid it honour, justice, love! First let me perish!

*Charlotte.*

*Charlotte.* Be not so rash. You must, you shall accept it.

*Clerimont.* Oh, Charlotte! could I abuse such goodness, I were a villain, meaner, viler far than he that has undone me!

*Charlotte.* Indeed I will not be denied; and if you persist in this obstinacy, will go myself in person, pay the money, and redeem the obligation.

*Clerimont.* Oh, speak not, think not, of such a thing, unless you wish to see me turn against myself one of those weapons I intended for my adversary!

*Charlotte.* Hold, Clerimont! Forbear to fright me thus!—Just as you spoke, a sudden thought started into my head, as if there were a way to rid you of this incumbrance without any expence either to yourself or me.

*Clerimont.* How! By what miracle!

*Charlotte.* The project is not yet quite fashioned in my brain. But you must come with me to my lodgings, for I dare not trust you with yourself. As we go, perhaps I may be able to bring my scheme to more perfection.

*Clerimont.* Oh, Charlotte, thy softness quite unmans me!

*Charlotte.* No, it is your own despair unmans you. Let me prevail on you to give only some respite to these horrible ideas.

*Clerimont.* Well, you must be obeyed. I will defer the execution of my intentions till another day.

Charlotte seemed transported at having won thus far upon him; and a coach being called, they both went into it. I listened to the directions given where to drive; and, eager to know what turn this affair would take, followed on foot as fast as I was able.

## CHAP. V.

MAY POSSIBLY BECOME THE SUBJECT OF SOME FUTURE COMEDY, AS THERE IS NOTHING IN THE STORY THAT CAN BE OBJECTED TO AT THE LICENCE-OFFICE.

**A**MONG all the indefatigable enquiries I had so long been making after things intended to be kept secret, never had my curiosity met with a greater disappointment than it did at the time I

am speaking of. I arrived at the house where Charlotte lodged the very moment that the coach which brought that lady and her lover thither was discharged and driving off; and had the mortification to see the door shut when I was not at the distance of above ten paces from it. Every present minute, however, flattering me with the hopes that the succeeding ones would be more successful, I waited, though I cannot say with much patience about two hours; no one having any occasion, I suppose, either to go in or out. At last a friendly baker knocked at the door; which being opened, I took the opportunity to slip in while he delivered a loaf of bread to the servant of the house.

I went up stairs, and found the persons I sought for in the dining-room. But here, alas! I was a second time disappointed; the grand consultation between them was over before my entrance, and what I heard after I came in could not make me able to form any judgment of the subject they had been upon. I could only know that something of great moment had been concluded, as the reader will easily perceive by the following short dialogue—

*Charlotte.* You cannot imagine how much you have obliged me by this confession; but I will not detain you, lest the villain should be gone out. Remember to fix the appointment at seven, or between seven and eight, this evening.

*Clerimont.* Yes, yes.

*Charlotte.* By that time I shall be able to get every thing in order; and you will see I shall play my part as well as the best actress of them all. Do you take care that no unguarded look or word gives the count any room to suspect you are less in good-humour than you pretend to be.

*Clerimont.* Fear not; I shall be cautious not to spoil so good a plot by my ill performance.

*Charlotte.* If it succeeds, as I have not the least doubt it will, the story will be a subject of mirth for us as lasting as our lives.

*Clerimont.* And as lasting a subject for my admiration of the wit and contrivance of my dear, dear Charlotte.

*Charlotte.* Well, well, defer your encomiums till a more reasonable opportunity. I long, methinks, to have this

business over; and it is high time for you to begin to set the first wheel of our machine in motion.

*Clerimont.* I am going. Adieu, my love.

He accompanied these words with a very tender and passionate salute, then left the room. Though I easily perceived that Charlotte had somewhat of great importance to transact in this affair, yet, as I could not be in two places at once, I chose to follow Clerimont. He went directly to Cogdy's lodgings; and, on asking if he were at home, was shewed into a handsome parlour; where, after waiting about a minute, the count's servant came to him, and said his master had not been long out of bed, and was not quite dressed, but desired he would walk up; which he did, with his Invisible attendant close behind him. The count no sooner saw him enter, than he ran to embrace him with a French complaisance, saying at the same time—

*Cogdy.* Dear Clerimont, I am glad to see you.

*Clerimont.* My dear count, a lucky morning to you. I behaved somewhat oddly last night, and could not be easy till I came and asked your pardon.

*Cogdy.* Oh, Sir, you have it, you have it; I thought no more of it. I know it is natural for a gentleman to be a little out of humour at first losing his money.

*Clerimont.* But I was less excusable than you imagine; for, to confess the truth, I had, in Bank bills, upwards of two thousand pounds lying in my bureau at home; so was under no necessity either of playing upon tick, or of troubling a lawyer to mortgage the reversion of my estate.

*Cogdy.* Is it possible! Are you in earnest?

*Clerimont.* To convince you I am so, you shall have the testimony of your own eyes. See here, count—and here.

In speaking this, he took out of his pocket-book several bills to the amount of the sum he had mentioned. The count stretched his eyes broad open; looked at the bills, seemed much surprized, and said—

*Cogdy.* These are Bank-bills, indeed!

*Clerimont.* Aye, I can turn them into ready specie at any banker's in town.

*Cogdy.* Well, I cannot help wondering how a man who had two thousand

pounds by him could suffer himself to be disconcerted at the loss of one.

*Clerimont.* Hang it, it was not the loss of the money that vexed me; but I had the hypo, and that damned hypo makes one affront one's best friends.

*Cogdy.* So, then, I suppose you will redeem your mortgage?

*Clerimont.* Time enough for that. But, now I think on it, you offered me my revenge, and I'll e'en try my chance once more.

*Cogdy.* As how?

*Clerimont.* Why, stake one of these thousands against my mortgage, so either win the horse or lose the saddle.

*Cogdy.* With all my heart: whenever you please.

*Clerimont.* Let it be to-night, then.

*Cogdy.* Agreed. Will you stay and dine with me?

*Clerimont.* I am engaged with a young fellow just come to town, and to the possession of a great estate; but I will meet you at night, and perhaps bring him with me.

*Cogdy.* Do; I shall be glad of his acquaintance.

*Clerimont.* We knew one another in the country: he will go any where with me.—But, harkye, count, I don't like that house we were in last night; every thing in it, methinks, has the face of poverty and ill-luck. My young spark is vastly nice, and will be apt to turn up his nose at it. Can't you think of a more agreeable place?

*Cogdy.* I know of several. The only reason that makes me chuse to go thither so often is, because I think it the most safe. This cursed act of parliament has laid such restriction on us who love play, that it is not every where we dare venture to indulge ourselves in that diversion.

*Clerimont.* What objection have you to Mixum's, in \*\*\*\*\* Street?

*Cogdy.* 'Tis a good house, and excellent accommodation. But don't you know that it was searched three or four nights ago by a whole posse of constables?

*Clerimont.* Yes, but they found nothing of what they came to look for; therefore the most secure at present, as they will scarce come again in haste.

*Cogdy.* Well, then, we will meet there, if you please. At what hour?

*Clerimont.* Seven, or a little after, if it suits you.

*Cogdy.*



*Cogdy.* Extremely well: then we shall have the whole evening before us.

He was about to take his leave, and had rose up for that purpose, when *Wheedle*, *Hazard*, and *Coaxum*, came all together into the room; they seemed a little surprized at seeing him there, but saluted him with their usual familiarity.

*Hazard.* Hah! dear *Clerimont*, good morning to you.

*Wheedle.* Now you look like yourself again; you were quite another man last night.

*Coaxum.* Aye, faith, you must expect to be well roasted.

*Clerimont.* I know I deserve it. But you must defer your sarcasms till night, for I am in great haste at present; so, gentlemen, your servant.

He was going out of the room with these words; but, just as he came to the door, he turned back, and said to *Count Cogdy*—

*Clerimont.* Be sure, count, not to forget to bring the writings with you.

*Cogdy.* No, no; they have never been out of my pocket since you delivered them to me last night.

There passed no more between them: *Clerimont* went hastily down stairs, and I gladly would have followed him; but *Hazard* and *Wheedle* happened to stand between the door and the corner where I had unblockily posted myself, so that it was impossible for me to remove my quarters without running a very great risque of being felt either by the one or the other. During the short time I was compelled to stay, I heard the following conversation, which I would not trouble my readers with the repetition of, but to shew what monsters of mankind these degenerate wretches are who get their livelihood by gaming.

*Coaxum.* What does he mean by writin' s? Sure he is not going to redeem his mortgage!

*Cogdy.* No; but he is going to find a thousand, or, it is likely, two thousand pounds after it. We have made an appointment to play again to-night.

*Hazard.* What, upon tick?

*Wheedle.* Phoo! that is doing of nothing; the fool has no more estates in reversion to make over.

*Cogdy.* You cannot imagine me so weak as to lose my time with a fellow that has no money nor effects; no, no,

I always go upon good grounds. I tell you he has two thousand pounds in Bank-bills; he shewed them to me.

*Hazard.* How did he come by them?

*Cogdy.* 'Tis no matter to us how he came by them; we are sure of making them ours before we sleep.

*Wheedle.* They must certainly be bills his father has intrusted him with to buy stock either for himself or some of his friends in the country. The young fellow will hang himself to-morrow, when he reflects on what he has done.

*Hazard.* Let him hang himself, when we have got all he has to lose.

*Cogdy.* Aye, aye. But I can tell you better news than this: he brings a rich young heir with him; one that knows nothing of the world; a mere sap, a greenhorn. There will be fleecing, my boys!

Just as the count had done speaking, some little noise in the street made them all run to the windows; by which means I got the so much wished-for opportunity of escaping from my confinement. When I found myself at liberty, I began to consider not only on what I had seen and heard, but also on what I had not seen nor heard. I was still as much in the dark as ever as to *Charlotte's* contrivance, and could not keep myself from fretting at the many disappointments I had met with on that account; I was doomed, however, to receive yet one more.

Though I doubted not but when the gamblers met the whole would be laid open to me, yet the time seemed too tedious for my impatience. I wanted to know the business of the plot before I saw it acted, and set myself to think on the most probable means to accomplish my designs. Accordingly I went to the lodgings of *Charlotte*, hoping to find *Clerimont* there, and discover something farther by the discourse they would have together; but, to my great mortification, perceived the rooms quite empty, excepting a little lap dog lying on a cushion before the fire. I had now no other resource than to go home to dinner, which I did; and after having got my Tablets made ready to receive a new impression, diverted myself in the best manner I could till the hour arrived which enabled me to explore what at present appeared so mysterious to me.

## C H A P. VI.

WILL PUT A FINAL PERIOD TO THE  
SUSPENCE OF MY READERS, IN  
RELATION TO CLERIMONT AND  
CHARLOTTE.

AS precious a thing as time is, and as much as I always knew the real value of it, the hours, methought, moved slowly on till the clock struck seven, and told me that I might now hope for the full eclairsissement of an adventure I had already taken so much fruitless pains to explore. Pretty secure, however, that I should not lose my labour any more on this occasion, I went with great glee and jollity of mind to the house of Mr. Mixum. Count Cogdy and his three associates came presently after, and were shewn into the best room, where I accompanied them. On their calling for wine, Mixum came up with it himself, to pay his compliments, as not having seen them for a considerable time; and there ensued some discourse concerning the search-warrant that had been granted against the house, the manner in which those persons who were there had made their escape from the officers, and such like affairs; which not being at all material to my purpose, I regarded not, nor spread my Tablets to receive.

Within about half an hour Clerimont and his young friend appeared. The first sight of the latter extremely struck me; I thought I had somewhere seen that face, but when, or where, or on what occasion, I could not presently recollect, and it was some minutes before I knew this seeming beau for a real belle; in fine, it was no other than Charlotte herself. She was, indeed, so artfully disguised in all points, that a person much better acquainted with her features might have been deceived; her cheeks, which had naturally no more red in them than was necessary to preserve her complexion from the character of a dead paleness, were now, by the help of carmine or Portugal paste, of a high ruddy colour; her eye-brows, which were of a fine light brown, were now black as jet; and that sweet and modest air so becoming in the amiable Charlotte, converted into one all bold and rakish.

Clerimont, with a well-dissembled gaiety in his voice and countenance, presented her to the company, telling them he had taken the liberty to introduce a friend, whose conversation he doubted not would be agreeable to them. They received her with the greatest politeness and good-breeding: for I must here observe, that though these men, either through the calamities of the times, or their own mismanagement and ill-conduct, were reduced to the wretched course they now took for subsistence, they had all of them been endowed with a liberal education, and knew how to behave like persons of real honour and fashion whenever they found it suitable to their interest to do so. The glafs went round two or three times, while they talked only on ordinary matters; but our fair Amazon being impatient, I suppose, to put the finishing stroke to the stratagem she had formed, started up on a sudden, and said—

*Charlotte.* Well, but, gentlemen, how are we to pass the evening? I hope in something more agreeable than mere chit-chat? Clerimont talked of play, and I see you have implements ready.

*Cogdy.* Sir, we amuse ourselves that way sometimes; and, if you chuse it, shall be ready to oblige you.

*Charlotte.* Oh, by all means. I love play extravagantly: the musick of a dice-box is to me beyond all Handel's operas and oratorios; here is more real harmony than in the spheres themselves, and I could dance eternally to the sound. Come, gentlemen, which of you will engage me? I have some loose pieces in my pocket, which I am ready to throw away, if chance should so determine.

*Hazard.* Then, Sir, I am your man, if you think fit; for I know the count has made an agreement to play with Clerimont on a very particular occasion.

*Charlotte.* Then, Sir, I will content myself a while with being a by-stander.

*Hazard.* You need not, Sir; you see here are more tables than one.

*Charlotte.* Ave; but I chuse to bet on my friend's side.

*Hazard.* Nay, as you please for that; we shall any of us be ready to take you up.

The count and Clerimont being now in an attitude to play, and the writings laid down on the one side, and a thousand pound

pound Bank-bill on the other, Charlotte cried out—

*Charlotte.* What! paper against parchment! These are the oddest stakes I ever saw. Yours, Clerimont, I think, is a thousand pounds?

*Cogdy.* I assure you, Sir, that mine is the full equivalent.

*Charlotte.* I believe so. But, before you begin, you must give me leave to speak a word or two.

*Cogdy.* As many as you please, Sir.

*Charlotte.* It is only this—You must lose, count.

*Cogdy.* Must lose, Sir!

*Charlotte.* Aye, Sir, must lose.

*Cogdy.* That, Sir, will happen, as Fortune shall decree.

*Charlotte.* Sir, I stand in the place of Fortune, and tell you that you must lose those writings to Clerimont.

*Hazard.* What means all this!

*Cogdy.* I do not understand you, Sir.

*Charlotte.* I will speak plainer. Your false dice will be of no service to you at this time. You must willingly return to Clerimont that deed of reversion which you drew him in to sign as a security for money you had basely cheated him of: I say willingly; for, if you do not, I am come prepared with means to force you to it.

*Cogdy.* Sir, I scorn both your words and threats. I never cheated any man; nor will part with what chance has bestowed upon me.

*Hazard.* 'Sdeath! shall we be bullied by such a prig!

*Charlotte.* None of your big words; I have that will silence you. See here, the copy of a warrant from Justice Ferrit, to apprehend and bring before him the bodies of George Van Hellmock, alias Count Cogdy, John Hazard, Thomas Wheedle, and William Coaxum. The original of this is in the hands of persons who, on the least stamp of my foot, will come up and put it in execution.

The gamesters now looked on each other with all the marks of consternation; but, before they had time to make any reply to what Charlotte had said, Mixum, all pale and trembling, came running into the room, and said—

*Mixum.* Oh, gentlemen, we are all undone! Three or four constables are at the door; one of my drawers saw them as he went out to carry a pint of wine to a neighbour's house: and there

is a young man below, too, who I dare say is a spy; for he does not stay in the room, but walks backwards and forwards in the entry, and looks at every body as they pass by; so that there is no escaping, either one way or the other.

*Charlotte.* He tells you truth; the person he speaks of is planned there by me, and, on my giving the signal, will call in his myrmidons; so that you have nothing for it but to deliver the writings quietly to Clerimont: if you do this, I will instantly go down, and send away the officers, under pretence that the information was wrong, and that no gamesters are here.

*Cogdy.* Confusion! What is to be done!

*Hazard.* 'Sdeath, count, do not part with the writings! We'll fight our way through them!

*Charlotte.* Nay, then, I give the signal.

She advanced towards the door with these words; but Mixum threw himself between, and, with the most pity-moving gesture, said—

*Mixum.* Hold, Sir, I beseech you! Consider, I never offended you! Do not ruin me and my house for ever!

*Clerimont.* Oh, you will be provided with lodgings in Bridewell, and fare no worse than these worthy gentlemen here, your customers.

*Cogdy.* Well, I did not think Mr. Clerimont would have turned informer.

*Clerimont.* Nor did I think I had associated myself with common sharpers, cheats, and villains, till last night convinced me of it.

*Charlotte.* These altercations are only loss of time; the officers will be impatient. Speak, count, resolve at once; shall I dismiss, or call them to the exercise of their function?

*Cogdy.* Hell and the devil!—What say you, gentlemen?

*Wheedle.* E'en give up the writings, and the devil go with them!

*Coaxum.* Aye, aye, give them up.

*Hazard.* Since there is no remedy, I give my vote.

*Cogdy.* Nothing vexes me so much as to be thus outwitted, gulled, tricked.—There, Mr. Clerimont, take your mortgage. But I must tell you, Sir, that you have not acted like a gentleman.

*Clerimont.* I threw off the gentleman when I condescended to play in  
such



such company. A gamester is the lowest and most infamous of all characters; nay, the most dangerous, too; worse even than a highway robber: he takes but part; you plunder, without remorse, the whole fortune of him whom you decoy into your snares. Nor can there be any excuse from your necessities, while we have so numerous a fleet and standing army, which are continually wanting recruits, and refuse none who have health and vigour.

*Cogdy.* Sir, you have got what you wanted; so pray keep your remonstrances to yourself.

*Charlotte.* Aye, aye, advice is lost on such hardened profligates. Come, let us go.

*Clerimont.* I attend you.

Neither Clerimont nor his fair champion said any more, but went directly out of the room: a volley of curses from the mouths of all these miscreants pursued their steps. I had no inclination to stay where I was; but, just as I passed the door, I heard Jack Hazard, who was the most violent of the four, say to his companions—‘It is that saucy, pert, young coxcomb, that has spirited up Clerimont to do all this: but if ever I meet him in a convenient place, I’ll pink him—I’ll make a loop-hole in his flesh big enough to let out twenty such puny souls.’

I could not forbear laughing within myself at this menace; which, though it shewed the villainous disposition of the wretch who spoke it, I knew it was impossible ever to reach the person it was levelled against. The amiable and witty Charlotte kept her promise; and, on her coming down stairs, gave orders to the young man who waited her commands to send away the constables; after which she took coach with her lover, attended with as many blessings and good-wishes from Mixum, as she had been loaded with curses from those above.

As I could expect no more from this adventure than the retributions of Clerimont to his beloved Charlotte, for the happy deliverance she had given him from destruction, and which I could easily conceive without hearing, I returned to my own apartment, in order to get my Tablets made ready for the acquisition of some new discovery. I must not, however, take leave of these lovers, without letting the publick know that a marriage between them, which

had some time before been agreed upon, is now consummated; and that Clerimont, sincerely touched with the danger he has escaped, has made a firm resolution never to play but for small sums, and for those only with persons whose honour and integrity he is well assured of. As for the gamesters, they still continue to infest this great town, like Satan, watching to devour all the prey they can get into their clutches. If this little narrative may warn any person to avoid the snare, the pains I have taken to explain it will be well rewarded.

## CHAP. VII.

CONTAINS SOMETHING WHICH PERHAPS THERE ARE MORE LADIES THAN ONE WILL NOT THINK THEMSELVES OBLIGED TO THE AUTHOR FOR REVEALING.

THERE is no resentment so implacable and lasting as that which is occasioned by love converted into hatred by ill treatment; and by the more slow degree this passion rises in our minds, the more virulent it becomes after having once gained possession.

Cleanthes, a gentleman of good family, great worth, and opulent estate, loved to the most romantick excess a young woman who, excepting a tolerable share of beauty, had no one real charm to recommend her to a person of his character. She was meanly born, more meanly educated; she was silly, vain, capricious, and of a reputation not quite unblemished. Yet did he no sooner become acquainted with her, than he broke off the address he had long made to a lady of great merit and fortune; and, in a short time, contrary to all the remonstrances and dissuasions of his friends, publicly married her.

Being a husband made him not less a lover. His obsequiousness is not to be paralleled; his whole study was to please her; every succeeding day brought with it an addition of his dotage of her; he was always happy in her presence, never easy in her absence; and, to use Shakespeare’s expression—

‘Appetite increas’d by what it fed on.’

Auglara, for so she is called, had so little sense of the happiness she enjoyed,

joyed, or affection or gratitude for the man who bestowed it on her, that she presently gave the greatest loose to her too amorous inclinations; thought of nothing but engaging new admirers; and, to that end, made advances, which it would be shocking to repeat, to every pretty fellow she came in company with, even before the face of her much-injured husband; who, blinded by his passion, for a long time looked on all that she did as proceeding only from the too great vivacity of her temper. Had she observed the least degree of circumspection in her amours, he would scarce ever have believed there was a possibility of her being guilty; but she took no pains to deceive him; and though she knew he lived but in her sight, was scarce ever at home; and, through the want either of artifice or complaisance, gave herself not the pains of making any excuses for her continual rambles.

This made him at last fall into a deep melancholy; yet still he loved her, and could not for a great while prevail on himself to lay any restrictions on her conduct. All who had any knowledge of the manner in which they lived together, while they highly condemned her treatment of him, were ready to despise his lenity and forbearance. At length, however, the tables were entirely turned; from having been at first the most fond, and afterwards the passive husband, he became, all at once, the most cruel and tyrannick: he took from her all the jewels and other ornaments he had bestowed upon her; locked her into a garret; suffered no one to come near her, except a servant, who carried food to her of the coarsest kind, and no more than would just suffice to keep her from perishing.

It cannot be supposed but that so strange an alteration in the behaviour of the late fond, and indeed madly doating Cleanthes, must become the subject of much conversation in town. A lady of my acquaintance, who is reckoned to have some taste for poetry, shewed me a few lines she had wrote on the occasion, which I think may not be disagreeable to my readers. They are as follow—

‘ ON THE PRESENT CRUELTY OF CLEAN-  
 ‘ THESES, TO A WIFE WHOM HE  
 ‘ ONCE LOVED TO AS GREAT AN EX-  
 ‘ CESS.  
 ‘ AS tapers languish at th’ approach of  
 ‘ day,  
 ‘ And, by degrees, melt slow their flue  
 ‘ away,  
 ‘ Awhile they glimmer with contracted  
 ‘ fires,  
 ‘ Trembling, unable to relax their spires;  
 ‘ But, when the sun’s broad eye is open’d  
 ‘ wide,  
 ‘ And beams, thick flashing, shoot on every  
 ‘ side,  
 ‘ No more their emulative force they try,  
 ‘ But, struck with radiance, sink at once,  
 ‘ and die:  
 ‘ So in his heart love long maintain’d it’s  
 ‘ place,  
 ‘ Till full conviction glar’d him in the face,  
 ‘ And forc’d th’ unwilling softness to give  
 ‘ way  
 ‘ To hate, and rage, and fierce resentment’s  
 ‘ sway.  
 ‘ Unhappy man!  
 ‘ What wild extremes hurry thy head-  
 ‘ strong will!  
 ‘ What boisterous passions thy vex’d bo-  
 ‘ som fill!  
 ‘ To reason’s sacred rules a truant still.  
 ‘ Whoe’er he be the golden mean foregoes,  
 ‘ Exchanges hop’d-for joys for certain woes.’

By all the discourses I heard wherever I went concerning this affair, I found, that though scarce any one pitied Aglaura, yet almost every one condemned Cleanthes; no less for his present ill-usage of her, than they had formerly done for the extravagance of his love.

‘ It is beneath the dignity of a man  
 ‘ of sense or honour,’ said one, ‘ to treat  
 ‘ thus inhumanly a woman, how un-  
 ‘ worthy soever she may be, who is yet  
 ‘ his wife.’

‘ If she is really guilty of having  
 ‘ wronged his bed,’ cried another, ‘ as  
 ‘ indeed there is not the least room to  
 ‘ doubt, why, on the discovery of her  
 ‘ crime, did he not turn her out of doors?  
 ‘ Why did he not sue for a divorce?’

It is certain that his way of proceed-  
 ing with her appeared so odd, that many  
 people were apt to think that her pre-  
 sent sufferings were owing rather to a  
 change in his own humour, than to any  
 detection he had made of her falshood:

G g others,

others, on the contrary, imagined he still loved her; and that, after he had punished her a while, he would forgive all that was past, and again take her to his bosom. Various and widely different conjectures were formed in relation both to the husband and the wife; at all which I laughed in my sleeve, believing, I dare say with a good deal of reason, that no one person in the whole world, except the Invisible Spy, was at the bottom of this secret. The means by which I became master of it I shall now acquaint my readers with.

I stopped one night at the house of an intimate friend at Kensington; and happening to stay there more late than it was judged safe for me to go home alone, was very much pressed by him to take a servant with me; but knowing I had a better security about me than any servant could be, rejected his offer; and when I was got a little way from the house, girded on my Belt of Invisibility, and walked on at my leisure, equally free from danger as from fear.

Many minutes had not elapsed in this employment, before I was disturbed from it by the murmurs of some human voices, which I heard at a small distance. My natural curiosity making me draw nearer to the place whence the sound proceeded, I easily distinguished a man of good appearance holding by the arm a genteel well dressed woman, whom he seemed rather to drag than lead. As these persons were no other than Cleanthes and Aglaura, I shall insert what was said by each of them under their respective names.

*Cleanthes.* Shameless wretch!—Can you call it an innocent frolick to come to the door of a publick coffee-house, and send in for your gallant? Had I not happened to be there, had not these eyes and ears been witnesses of your guilt, you might, and doubtless would, have denied, forsworn it.

*Aglaura.* I meant no harm: I only wanted to rally him a little about something I had heard concerning him.

*Cleanthes.* Infamous, abandoned prostitute! Have I not an hundred times it sifted on your never speaking to that fellow more, nor to that other coxcomb, Le Brune? yet, had you not the front to run arm in arm this morning with the one into the vineyard, in the face of the whole Mall, and at night

came in pursuit of the other!—But this is no time for expostulation; I am now convinced of the injury you have done me.

I kept pretty near to them, till they went into a coach, and drove away; and I went home so much astonished at what I had heard, that I had not power to make any reflections on it for some time.

My mind, however, grew more settled by a night's repose; and, impatient to know how they would behave to each other after what had passed, I went directly to their house. Cleanthes was up, alone, and at breakfast. Soon after my entrance, a servant-maid came in, and said to him—

*Maid.* Sir, my lady has called for a dish of chocolate, but I would not presume to carry any up without your permission, as your orders last night were so positive that she should be fed with nothing but water-gruel and dry bread.

*Cleanthes.* Why, then, do you trouble me now? Do you think I gave orders at night to retract them in the morning? Be gone, and let me hear no more of it.

The maid withdrew, and I followed her to the room where Aglaura was now lodged, which was indeed a wretched garret. She was in bed, weeping; but, on the maid's repeating the commands of Cleanthes, her tears flowed faster: she wrung her hands, she beat her breast. But it is more easy for the reader to conceive her despair, than for me to express it; so I shall only say the spectacle was too moving, I could not bear it, but left the house immediately, and returned not thither till eight or ten days; in which time the town was apprized of the suffering of Aglaura, and spoke of the strange change of Cleanthes in the manner I have already related.

On my next visit. Cleanthes had with him an elderly lady, who I afterwards understood was his aunt. She came, it seems, to persuade him to treat his transgressing wife with less severity. The discourse between them was as follows—

*Lady.* I am as sensible as you can be of the faults of Aglaura, and the dishonour she has brought upon you; yet, my dear nephew, you demean yourself by using in this fashion a woman who, though unworthy, is still your wife.

*Cleanthes.* Madam, I can no longer think



think of her as a wife, nor even as a woman; but as a dog that had bit me, or a serpent that had stung me.

*Lady.* Put her, then, out of your house.

*Cleanthes.* That would be giving her an opportunity of disgracing me more by her prostitutions. No, since I have not proofs for a divorce, I will confine her here till I can send her forever from my sight. I have already wrote to a tenant of mine in Yorkshire; he will be in town next week, and take her with him to his house.

The good lady took her leave, after having heard and approved this resolution; which, as I have been since informed, he put in execution as he had said.

#### THE CONCLUSION.

**H**ERE, O reader! a total stop is put to my endeavours to oblige thee. Nature has baffled all my vain precau-

tions to preserve my little virgin in her native purity. The woman whom I appointed to attend her accidentally dropped from her pocket the picture of a very lovely youth; the girl, unfortunately for me, as well as for thee, took it up, and was charmed with it: sleep renewed the pleasing image in her mind, and added life and motion to it; she dreamed that it was her bedfellow; that it kissed, embraced, and lay within her arms; so that, in spite of all my cares, and without ever having seen the substance of a man, she has received an idea of the difference of sexes.

Her pretty fingers no longer have the power to cleanse my Tablets; the dialogue last repeated remains still unexpunged, and leaves no room for any future impression. How grievous a disappointment to me! how terrible a mortification!—But we must all submit to destiny, which compels me now to bid thee eternally adieu! adieu! adieu!

**F I N I S.**

Proceedings of the

General Assembly of the

Presbyterian Church of the

United States of America

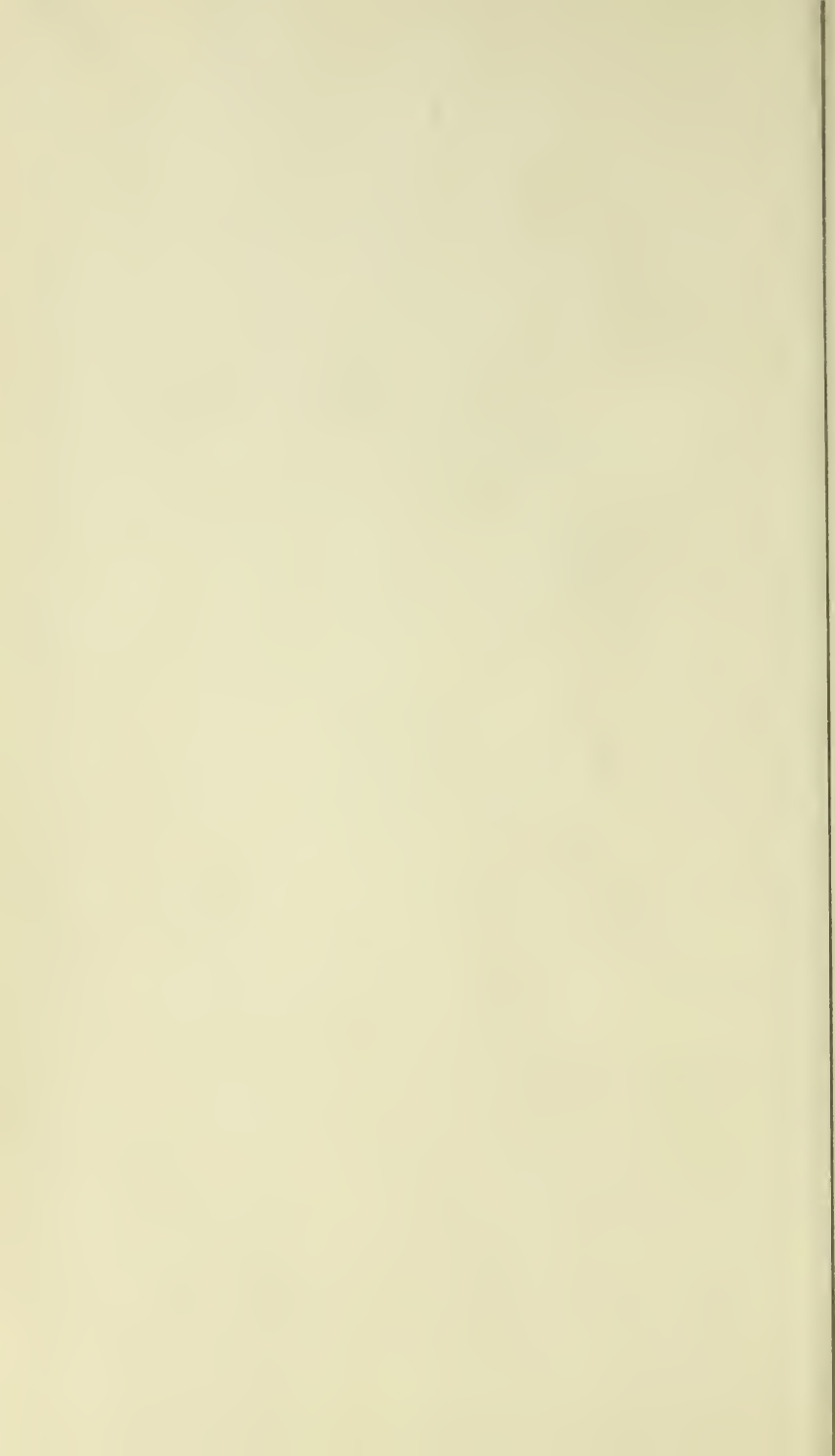
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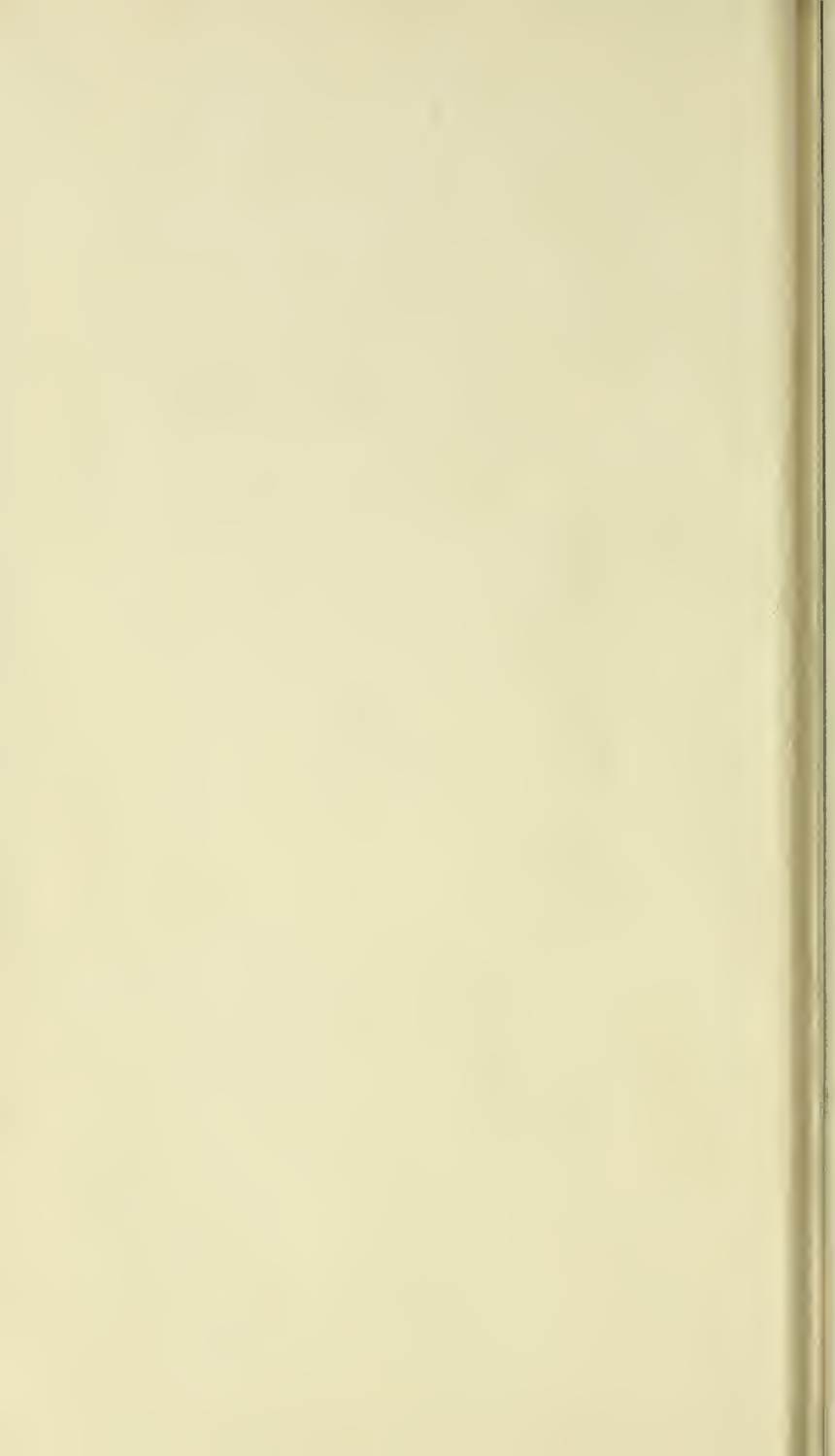
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